

THE SKULL AND BONES IN GEORGE W.'S CLOSET / KEEPING LINCOLN'S SECRETS

The Atlantic Monthly

MAY 2000

Girls RULE!

MYTHMAKERS TO THE
CONTRARY, IT'S BOYS WHO
ARE IN DEEP TROUBLE

by CHRISTINA HOFF
SOMMERS



#BXBBDGG*****CAR-RT SORT#C-003
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 4B 196
JAN 05 3
RON K UNZ BALA 225865
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704



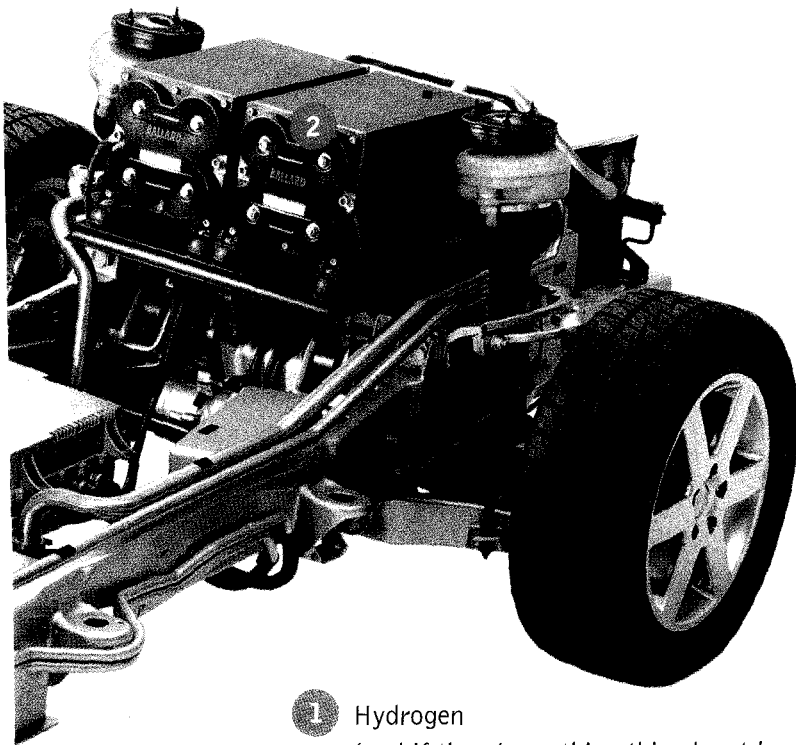
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imagine being the has to explain this dinner table.



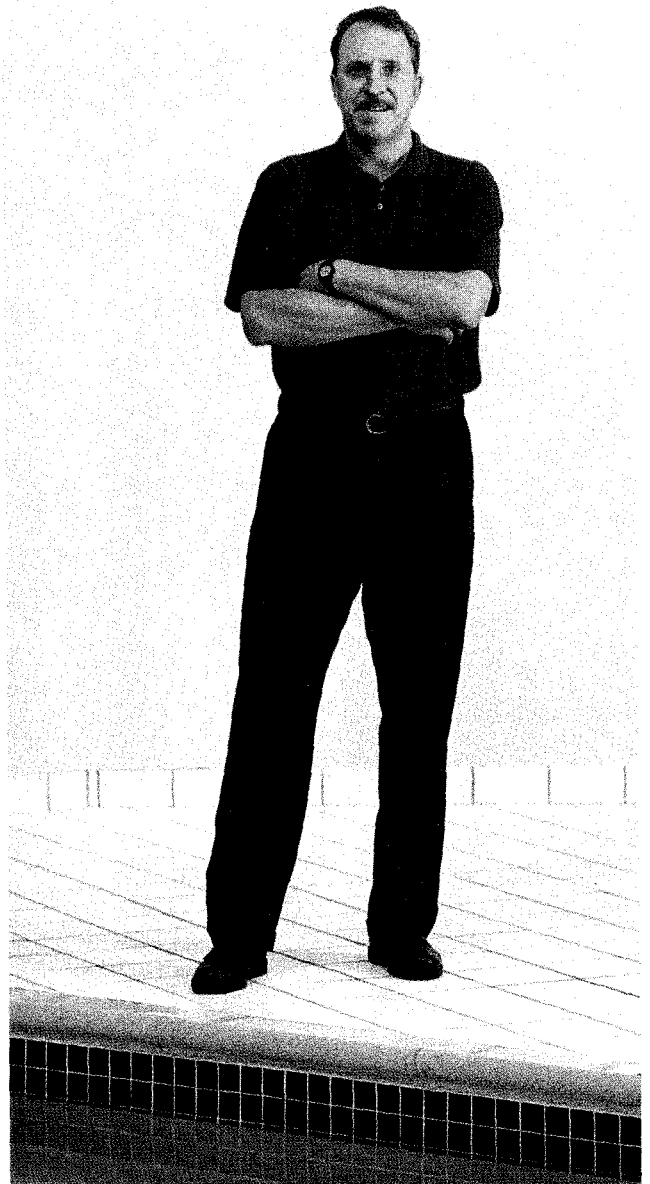
WWW.FORD.COM	WILL CAUSE:	BETTER IDEA #12
	Drinking water	
	AACHEN, GERMANY	

dad who one at the



- 1 Hydrogen
(and if there's anything this planet has,
it's hydrogen) goes here.
- 2 Hydrogen connects with oxygen here.

They get to know one another.
Sparks fly.
Motor turns.
Wheels turn.
You get to the grocery store.
- 3 Water, that's right, water, comes out here.



Frankly, the fuel cell is a headscratcher. By combining hydrogen fuel with oxygen from the air it can produce energy silently, and without combustion. Using hydrogen, it generates electricity; the by-product is water. No emissions. No smog. Just water. Designing it is one thing. Getting people to believe it is another. We expect to deliver our first fuel cell-powered passenger cars for testing in California this year.

Mark Sulek, Dreamer/Doer, can explain the beauty of Ford's fuel cell technology to people who still have trouble understanding how a thermos works.

Ford Motor Company

Five empty seats.
Twenty-five anxious passengers.
One woman with a laptop.

DEPARTURES

FLT	DESTINATION	TIME	GATE	STATUS
451	PORTLAND, Oregon	9:20	10B	ON TIME
452	San Francisco	9:25	10A	ON TIME
453	San Francisco	9:30	10A	ON TIME
454	San Francisco	9:35	10A	ON TIME
455	San Francisco	9:40	10A	ON TIME
456	San Francisco	9:45	10A	ON TIME
457	San Francisco	9:50	10A	ON TIME
458	San Francisco	9:55	10A	ON TIME
459	San Francisco	10:00	10A	ON TIME
460	San Francisco	10:05	10A	ON TIME

FLT	DESTINATION	TIME	GATE	STATUS
451	PORTLAND, Oregon	9:20	10B	ON TIME
452	San Francisco	9:25	10A	ON TIME
453	San Francisco	9:30	10A	ON TIME
454	San Francisco	9:35	10A	ON TIME
455	San Francisco	9:40	10A	ON TIME
456	San Francisco	9:45	10A	ON TIME
457	San Francisco	9:50	10A	ON TIME
458	San Francisco	9:55	10A	ON TIME
459	San Francisco	10:00	10A	ON TIME
460	San Francisco	10:05	10A	ON TIME

FLT	DESTINATION	TIME	GATE	STATUS
451	PORTLAND, Oregon	9:20	10B	ON TIME
452	San Francisco	9:25	10A	ON TIME
453	San Francisco	9:30	10A	ON TIME
454	San Francisco	9:35	10A	ON TIME
455	San Francisco	9:40	10A	ON TIME
456	San Francisco	9:45	10A	ON TIME
457	San Francisco	9:50	10A	ON TIME
458	San Francisco	9:55	10A	ON TIME
459	San Francisco	10:00	10A	ON TIME
460	San Francisco	10:05	10A	ON TIME

Make that four empty seats.



Sara Berg had a problem: a cancelled flight, a strange city, and a strong desire to sleep in her own bed. So she logged on to mySAP.com™. With a few clicks, she went right to a travel booking system and grabbed a seat on the next flight out. And with those same few clicks, her expense report and travel plans were also updated. Instantly. Easily. Automatically.

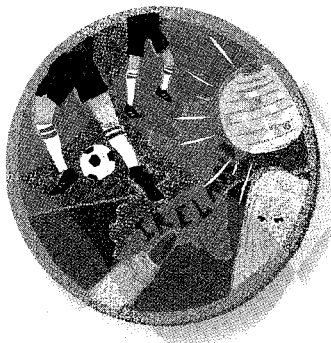
What is mySAP.com? It's a new way to use the Internet to run your business more intelligently. A way for lots of companies – together with their employees, customers, suppliers, and partners – to work as if they were one extremely well-run company.

Want to find out how every person in your organization can be more powerful? Visit www.sap.com/mysap and we'll show you how.

you can. it does.™



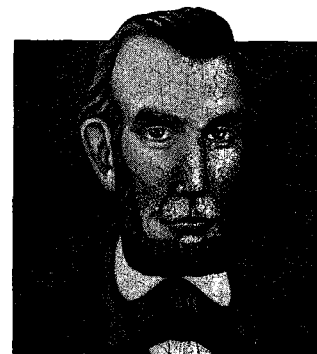
©2000 SAP AG. SAP, the SAP logo, and the mySAP.com logo are registered trademarks of SAP AG in Germany and several other countries.



Page 101



Page 112



Page 78

REPORTS

18 Notes & Comment: The Transmission of Hope

A legacy of stories.

by George McKenna

24 Politics: George W., Knight of Eulogia

Inside Skull and Bones with Magog, the former President of the United States, and his son, the presumptive Republican presidential nominee.

by Alexandra Robbins

32 Foreign Affairs: Out of the Jungle

Revolutionary violence comes to Colombia's capital.

by Benjamin Ryder Howe

46 Personal File: A Link to the Living

In the anatomy lab.

by Patsy Garlan

HUMOR, FICTION, & POETRY

68 The Hawk Above the House

A poem

by Andrew Hudgins

82 Thumbnail Sketch of the Tulip Mania

A poem

by David Barber

89 Sky Scraper

A drawing

by Guy Billout

59 The War Against Boys

The conventional wisdom about the relative fortunes of boys and girls turns truth on its head. Boys, not girls, are on the weak side of the education gender gap.

by Christina Hoff Sommers

78 Keeping Lincoln's Secrets

William H. Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner and biographer, did not preserve everything he heard about Lincoln. Serendipitously, we are now provided with a secondhand view of some of what he suppressed.

by Douglas L. Wilson

90 Does Civilization Cause Asthma?

Asthma is becoming more prevalent—and we probably don't want to eliminate all the causes.

by Ellen Ruppel Shell

108 Girl, Seeming to Disappear

The brief life and freshly considered work of the photographer Francesca Woodman.

by Peter Davison



100 Jerez at Easter

A poem

by Robert Bly

101 I'm From Ballymullet

A short story

by Wendy Mai Rawlings

107 Waterborne

A poem

by Linda Gregerson

BOOKS

122 What JFK Really Said

The Kennedy Tapes, which purports to offer the verbatim truth of who said what during the Cuban missile crisis, is a shockingly inaccurate record.

by Sheldon M. Stern

128 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

ARTS & LEISURE

48 Travel:

Faint of Heart in the Heart of Darkness

A safari diary.

by Samuel Jay Keyser

112 Sport:

Someone There Is Who Loves a Wall

Steven Allen and his stones.

by Michael Finkel

117 Literary Lives:

The Unlikely Father of Miami Crime Fiction

Charles Willeford—offbeat, funny, and macabre.

by Marshall Jon Fisher

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

6 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

8 Letters

16 The May Almanac

75 At Last Count

The Manure Menace

by Brad Edmondson

131 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

132 Word Watch

by Anne H. Soukhanov

Cover art by Jonathan Carlson

vicky hart/mezzo-soprano

valery ryvkin/conductor

vicky: the arts is not the most stable career. then, when you have a child, the uncertainty really hits home.

but little by little leila's taught us how to balance this sometimes precarious life in the arts with the need for long-term financial well-being. she took the time to find out who we are...what's important to us...

we couldn't be doing this if we thought we were compromising amanda's future.



“amanda's needs are not negotiable”

leila ross/financial consultant

leila: vicky's instincts were to put their assets in a nice safe place...t-bills and cds.

we took a hard look at what they really needed—immediate and long term—and put together a plan. eventually, we created a portfolio designed not only for growth but also for a steady income so vicky could devote herself full-time to her singing.

then amanda came along, which gave a whole new meaning to “long-term investing.”



Individuals appearing are actual Merrill Lynch customers and were compensated.
©2000 Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Incorporated, Member S.P.C.

be bullish  **Merrill Lynch**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

TEN years ago Christina Hoff Sommers, the author of this month's cover story, "The War Against Boys," was quietly teaching philosophy courses at Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts, and writing occasional tart essays about feminist disingenuousness and other matters. She sent one of those essays to *The Atlantic Monthly*, where it was read by an editor who recognized her, by name, as the editor of a textbook he'd been using to teach an ethics class—*Vice and Virtue in Everyday Life*.

They met for lunch and agreed shortly thereafter that she would write an article for *The Atlantic* about the range and impact of campus feminism and the misrepresentations that, arguably, it made. When the manuscript arrived, it was quite long and a bit untidy, in part because its ambitiousness seemed hard to contain at magazine length. In the end Sommers expanded the manuscript into *Who Stole Feminism? How Women Have Betrayed Women* (1994). The book was an immediate success. Unsurprisingly, it made Sommers a target of intense hostility at feminist and other academic gatherings.

It also brought an invitation from the American Enterprise

Institute, where Sommers is now the W. H. Brady Fellow, and where she has been working for the past three years on her book *The War Against Boys* (to be published next month by Simon & Schuster), from which our cover story is drawn. Sommers is a commentator of some prominence on subjects such as moral education in the schools and the feminist impact on American culture. Her articles have appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Wall Street Journal*. She lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland, with her husband, Fred Sommers, who taught philosophy at Brandeis University from 1964 to 1994. They have two sons.

Sommers's reporting is unsparing and absorbing, her attention to factual detail scrupulous. Her re-examination of widely accepted assumptions about how boys and girls are educated in contemporary

America will surprise, perhaps even astonish, many readers.

We are delighted to report that with this issue James Fallows rejoins the magazine's staff, as national correspondent. Fallows was *The Atlantic's* Washington editor from 1979 to 1996, and since then has worked as a newsmagazine editor, a software designer, and a writer for various magazines. —THE EDITORS



JOYCE DAVID

CONTRIBUTORS

David Barber ("Thumbnail Sketch of the Tulip Mania") is the assistant poetry editor of *The Atlantic*.

Robert Bly ("Jerez at Easter") is the author of many books, including *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems* (1999).

Jonathan Carlson (cover art) has done illustrations for *GQ*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Rolling Stone*.

Peter Davison ("Girl, Seeming to Disappear") is *The Atlantic's* poetry editor.

Brad Edmondson (At Last Count) is the vice-president of ePodunk.com, a provider of demographic information.

Michael Finkel ("Someone There Is Who Loves a Wall") is the author of *Alpine Circus: A Skier's Adventures at the Snowy Edge of the World* (1999).

Marshall Jon Fisher ("The Unlikely Father of Miami Crime Fiction") is a co-

author, with David E. Fisher, of *Tube: The Invention of Television* (1996).

Patsy Garlan ("A Link to the Living") has written poetry, memoirs, stories, college texts, and a musical play.

Linda Gregerson ("Waterborne") is the author of the forthcoming *Negative Capability: Essays on Contemporary American Poetry*.

Benjamin Ryder Howe ("Out of the Jungle") is a freelance writer and an editor at *The Paris Review*.

Andrew Hudgins ("The Hawk Above the House") is a professor of English at the University of Cincinnati. His most recent book of poems is *Babylon in a Jar* (1998).

Samuel Jay Keyser ("Faint of Heart in the Heart of Darkness") is an emeritus professor of linguistics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

George McKenna ("The Transmission of Hope") teaches political science at the City College of New York. He is a co-editor, with Stanley Feingold, of *Taking*

Sides: Clashing Views on Controversial Political Issues (1999).

Wendy Mai Rawlings ("I'm From Ballymullet") is a Ph.D. candidate in creative writing at the University of Utah.

Alexandra Robbins ("George W., Knight of Eulogia"), a 1998 graduate of Yale University, is on the staff of *The New Yorker's* Washington bureau.

Ellen Ruppel Shell ("Does Civilization Cause Asthma?") is a correspondent for *The Atlantic*.

Christina Hoff Sommers ("The War Against Boys") is the W. H. Brady Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

Sheldon M. Stern ("What JFK Really Said") was the historian at Boston's John F. Kennedy Library from 1977 to 1999.

Douglas L. Wilson ("Keeping Lincoln's Secrets") is a co-director of the Lincoln Studies Center at Knox College, in Galesburg, Illinois, and the author of *Honor's Voice: The Transformation of Abraham Lincoln* (1998).

Anything:
"Urban Hip Hop."

Anytime:

CDNOW

cdnow.com

Your Music. Your Store.

Everywhere:

From Hip Hop and Acid Jazz to Rock and Trance, there's no musical style that cdnow.com doesn't move to. Would you believe over 500,000 items? Free music samples? And Visa. Start your collection today with CDNOW's preferred online payment card.

www.visa.com



The Online Currency.

© 1999 Visa U.S.A. Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editor

MICHAEL KELLY

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, AMY MEEKER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director

ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

National Correspondent

JAMES FALLOWS

Assistant Managing Editor

MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,
WEN STEPHENSON (new media)

Staff Writer

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors

DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL, AVRIL CORNEL,
CHRISTINE CUCCIO, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
JOSHUA FRIEDMAN, GINA HAHN, HILARY MCCLELLLEN,
JESSICA MURPHY, LUCIE PRINZ, DANIEL SMITH

Art Staff

DOMINICA PONTRELLO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

New Media

KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, PAUL CABANA,
JESSICA CHAPEL, T. J. CONNELLY,
KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER, SAGE STOSSEL,
ERIC WESTBY

Editorial Administration

CYNTHIA LINGLEY, Operations Manager
JOHN HOLKEBOER, MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO

Information Technology

DAVID STRECKER

Correspondents

STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
WENDY KAMINER, TRACY KIDDER,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON, JACK MILES,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Editor Emeritus

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited
manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and
mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

The Atlantic Monthly
77 North Washington Street
Boston, MA 02114
or
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned,
nor will queries be answered, unless they are
accompanied by a postage-paid return
envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send
manuscripts by e-mail.

LETTERS

Holocaust on Trial

I have read D. D. Guttenplan's article "The Holocaust on Trial" (February *Atlantic*) with great interest and admiration. However, one supreme irony leaps out at me, and it is this: in the United States pedophiles and porn addicts can use computer monitors in public libraries to access Internet pornography sites while sitting beside children and teenagers who are researching school projects. Their ability to do so is protected by precious First Amendment freedoms. Meanwhile, Holocaust experts and intellectuals like Deborah Lipstadt purposely avoid open debate with Holocaust deniers for fear of "legitimizing . . . 'the other side'" of the argument. What's wrong with this picture?

Freedom of expression—whether of speech, of the press, or of open intellectual debate on a university campus—exists to protect what Guttenplan calls "the sanctity of facts" in our elusive pursuit of Truth. This freedom is meant not to protect pedophiles but to foster open dialogue between intelligent people on controversial issues that matter, and to protect us from propaganda—whatever its source. Whatever the historical truth lies, and whatever Irving's personal motivations, Irving's lawsuit against Lipstadt is forcing an open intellectual confrontation that otherwise would not have occurred.

Ellen Autenzio
Spartanburg, S.C.

At the very end of his article D. D. Guttenplan writes, "The sanctity of facts. It isn't much. It may not be enough. But it is all we have." What a curious word "sanctity" is in relation to David Irving's calculated claim that the Holocaust is "an ill-fitting legend" and to his denial that any Jews were killed in gas chambers.

Guttenplan cites a source who is troubled that "only" 5.1 million Jews were killed in the Holocaust, not six million. He points to another discrepancy: Dr. Mengele is often said to have been at Auschwitz at a time when in fact he was not.

Does it really matter whether it was Mengele alone or a series of physicians who carried out the heinous deeds? Are we worried about besmirching Mengele's name by attributing more suffering and deaths to him than those for which he was actually responsible?

In his doctoral thesis on T. S. Eliot's anti-Semitism, Anthony Julius wrote, "Anti-Semites are not all the same. Some break Jewish bones, others wound Jewish sensibilities." It is the ones who wound sensibilities who enable the others to break bones.

No matter how scrupulous a historian Irving is reputed to be, he "habitually refers to Jewish groups as 'traditional enemies of the truth.'" One can only hope that the outcome of the trial will prove that the real enemy of the truth is David Irving.

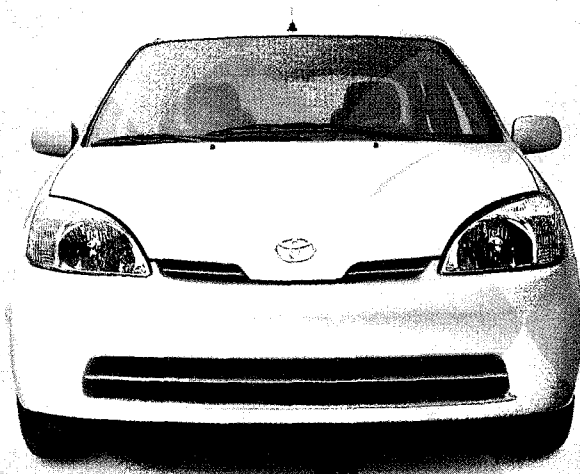
Emmy Rothschild
Deerfield, Ill.

D. D. Guttenplan says, "Although the grisly tale of human beings rendered into soap figured in some of the earliest accounts of events inside Nazi-occupied Europe, it is now universally rejected by historians as a fabrication."

In the late 1940s I was a patient in a TB sanatorium that received as patients two young Polish men who had been repatriated from a slave-labor camp in Germany. Thaddeus and Roman Kucinski were very ill and eventually died. But for a short time they were ambulatory patients, and I got to know them and to talk to them about their experiences.

One day after lunch, while we were casually talking about the Nazi period, Thaddeus Kucinski took a small bar of coarse gray soap from the pocket of his robe. He held it up for me to see, and on the side, in letters I will never forget, was the word *Judenfett*. He put it into my hand, and for a time I held it. I will never forget that moment, for in the final analysis, history is made up of such poignant human events. To deny or forget this is the real crime against humanity.

Veronica Szelepecz Lange
Williamsburg, Va.



it's gas, it's electric
boogie-oogie-oogie-oogie

The Toyota Prius. Introducing a breakthrough in environmental technology. The Prius combines a super-efficient gasoline engine, an electric motor powered by a battery that never needs to



be recharged, and an intelligence system that knows when to use which. The world's first mass-produced hybrid car—cleaner, affordable, and arriving this summer. Ready for the next step?

For more information, call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA or visit www.toyota.com/ecologic

today › tomorrow › **TOYOTA**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

President and Group Publisher
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

Senior Vice President
STEVE HULL

Publisher
DONNA PALMER

Advertising
MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher
Managers: JOHN BALARDO,
ERIK CARLSON, JENNIFER HOADLEY,
JENNIFER IZZO, MOLLY JOHNSON, BRIAN PATELLA,
STEVE PESZEK, FRAZIER RUGG, CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA
Assistants: JOLENE EDGAR, KELLY THOMAS

Marketing
NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

Circulation
ADAM R. COHEN, Circulation Director
STEVEN CAPONE, Circulation Planning Manager
CIRCULATION SPECIALISTS, INC.

Production & Special Projects
JAN MORRIS, Director
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, SUSAN KOZAK,
AMY SWAN, JENNIFER YOUNKER

Finance
TONY SKARUPA, Vice President/CFO
DEBRA CARRIERE, Director of Finance
SOPHIE LECAM-CAMILIEN, Accounting Manager
YULIA GOVORUSHKO, PATRICIA HALL,
PHILLIP KEDHAROO, PHILIP STEFANIDES

Atlantic Unbound
The Atlantic Monthly's digital
edition can be found on the Web at
www.theatlantic.com.

Advertising Offices
The Atlantic Monthly
450 West 33rd Street
New York, NY 10001
(212) 716-6800

Subscriptions & Reprints
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

Education Program
A discount rate and free support materials
are available to teachers who use
The Atlantic in the classroom.
Please call 1-877-299-8577 or visit
www.theatlantic.com/teach/

We occasionally make our subscribers' names
available to reputable companies whose offers we
feel may interest you. If you want us to exclude
your name from these mailings, please write to our
Subscription Processing Center

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services
(717) 399-1900

The Atlantic Monthly

D. D. Guttenplan's coverage reveals a disturbing sympathy for those who deny the systematic destruction of European Jewry by Hitler and his henchmen. David Irving, the English writer who denies the materiality of the Nazi focus on a Jewish "problem," is presented in an almost flattering light. Guttenplan is moved by Irving's pain and sorrow and finds it difficult to see traces of anti-Semitism in his work. This is amazing given that Irving believes in a "worldwide Jewish conspiracy" and sees Jewish groups as "traditional enemies of the truth." Guttenplan's portrayal of Deborah Lipstadt as a provincial Jewish scholar who lacks the bona fides to challenge Irving, primarily because she has confined her political engagements to Jewish causes, is equally striking.

Aside from these questionable characterizations, two troubling points stand out. First, Guttenplan hitches Irving's case to respectable scholars whose views on Irving's arguments are not presented. This allows for Irving the revisionist to be placed in the company of Raul Hilberg and Arno Mayer without their directly commenting on his work. Second, and perhaps more damning, is Guttenplan's avoidance of the legal anomalies that beset this case. In England a Tory libel law places the burden of proof on the person charged with making the libelous statements. What would easily pass under freedom-of-the-press laws in the United States is obstructed in England by a body of libel law that derives from a legal system that has historically chafed at criticism of the state and of state officers. This has a deeply chilling effect on free speech and the expression of critical sentiment. Surely this angle of the case deserved serious attention, given that the central question at issue is the latitude available to scholars and critics to raise unpopular positions in the search for greater truth.

Jeffrey S. Kahana
Brandeis University
Waltham, Mass.

D. D. Guttenplan speaks in his opening lines about Pastor Martin Niemöller's "unsparing account of his own complicity in the escalating brutality of life in Nazi Germany." Niemöller was a member of the Confessing Church in Germany, and he opposed Hitler publicly. For this he spent seven years in concentration camps, including Dachau. He always asked himself if he had done all that he could have. His

famous lines were a challenge to Christians to speak up, because each person oppressed or imprisoned diminishes all of us.

We think Guttenplan does a disservice to Niemöller and to the other Christian leaders who fought against the Nazis when he depicts them as indifferent to or complicit with the Nazi regime. Niemöller survived his seven-year imprisonment, but many others, including Dietrich Bonhoeffer, paid for their courage with their lives.

Jane Bailey
J. Martin Bailey
West Orange, N.J.

I read and greatly appreciated what D. D. Guttenplan had to say about my work. I would like, however, to correct the following details: Both my parents died in Auschwitz, not only my mother, as Guttenplan implies. The origin of his error is probably my dedication of *Assassins of Memory* to my mother. My father was killed as a Jew, but he was a patriot and a member of a resistance movement from 1940 onward. I considered his death to be the death of a soldier. My mother was simply a civilian victim of anti-Semitism.

P. Vidal-Naquet
Paris, France

D. D. Guttenplan replies:

In what is admittedly a very long essay, some readers may have missed the following information (though it appears a number of times): Deborah Lipstadt is the defendant in this action. No careful reader could be in any doubt about my views regarding either the absurdity of British libel laws or the unfair burden they place on defendants. To argue, as Ellen Autenzio does, that Irving's lawsuit is "forcing an open intellectual confrontation" is to misread not only my words but the facts as well. The "intellectual confrontation" ended when Irving dragged Lipstadt into court. The would-be suppressor of free speech here is David Irving.

Careful readers will also know that, contra Emmy Rothschild, I never cited anyone "troubled that 'only' 5.1 million Jews were killed." As for Jeffrey Kahana, let me reiterate that it is the Anti-Defamation League that—shamefully, in my view—seeks to link Arno Mayer and other scholars with Holocaust denial, not I. Nor did I ever describe Deborah Lipstadt as "provincial" or as lacking the "bona fides" to challenge Irving. I do compare her, perhaps unfairly, with Pierre Vidal-Naquet

and observe that her record of commitment to human rights falls far short of his—but then, that's true for most of us.

I'm afraid that Veronica Lange and I will simply have to disagree. I would argue that whereas memory may well be made up "of such poignant human events," history, although perhaps seeking to understand such events, is made up of something else: facts and interpretations. Whether her memory of "Jewish soap" is accurate is another matter.

Finally, though I am not a Christian, I have enormous admiration for those who, like Bonhoeffer, spoke up against the Nazis. If the Baileys have an argument, it is with Niemöller's self-flagellating rhetoric, not with me.

More on Diffusionists

As the moderator of a recent museum symposium on diffusionism, I took particular interest in Marc K. Stengel's article "The Diffusionists Have Landed" (January *Atlantic*). The symposium, held at

the Johnson-Humrickhouse Museum, in Coshocton, Ohio, focused on the Newark Holy Stones, a collection of stone tablets bearing Hebrew inscriptions which were found in Ohio in 1860. The symposium featured professional and avocational speakers on both sides of the issue, including J. Huston McCulloch, who was mentioned in Stengel's article.

Many diffusionist scholars continue to allege that their evidence simply does not get a fair hearing from archaeologists in the academic mainstream. Some even allege a conspiracy on the part of the academic mainstream to maintain the status quo (the motives for this, though, remain unclear). It is true that in some fields certain individuals and institutions have held undue influence that has served to stifle new interpretations and paradigms. On the other hand, I know of no practicing archaeologist who would not love to uncover convincing evidence of pre-Columbian Old World contact in a firm archaeological context. This is the major difference between many avocational diffusionists and mainstream scholars: the use of scientific methods and archaeological context. Most

diffusionists have run roughshod over scientific method in making their claims. The accusation that mainstream scholars are hidebound by narrow-minded world views is in itself narrow-minded. Many diffusionists are themselves guilty of failing to consider alternative explanations. An old sword with a short Welsh inscription found in a Kentucky cave without controlled excavation or archaeological context is insufficient evidence from which to conclude that King Arthur and his court emigrated to North America.

A few other comments on points raised in the article:

George Carter's statement that no trace can be found of the passage of Hernando de Soto and his army through what is now the southeastern United States is simply not true. The archaeologists Ken Feder and Charles Hudson, among others, have listed and reviewed sixteenth-century artifacts of European origin found in secure contexts all along De Soto's proposed route. Even if there were no historical records or descriptions of De Soto's expedition, the archaeological record of that area would support sixteenth-century con-

WHAT'S ON YOUR READING LIST?™

© 2000 Book Sense, Inc.

(Personal Recommendations from your independent booksellers with BOOK SENSE)



ADRIAN NEWELL, WARWICK'S, LA JOLLA, CA

"What a book! This *Midsummer-Night's-Dream*-like story is about people whose seemingly ordinary lives intersect in ways that are extraordinary."

DEAN BAKOPOULOS, CANTERBURY BOOKSELLERS, MADISON, WI

"An amazing, delicious, voyeuristic novel about the heartaches and joys of that ultimate human necessity...love. Baxter's warmth and humor shine on every page."

MARGOT LIDDELL, SHAKESPEARE & CO., NEW YORK, NY

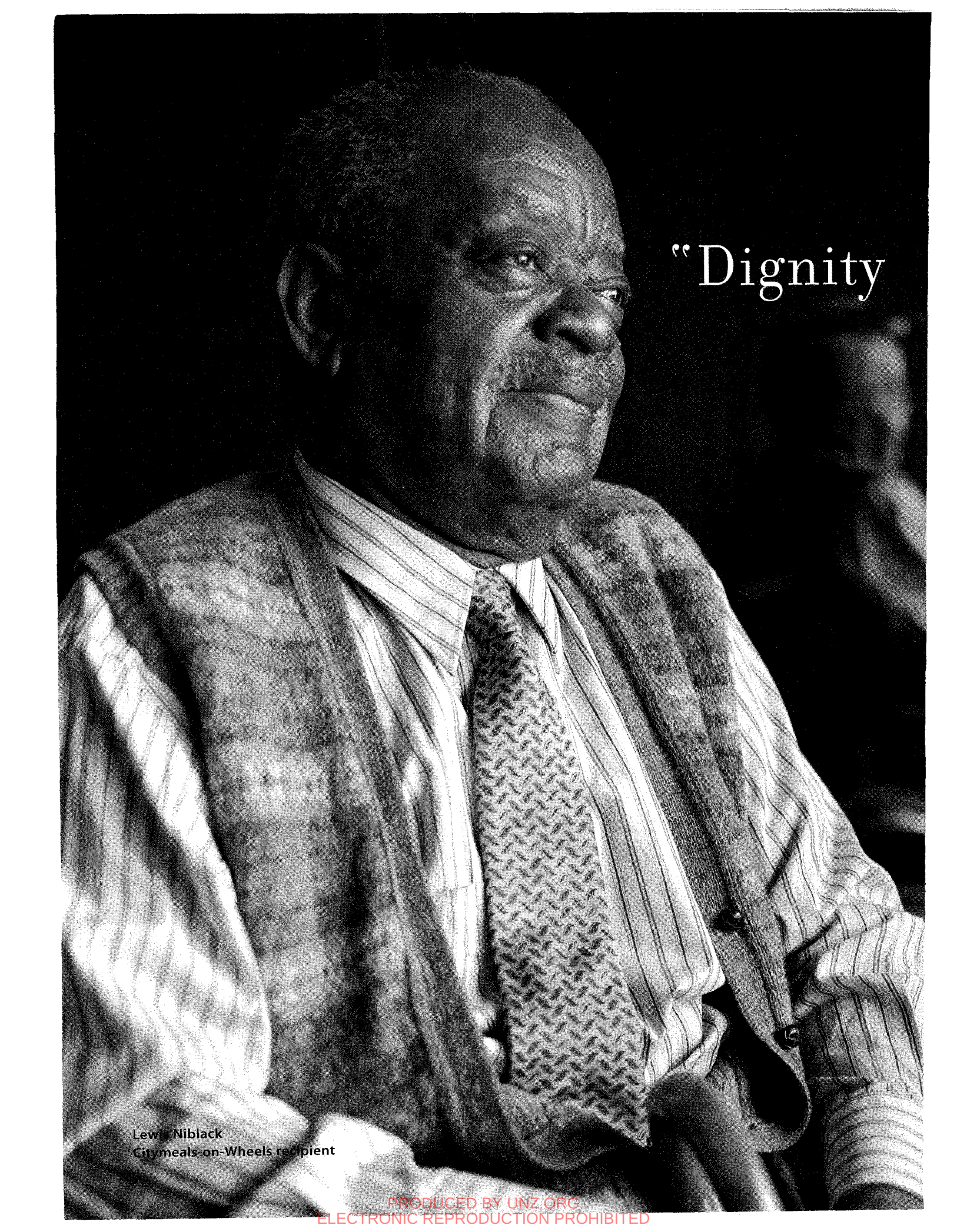
"A brilliant chronicle of a town's inhabitants, reminiscent of Thornton Wilder or Richard Russo. One is loath to close the covers on the characters in *THE FEAST OF LOVE*."

Show your independence by visiting a bookstore with Book Sense and let a knowledgeable bookseller assist you in finding what you need. Or ask about *The Book Sense 70*, an eclectic and provocative selection of the best new books, chosen by the independent booksellers. For the independent bookstore near you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE.



sense
Independent Bookstores
for Independent Minds

PERSONALITY - PASSION - KNOWLEDGE - COMMUNITY - CHARACTER

A black and white photograph of an elderly African American man, Lewis Niblack, looking slightly to his right. He is wearing a striped dress shirt, a patterned tie, and a textured cardigan. The background is dark and out of focus, showing another person's face in the distance.

"Dignity

Lewis Niblack
Citymeals-on-Wheels recipient

...is life without hunger.”

Lewis Niblack didn't want to be a burden.

As one of a growing number of homebound seniors, his daily struggle to get nutritious food limited his cherished sense of independence. Thanks to local grants from the *Senior Helpings* initiative created as part of *The Philip Morris Fight Against Hunger*, Lewis and thousands of hungry seniors across the country are no longer kept on waiting lists by their neighborhood meals-on-wheels programs. Now that the wait for food is over, Lewis has regained his self-sufficiency. And with it, his sense of dignity.

As part of our ongoing effort in the fight against hunger, the people of Philip Morris are committed to reducing waiting lists for meals-on-wheels programs nationwide. Through initiatives such as *Senior Helpings*, we've been helping communities in need for more than forty years.

May is Older Americans Month

This month, and throughout the year, we pay tribute to older Americans whose contributions enrich all our lives.

To find out how you can help, call today:

National Meals On Wheels Foundation
(616) 530-0929

Working to make a difference.

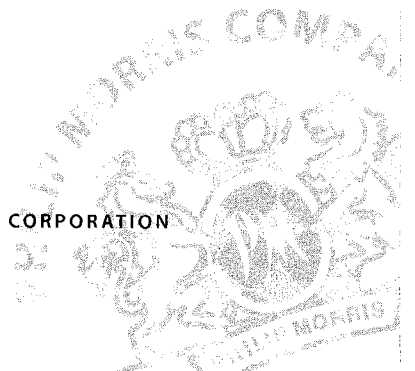
PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS CAPITAL CORPORATION

PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

www.philipmorris.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



tact with, if not intrusion by, Europeans.

Vine Deloria embraces a number of the diffusionist claims and castigates mainstream scholars for not paying more attention to the oral traditions of Native Americans. He seems to be ignorant of the mutability of oral tradition over time. Furthermore, in a number of cases Native American traditions have been at sharp odds with diffusionist interpretations. The Peterborough petroglyphs, for example, which the diffusionist scholars Barry Fell and David Kelley say contain proto-Tifinagh, are also claimed by the Native American Ojibway people of Ontario, who believe their ancestors to be the stones' creators.

On the basis of probability alone, one could conclude that a number of pre-Columbian contacts had to have occurred over the millennia owing to navigational errors, shipwrecks, and other such events. Those contacts would most likely have been small-scale, perhaps archaeologically invisible and generally of limited significance, although some cultural transfer would not be out of the question. Much would depend on the number of people involved, the materials they brought with them, and the skills and knowledge they possessed.

Stengel's article neglected to mention recent genetic studies that fail to show any evidence of a genetic trail left by pre-Columbian visitors. There is some tantalizing evidence of a small degree of pre-Columbian European admixture with Native Americans, although indicators place it as occurring 15,000 years or longer ago. Perhaps the strongest evidence against the wide-scale presence of Old World peoples in pre-Columbian America is also biological: the diseases introduced by Europeans and their animals that decimated Native American populations. The vulnerability of New World peoples to Old World diseases strongly indicates their relative isolation.

Robert R. Fox
Sterling Heights, Mich.

My book, *Fantastic Archaeology*, published almost a decade ago, was reviewed in a number of major publications, including *Science*, *Scientific Monthly*, and *Nature*. All the reviews were favorable, and none suggested that I had treated any of the people discussed therein with sarcasm. Marc Stengel may disagree with my assessment of these people's scholar-

ship; nevertheless, I taught archaeology for a decade at Harvard, to many hundreds of students, and although I sometimes disagreed with my students' findings, I did not degrade them personally.

Stengel never dealt adequately with the essential question of fraudulent artifacts. As my book documents carefully, many of the basic artifacts, such as the Kensington Stone, are shabby fakes. I wonder if Stengel actually read my book, especially the fully documented discussions in the annotated bibliography.

Stephen Williams
Santa Fe, N.M.

Marc K. Stengel replies:

Robert Fox is right to chasten parties on both sides of the diffusionist controversy for occasionally indulging in hidebound stubbornness. It is an interesting sign of the times that he will concede the probability of "pre-Columbian contacts . . . owing to navigational errors, shipwrecks, and other such events," inasmuch as only a few decades ago this suggestion would have sparked charges of heresy. Slowly but surely new currents seem to be infiltrating the mainstream and encouraging scholars on both sides of the debate to devise new methods for evaluating provocative data. As for the issue of disease transmission and its value as evidence, the case is far more complicated than Fox allows. At least two essays in the Smithsonian Institution's *Disease and Demography in the Americas* (1992) contradict the view of pre-Columbian North America as a disease-free paradise; and in the forthcoming book *Ancient Ocean Crossings*, Stephen Jett disputes the absence of Old World diseases in pre-Columbian America as an indication of the absence of foreign contact.

Each reader must set his or her own threshold of tolerance for sarcasm, but when Stephen Williams, in *Fantastic Archaeology* (1991), lumps a number of his intellectual opponents together under the term "Rogue Professor, as in 'rogue' elephant," and then proceeds to declare that "rogue elephants look like other elephants, but they do not act like other elephants," perhaps something akin to sarcasm is at work. A more fundamental point is Williams's breezy dismissal of troubling archaeological artifacts as "shabby fakes." Williams may persist in questioning the authenticity of the Kensington Stone, but he does so in the face of painstaking analysis to the contrary, as

detailed by Richard Nielsen in the January, 2000, issue of *Journal of the West*. Let it be said that Williams's book is indeed an informative resource for any student of the diffusionist controversy, and its annotated and general bibliographies are rich indeed. All the more telling, then, that neither one mentions Sorenson and Raish's master bibliography, *Pre-Columbian Contact With the Americas Across the Oceans*, whose first edition appeared in 1990.

Inside Microsoft

James Fallows's coy discussion of his nondisclosure agreement and work arrangements with Microsoft ("Inside the Leviathan," February *Atlantic*) may have satisfied Microsoft, but it did his readers a disservice.

Fallows agreed not to publish an "inside Microsoft" piece without the company's oversight. So . . . did Microsoft approve the *Atlantic* piece or not? Was Fallows paid for his consulting work for the company, or was he working as a journalist there? Does he have a financial interest in the new word-processing program?

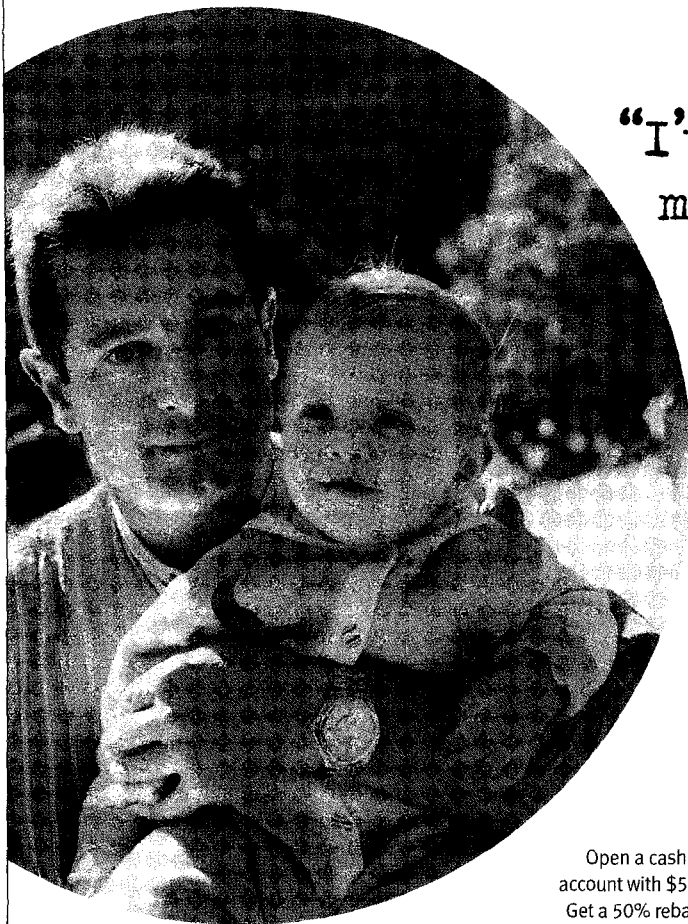
Was Fallows's laudatory piece about the company one long advertorial for a product the author helped to design or not? It certainly read like one.

Dan Whipple
Broomfield, Colo.

James Fallows replies:

No one at Microsoft read or commented on the article before it was published. Several company officials knew that I was going to write it, and that it would be based on a speech I'd given (which itself was subject to no prior review or approval by Microsoft) on campus at the end of my time there.

In the six months I worked at the company, I was paid a salary to try to design an improved word-processing system. I have no ongoing financial involvement of any sort with Microsoft—apart from whatever may be lodged in retirement-account mutual funds, I don't even own its stock. My motive in trying to improve Microsoft Word, which I switched to reluctantly only after it had become the de facto monopoly standard for word processing, was to make it better as a tool for writers to use. To be more precise, I wanted something better that I could use.



"I've always taken
my own investing
seriously.

Now I can invest
in her future
for as little
as \$500."

Open a cash
account with \$500.
Get a 50% rebate
on your first month's
commissions.

Open an Ameritrade account before

July 5, and you'll get a 50% rebate on your

commissions for the first month (up to 25 Internet
equity trades). *It's simple—we automatically*

credit the amount on your monthly statement.
That means no extra paperwork for you. And all

you need to open your cash account is \$500.
After the first month, commissions for Internet

equity market orders are only \$8. Limit and
stop orders are just \$5 more. Plus, you'll

get other benefits like around-the-clock
customer service and e-mail alerts that let

you know how your portfolio is doing. And our
eCheck Secure™ service helps you fund your

account faster, so you can start trading sooner.*
But you better hurry, because an offer

like this can't last forever. It's easy.
Just mention offer code RGD when

you open your account. Visit us at
www.ameritrade.com

Open your account today.

\$8
Internet trades

account access anytime
24-hour customer service
customized e-mail alerts
over 7,000 mutual funds
free charts, news, reports



Believe in yourself™

Offer valid for new individual or joint accounts opened and funded between 4/18/00 and 7/5/00. Half-off rebates will appear on your monthly statement and apply to Internet equity orders only. Offer not valid for IRA accounts or with any other offer. \$500 minimum equity required to open your cash account. \$2,000 minimum balance required for margin accounts.—Report & Alert Service is provided by independent third parties. Service and information not guaranteed by Ameritrade.—*Funds received using eCheck Secure are normally available for trading within two business days.—Market volatility and volume may delay system access and trade execution. If you experience difficulties, please contact customer service. 24-hour customer service, excluding market holidays. Orders can only be executed during market hours.—Member NASD/SIPC. SIPC account protection is \$500,000, including \$100,000 in cash claims. An additional \$24.5 million in assets protection is provided. ©2000 Ameritrade. AOL keyword: ameritrade.

THE MAY A MANAC

Health & Safety

This month, according to a European Union regulation, European airlines must begin teaching crew members about low-level radiation—which may increase the incidence of cancer and of birth defects—and monitoring their in-flight exposure. Solar-storm activity, which produces radiation, is expected to hit a peak in the next year or so; at higher altitudes there is less atmosphere to serve as a shield. Airlines must reduce the flying time of highly exposed crew members and reassign pregnant women to nonflying duties. Opinion is divided on the need for such precautions. Researchers have found that flight crews are typically exposed to more radiation than nuclear-plant workers are. However, they have not established that the average exposure of a crew member carries any actual health risk. U.S. airlines do not monitor radiation exposure; some observers expect this to become a negotiating point between unions and airlines in the years ahead.



The Skies

The most significant astrological event of the month takes place on May 3 and 4, when the Sun, the Moon, and the brightest planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn—line up along a narrow span of sky. Because the Sun falls in the center of the group, its glare will render all five planets invisible—a phenomenon that last occurred 38 years ago. May 5: The Eta Aquarid meteor shower peaks in the couple of hours before dawn. Shortly after sunset tonight the crescent Moon lies just above the red star Aldebaran, with Mars to the right and the Pleiades star cluster beyond that. 18: Full Moon, also known this month as the Milk or Planting Corn Moon.



Q&A

Where do lost socks go?

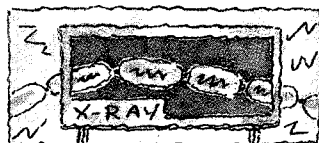
Although this question has defied being answered conclusively, one scientist has taken on a related problem: the accumulation of unmatched socks in a drawer over time. In the March-April, 1996, issue of *Mathematics Today*, Robert A.J. Matthews, an Oxford-based physicist and science correspondent, explained the process: When one sock is lost, an odd sock, of course, remains. Because pairs initially outnumber odd socks, the next sock to be lost will most likely come from a pair, and so on. Matthews, who has a penchant for probing life's irritations (he once posited a mathematical explanation for the tendency of a falling piece of toast to land buttered side down), devised an equation to describe the odd-sock phenomenon:

$$Prob(k,s,n) = \frac{n!(2s)!(2n-2s)!2^{2n-4}}{k!(2n)!(2s-2k)!(n-2s+k)!}$$

He concluded that the best solution, mathematically and practically speaking, is to "get rid of all your existing socks, choose two favourite designs—and stick to them."

Food

May 29: Memorial Day, the traditional start of the outdoor-grilling season. This year something new is available for barbecuing: meat that has been treated with ionizing radiation. Last February the U.S. Department of Agriculture approved the use of radiation on all beef, lamb, veal, pork, and goat products; it has allowed the



radiation of poultry since 1992 and of pork at very low levels since 1985. Radiation has been shown to reduce *Salmonella*, *Staphylococcus aureus*, and *Listeria monocytogenes* organisms, and is the only known way to eliminate *E. coli* from raw meat. Although irradiated products have drawn opposition from some consumer groups, proponents point out that the doses used are far too low to make meat radioactive. Shoppers can easily identify irradiated meat: it must either contain the word "irradiated" in its product name or carry a label stating that it has been treated with radiation, and it must bear a symbol—petals in a broken circle—used to denote irradiation. The process does not significantly affect price.



Arts & Letters

A noted void in London will be filled this month: Britain's first museum of international twentieth-century art will open on May 12. Tate Modern, an offshoot of the Tate Gallery, will be one of the world's largest museums devoted to modern art. The Tate Gallery owned a collection of modern art that was widely acknowledged to be one of the most significant in the world; however, it lacked the space to exhibit more than a sixth of the collection at a time. Tate Modern will be able to show at least 60 percent, or 800 to 1,000 works, at once. The new museum is housed in a renovated power station on the south side of the Thames—a building originally designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect of the iconic red telephone booth. A new bridge provides access to Saint Paul's Cathedral, on the opposite bank. Some 2 million visitors to the museum are expected each year.



Expiring Patent

No. 4,384,369. Muscle-Stimulating Exercise Suit. "An exercise suit . . . cover[ing] a majority of the externally accessible muscle groups of a wearer, [having] at least one pocket in registration with a particular muscle area . . . each pocket [containing] liquid carrying bags providing a weight load to be borne by the wearer and a dynamically yieldable muscle stimulating force during body movement of the wearer."

100 Years Ago

H. D. Sedgwick Jr., writing in the May, 1900, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "There is nothing peculiar or mysterious about politics or international relations. When two or three men live with in hail of one another political relations begin. Men meet, bow; each drives his wagon to the right; one sells, another buys; they fence their acres in. They put their heads and arms together to chop down a tree, to mend the road, to regulate county matters with the next community. Whether they like it or not, politics have begun, ethical relations have begun, religion has come in; . . . they are threefold, yet one and indivisible. From that union springs the moral law. . . the immediate matter for men is to understand that what is true of two men and three gathered together is true of tens of millions. Are men to recognize this law, which acts on the individual and on society, only when the company is small and they can see the whites of one another's eyes?"





This is not the face of multiple sclerosis

It's the face of Connie Pierce. She's married to her high school sweetheart, has twin daughters and a job she loves. She has also been fighting multiple sclerosis (MS) for a decade. She credits family support, a sense of humor and advances in medicines from America's pharmaceutical companies with helping to dramatically slow the progression of her MS. Pharmaceutical company researchers continue to make breakthroughs and won't stop until there's a cure. So people like Connie can live and love and laugh for years to come.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures

The Transmission of Hope

*A portrait of a grandfather
and his generation-connecting stories*

WHEN my father died, at the end of 1936, a few months before I was born, my mother moved back into her parents' house, on the southeast side of Chicago. Not long after my birth my mother went to work, and during the day I was cared for by my grandparents, both in their seventies. "I raised him," my grandmother used to say about me in particular, the youngest of four, in later years—which annoyed my mother. Yet Grandma was at least half right. She did take care of my physical needs, and she was always there in every season: in the spring, when I was told not to track mud into the house; in the summer, when I was told not to let the back screen door slam; in the fall, when she shooed away my friends and me when we came home from school; and in the snowy Chicago winters, when she complained about mittens dripping on the radiator. Even now I can remember every detail about her, from the black slippers she wore every day, with holes cut to relieve

her bunions, to her straight gray hair with little sunset streaks of orange, pinned back in a bun. She was tiny, skinny, wrinkled, and so nearsighted that she squinted under her glasses. Her complexion was ashen, but she was as energetic as a little vole, with the quick movements and the stride of someone much younger. She was always in the midst of some crazy project, such as varnishing the linoleum or spraying DDT in the pantry to fight roaches (she stopped that after she passed out one day, smashing dishes in her fall), and she was so busy with these things that she didn't have time to talk. "Get out of the house," she

used to say. "Go play in the prairie"—the name we had for the corner sandlot.

God knows, Grandma did her best. She minded four children at an age when she should have been able to do what she pleased, and she took the job seriously, at least when it came to me. She dressed me till I was in third grade, rubbed my back every night, talked baby talk to me when I was sick, and slapped and cursed me roundly when I misbehaved. But I don't remember her ever carrying on a sustained conversation with me. That was what my grandfather did.

My grandfather was still working in his seventies, as a janitor in a steel-processing mill. His name was Tom Norton. He had been raised on a farm in northern Illinois and had knocked around in various jobs over the years, mainly on paving crews. He had had about two years of education in a country schoolhouse, but he was an avid reader (mainly of Zane Gray, though

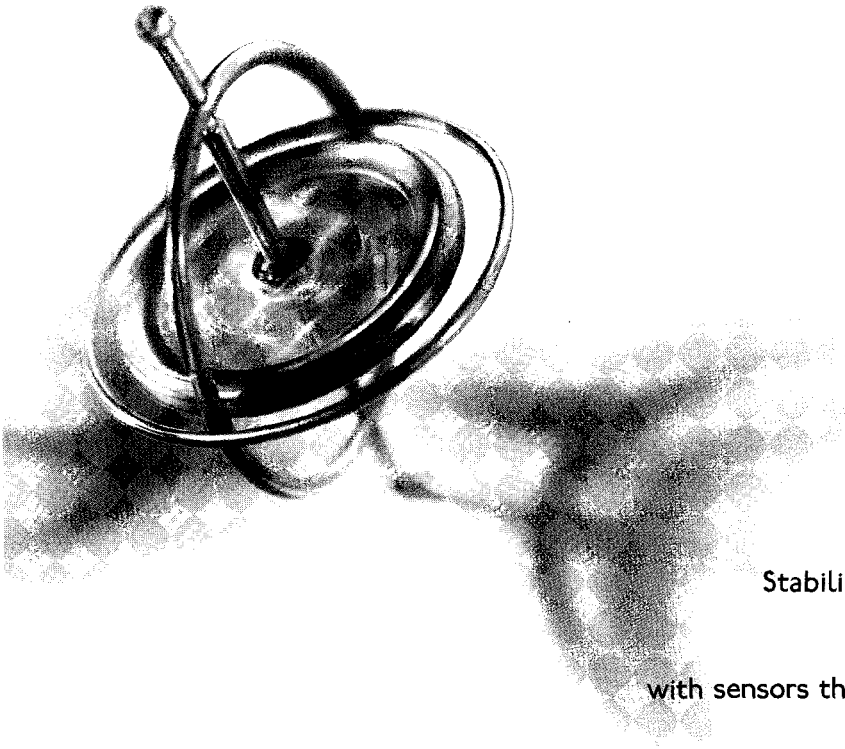
I once saw among his books a

paperback of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* with a lurid cover). He got home late in the afternoon and had to get up at five the next morning, so he ate before the rest of us and went to bed early. But when he was around, he was a delight to me, because he talked to me—talked *with* me—during my childhood years. I remember him coming home from work, up the alley from the street-car line to our house. "Hi, Grandpa, got any gum?" I used to say. It was a ritual. He would pull out a stick, the wrapping stuck so tight from the heat and sweat of his pocket that I would have to spit out little pieces of tinfoil as I chewed it.



by George McKenna

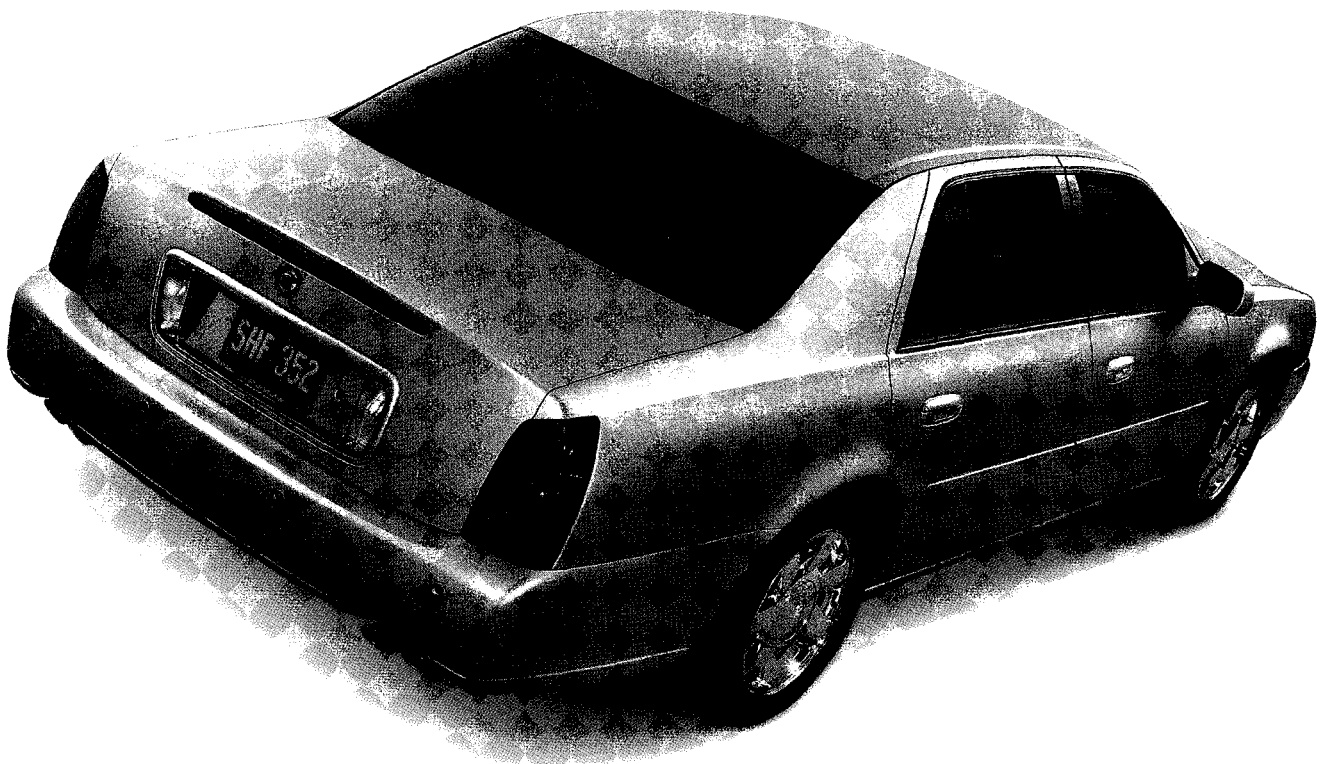
The All-New DeVille DTS



Incredible balance. It's in your
hands. The all-new DeVille DTS with
StabiliTrak 2.0 gives you maximum confidence
with sensors that read steering angle, lateral acceleration

and yaw rate. Giving you the self-assurance to handle the

unexpected. In style. **THE POWER OF &**
THE FUSION OF DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY



Experience DeVille's intuitive technologies. Visit cadillac.com or call 1.800.333.4CAD.

©2000 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac® Cadillac emblem™ DeVille® StabiliTrak®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grandpa was a strange sight, especially in the summer, when he wore an overcoat on even the hottest days. He was short and bandy-legged, with a long body and a barrel chest. But the strangest thing about him was his color: he was purple. His skin had turned purple years earlier from a dose of silver nitrate that some quack doctor had prescribed for his ulcer. Silver nitrate is used in the development of black-and-white film, and, like film, Grandpa was sensitive to sunlight. He would "develop." In summer, particularly where his skin was exposed, his color was a very dark grayish-purple, but in the unexposed areas he was more silvery, almost white. I suppose that is why he wore his overcoat in summer.

Before he went to bed, my grandfather and I would talk on the steps of the front porch. That, too, was controlled by ritual. "Grandpa," I would say, "let's talk about it," and he would reply, "Well, what's the subject?" "Horses," I would say, or "Dogs," or "Guns." He had a story for every topic. Dogs? He would tell about an *ubercanine* he had once owned, a dog so intelligent that even the Albert Payson Terhune collies I used to read about couldn't match him. He had had smart horses, too. "I once had a horse I trained so good he'd back up into the same corner of the yard before he'd do his business. Neat as a pin. And what a riding horse. I could just talk to him and he'd go anywhere. Tell him 'right' or 'left,' he'd know. He was almost human."

Grandpa had a nice way of telling these tall tales. His big chest cavity gave his voice some depth, and he sounded his *rs* in the wholesome midwestern way. He told his stories slowly, not neglecting any details. Grandpa was a great detail man. When I asked him about guns, he'd tell about going hunting as a boy with a Civil War musket. "First you poured your powder down the muzzle. Then you tamped in the paper. Then the ball. Then more paper. Put the cap on, cock, and get ready to fire." The story had a dramatic coda. "One day I forgot. I put the powder in, tamped the paper, then forgot and put in a *second* charge. Boy, that thing kicked back and sent me galley-west. Coulda blown up and killed me right there." Then there was the story about watching Chicago burn down in 1871. "I looked out over the field and saw them black clouds rising in the sky like mountains." My grandfather was five at the time, and his family's farm was

about fifty miles northwest of the city. Could he really have seen those mountainous black clouds? If he did, it *would* have stuck in the mind of a five-year-old. It would have stuck in my mind.

■ ■ ■

Grandpa was not a saintly man. I never thought of him as one even then. He smoked cheap, sulfurous pipe tobacco; he rarely bathed, and angrily resisted my grandmother's demands that he change his shirt. And he drank. He had mellowed in his old age, and I never saw him drunk, though I later surmised that he was a little high when he told me his stories. He never missed work because of drink, but in his earlier years he had drunk on the job and drunk even more after work. My mother remembered his coming home late after stopping at the saloon, slumped helplessly in his buggy, careening into the driveway on two wheels as the family mare, who hadn't been fed or watered all day, made a dash for the barn. (Was this the smart horse he had told me about?) My mother, who had seen too much of that and other things over the years, had lost all patience with "Pa," as she called him when she bothered to call him anything. Nobody else in the house had much use for him either. To my sister he was all but invisible, and to my brothers he was just a funny old sot, the butt of one-liners—"Hey, Grandpa really drank himself blue in the face, didn't he?" A couple of years ago one of my brothers asked me what the hell it was that Grandpa and I talked about on the front porch, and I told him some of the stories. "So that was it," he said.

If the stories had any truth in them at all, Grandpa was a kind of Forrest Gump, shadowing the great events and men of his time. He watched the Chicago fire at five, hunted with a Civil War musket at twelve, and in his twenties was working as a bellhop at Chicago's Palmer House when Grover Cleveland walked in. "Got so close I coulda punched that silk hat right off his head." (That seemed like such a good idea to me that I missed the sarcasm in my grandmother's reaction: "I'm surprised you didn't, Tom.") He briefly held down a distasteful job as a "knocker" in a Chicago slaughterhouse, hammering the heads of cattle, years before Upton Sinclair arrived on the scene.

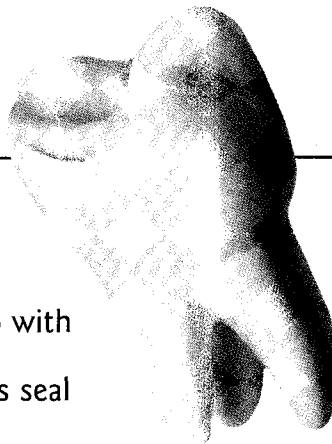
His best story was also embedded in the events of history. Sometime around the turn of the century Grandpa was

working as the boss of a paving gang in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the Oklahoma border. One day he fired two of his men, Creek Indians from Oklahoma, who then got drunk and barged into the office firing pistols. "I was behind the desk," he said, "on a high stool. They got me in the arm, and over I went. I was under the desk and they coulda just reached over and finished me off. Instead they shot this young fella who was sharpening a lamp-wick on the other side of the room. He run toward the back door—shouldn't a done that, shoulda just lied down like me and not stirred—and they hit him again, this time in the back. Then they left. I went to him, asked if I could help. Would he take some whiskey? No, he said, he promised his mother he'd never take a drink. He died not long after."

Whatever the truth of that story, I am an eyewitness to the fact that *something* had happened to Grandpa's arm. On the front of the forearm was a neat round scar, smaller than a dime, but on the other side was a gigantic mother-of-pearl eruption in his gray flesh. "It was a forty-four," Grandpa boasted.

Years later, when I found out about another kind of ugly scar, I marveled again at how Grandpa's life had folded into the contours of American history. It turned out that the Creek Indians, the tribe of the men who had barged into the office with those big-caliber guns, did not come from Oklahoma. They had been moved there, seventy years earlier, because white people wanted their homelands in Georgia and Alabama. During that forced 600-mile trek thousands of them died of hunger, disease, and exposure. The Creeks, though, were very adaptable. After some years they developed crops and farming methods suitable to the new land, and became fairly prosperous. But then a federal law passed in the late 1880s broke up their tribal holdings into individual plots; these turned out to be too small and barren to be farmed profitably. The Creeks were pulled back into poverty. So it is possible that the shooting spree that erupted in the office that afternoon was a reaction to more than the single injury of getting (probably deservedly) sacked. Maybe these two Creeks just added up the whole bill and decided that it was time to start paying people back for what had happened to their grandparents and their parents, what had happened to *them*.

Getting Students' Attention Used To Be Like Pulling Teeth.



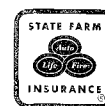
But that was before Sharon Nelson came up with the ingenious idea of letting her chemistry students seal teeth to learn firsthand how chemical bonding works.

With the help of a local dentist and his hygienist, Ms. Nelson turned her classroom into a dental lab. Students performed a variety of procedures, introducing them to chemical bonding in a way easy to relate to and understand.

They were also able to see the cooperation it took among these professionals, both inside and outside the school, to make this learning experience possible. Besides providing good role models for students, it underscored the importance others in the community placed on their education.

For creating such positive chemistry, State Farm is pleased to present Ms. Sharon Nelson with our Good Neighbor Award® and to donate a total of \$5,000 to Waunakee High School and the Wisconsin Society of Science Teachers.

Any school would give its eyeteeth for a teacher like Ms. Nelson.



Good Neighbor Award®

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois
statefarm.com™

The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with The National Science Teachers Association.

New from
AIR MAURITIUS

Adventureful, Breathtaking & Exotic tours to Mauritius, the Islands of the Indian Ocean and South Africa.

Start off the Millennium with a fascinating vacation that challenges your senses. Discover exotic Mauritius the tropical getaway with miles of white sand beaches, coral reefs, colorful markets and world-class resorts. Relax on the remote islands of The Seychelles. View the natural wonders of Madagascar or go on Safari in South Africa.



For information or our colorful brochure on tours to Mauritius, South Africa and the islands of the Indian Ocean...contact us at 1-800-537-1182 or www.airmauritiushusa.com

Airline to the islands of the Indian Ocean

560 Sylvan Ave. Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632
(201) 871-8381

But I'll leave the story alone instead of trying to extract any morals from it. Grandpa was a storyteller, not a moralist, and his stories didn't come from *The Book of Virtues*. They had to do with dogs and horses and shooting rattlesnakes and hammering cows on the head. Nietzsche once remarked that if you ask a little boy if he'd like to become "virtuous," he'll stare at you, "but he will open his eyes wide if asked: 'Would you like to become stronger than your friends?'" Grandpa told stories about saloon fights that he and his brother ("I and Jim") had fought against incredible odds, stories that were very satisfying to a slightly undersized boy who had lost just about every fight he hadn't run away from. They were PG-13 stories, rather violent, but their saving grace was the fact that they were *told* to me, right there, face to face, on the front steps, and that I could talk back, ask questions, ask for more details.

■ ■ ■
"Deprive children of stories," the philosopher Alasdair MacIntyre wrote, "and you leave them unscripted, anxious stutterers in their actions as in their words." Alas, many children in today's America are in that predicament. This is one reason why the behavior of such children is as incomprehensible to us as our world—the world passed on to us by our parents and grandparents—must be to them. All societies throughout history seem to have had their griots, their storytellers, who introduced the young into the human community. But in the past generation America has produced a large number of young people who haven't experienced these civilizing rituals.

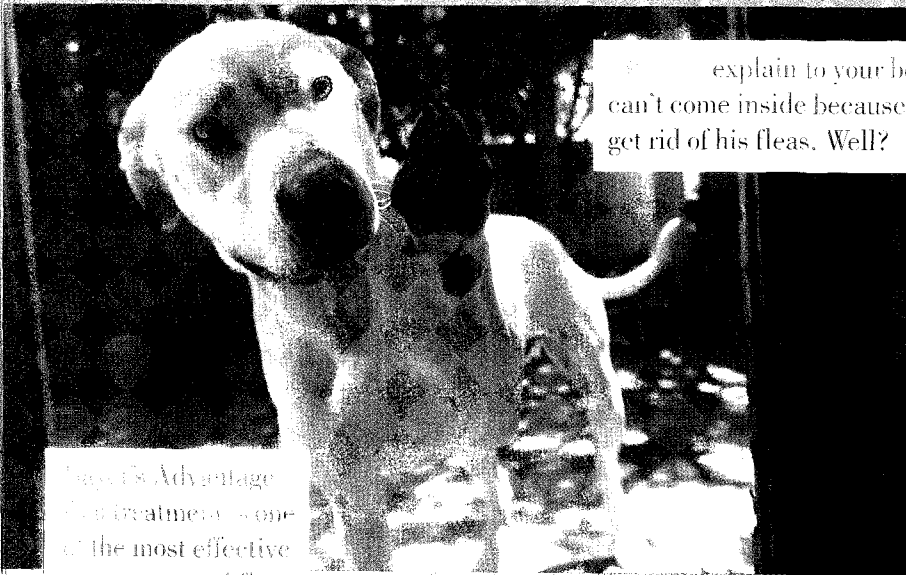
Growing up as I did, fatherless but in a middle-class neighborhood, there was little danger of my becoming a gang member. But I wonder whether in the absence of my grandfather and his stories I would have become one of the "anxious stutterers" MacIntyre referred to.

I wish there were some way I could bring a little essence of Grandpa to today's fatherless children. This has to do with hopefulness. In one of his last books the historian Christopher Lasch wrote that hope, unlike optimism, derives not from visions of the future but from memories of the past, memories "in which the experience of order and contentment was so intense that subsequent disillusionments cannot dislodge it." Is there a way of introducing that into the lives of fa-

therless children? Maybe not. I listened to my grandfather's stories on the front steps of a house that was uncomfortably warm on summer nights and had nothing inside it of immediate interest to a small boy. I listened to the stories and became absorbed, but I listened because there wasn't much of anything else to do. After all, it was the 1940s.

The first sign that the decade was over was the disappearance of my mother's elegant washing machine and wringer, which I had liked to watch as it flattened clothes, cartoonlike, into a continuous sheet of wet socks, shirts, and underwear before dumping them into a tub of clear water. Replacing all of that was a gleaming white box—very "modern," I thought, like the new 1950s office buildings. The cockroaches my grandmother had fought so valiantly in the forties also disappeared, after we started shopping at the new supermarket instead of at friendly George Valakas's IGA store. And then, quite suddenly, my grandparents aged. Grandma's mind started wandering, and one day I came home from high school to find her dying of pneumonia. She was lying in my brother's bed, her lips blue, worrying about whether the garbage had been taken out. She died a few nights later, and my mother lit a candle in the dark room and told me to pray. Grandpa lived another two years. When I came into the house one day, he had just collapsed, after telling my sister he felt "lousy." I carried him to bed, but he slipped out of my grip and fell hard into the bed. I was afraid I had killed him, and when the doctor came later and pronounced him dead, I nervously asked what had caused his death. The doctor stared at me incredulously. "What caused his death? He died of old age."

At his wake he didn't look much like himself. They had given his sparse hair a slick comb-over instead of letting it go any which way, which was my grandfather's style. But at least he stayed purple. The undertaker had asked my mother if she wanted anything done about the "flesh tone," but she said to leave it alone so that people could recognize him. So, in the middle of the new decade, they buried the man who had figured so much in my childhood, the purple man who refused to bathe, drank, smoked noxious tobacco, and wore an overcoat in July. He had done me a good turn without realizing it, which is probably the best way. ☼



explain to your best buddy that he can't come inside because you can't seem to get rid of his fleas. Well?

Bayer's Advantage flea treatment is one of the most effective ways to control fleas ever developed.

Bayer 

Bayer is a registered trademark of Bayer AG. Bayer is a registered trademark of Bayer AG. Bayer is a registered trademark of Bayer AG.

Changing the world
with great care.



George W., Knight of Eulogia

*A rare look inside Skull and Bones,
the Yale secret society and sometime haunt of the
presumptive Republican nominee for President*

ON High Street, in the middle of the Yale University campus, stands a cold-looking, nearly windowless Greco-Egyptian building with padlocked iron doors.

This is the home of Yale's most famous secret society, Skull and Bones, and it is also, in a sense, one of the many homes of

the family of George W. Bush, Yale '68.

Bush men have been Yale men and Bonesmen for generations. Prescott Bush, George W.'s grandfather, Yale '17, was a legendary

Bonesman; he was a member of the band that stole for the society what became one of its most treasured artifacts: a skull that

was said to be that of the Apache chief Geronimo. Prescott Bush, one of a great many Bonesmen who went on to lives of power and renown, became a U.S. senator. George Herbert Walker Bush, George W.'s father, Yale '48, was also a Bonesman, and he, too, made a conspicuous success of himself. Inside the temple on High Street hang paintings of some of Skull and Bones's more illustrious members; the painting of George Bush, the most recently installed, is five feet high.

There were other Bush Bonesmen, a proud line of them stretching from great uncle George Herbert Walker Jr. to uncle Jonathan Bush to cousins George Herbert Walker III and Ray Walker. So when George W. was "tapped" for Skull and Bones, at the end of his junior year, he, too, naturally became a Bonesman—but, it seems, a somewhat ambivalent one.

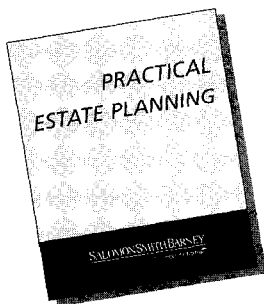
New members of Skull and Bones are assigned secret names, by which fellow Bonesmen will forever know them. Some Bonesmen receive traditional names, denoting function or existential status; others are the chosen beneficiaries of names that their Bones predecessors wish to pass on. The leftover initiates choose their own names. The name Long Devil is assigned to the tallest member; Boaz (short for Beelzebub) goes to any member who is a varsity football captain. Many of the chosen names are drawn from literature (Hamlet, Uncle Remus), from religion, and from myth. The banker Lewis Lapham passed on his name, Sancho Panza, to the political adviser Tex McCrary. Averell Harriman was Thor, Henry Luce was Baal, MacGeorge Bundy was Odin. The name Magog is traditionally assigned to the incoming Bonesman deemed to have had the most sexual experience, and Gog goes to the new member with the least sexual experience. William Howard Taft and Robert Taft were Magogs. So, interestingly, was George Bush.

George W. was not assigned a name but invited to choose one. According to one report, nothing came to mind, so he was given the name Temporary, which, it is said, he never bothered to replace; Temporary is how Bush's fellow Bonesmen know him today. (In recent interviews I asked a number of Bush's Bonesmen classmates about the name and elicited no denials.)

by Alexandra Robbins

IMAGINE EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO PASS ON TO YOUR FAMILY. NOW IMAGINE 2/3 LESS.

SEE HOW A SIMPLE WILL ISN'T ENOUGH.



- Estate taxes could cost you up to 70% of your hard-earned wealth
- Discover 10 strategies to help preserve your assets, including the best way to own life insurance
- See why the stock market gains of the 90's make it important to consider estate planning now

Call 1-800-EARNS IT, ext 1564
1-800-327-6748, ext 1564
for your free copy of "Practical Estate Planning."

SEE HOW WE EARN IT.SM

SALOMON SMITH BARNEY

A member of **citigroup**

salomonsmithbarney.com

© 2000 Salomon Smith Barney Inc. Member SIPC. Salomon Smith Barney and "SEE HOW WE EARN IT." are service marks of Salomon Smith Barney, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The junior George's diffidence in the matter of his secret name seems to reflect a larger ambivalence toward Yale and its select, the most elite of whom are the members of Skull and Bones. The elder George holds his fellow Yalies—particularly his Bones brethren—in great esteem, and over the years has often gone to them for advice. George W., in contrast, has publicly made a point of his disdain for the elite northeastern connections that shaped his father's world and, to some extent, his own. Fay Vincent, the former commissioner of baseball, who is a Bush family friend and himself the son of a Bonesman, says, "Young George is as unlikely a Bonesperson as I've ever met." Young George has not attended a Yale reunion since he graduated.

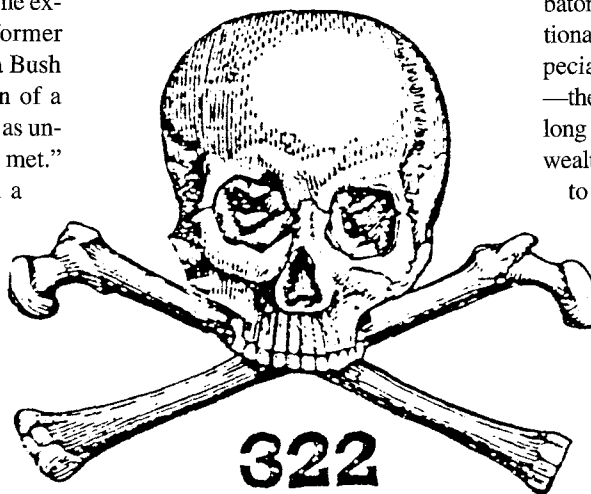
Bush's dismissal of Yale and all it stands for may be a response to the repeated charges of political opponents that he is not much more than a papa's boy. Kent Hance, who trounced Bush in his 1978 congressional race, insinuated that Bush was not a true Texan and accused him of "riding his daddy's coattails."

If George W. truly wanted to detach himself from his father and from the traditions of a long line of ancestors, he chose a curious path—in effect, retracing his father's footsteps.

SKULL and Bones is the oldest of Yale's secret societies and by far the most determinedly secretive. As such, it has long been an inspiration for speculation and imagination. It still is. The society is, of course, the inspiration for the new Universal Pictures thriller *The Skulls*, about a nefarious secret society at an Ivy League school in New Haven. In 1968, when George W. Bush was in Skull and Bones, there were eight "abovegrounds," or societies that met in their own "tombs," and as many as ten "undergrounds," which held meetings in rented rooms. In an article in the 1968 Yale yearbook Lanny Davis, a 1967 Yale graduate and a secret-society member who would go on to become a White House special counsel in the Clinton Administration, described how Bones, famous for its distinguished list of members, held more sway than the others.

Come "Tap Day" . . . if you're a junior, despite the fact that you've banged your fist at the lunch table and said,

"This is 1968," and have loudly denounced societies as anachronisms, when the captain of the football team is standing by your door and when the tower clock strikes eight he rushes in and claps your shoulder and shouts, "Skull and Bones, accept or reject?" you almost always scream out, "Accept!" and you never, never, pound your fist at the lunch table, not for that reason ever again.



Fewer than a tenth of Yale's 1,400 seniors are members of the university's secret societies, which many undergraduates view as self-serving vehicles for real and aspiring aristocrats. Certainly this view seems to have some validity when it comes to Bonesmen. Until 1992, when it became one of the last two secret societies to admit women, Skull and Bones had a history of picking the same kinds of people over and over. Davis's yearbook article explained,

If the society had a good year, this is what the "ideal" group will consist of: a football captain; a Chairman of the *Yale Daily News*; a conspicuous radical; a Whiffenpoof; a swimming captain; a notorious drunk with a 94 average; a film-maker; a political columnist; a religious group leader; a Chairman of the Lit; a foreigner; a ladies' man with two motorcycles; an ex-service man; a negro, if there are enough to go around; a guy nobody else in the group had heard of, ever.

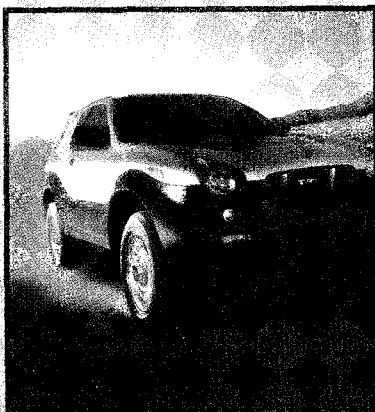
Indeed, George W.'s 1968 brethren slip easily into the desired slots: among them were the Olympic swimmer and gold medalist Don Schollander; a future Harvard Medical School surgeon, Gregory

Gallico; a future Rhodes scholar, Robert McCallum; the Whiffenpoofs' pitch, Robert Birge; Donald Etra, an Orthodox Jew; Muhammed Saleh, a Jordanian; a future deputy director of the National Institute of Mental Health, Rex Cowdry; and the black soccer captain Roy Austin. Only George W. himself fell into none of the aforementioned categories. He was generally regarded as a legacy tap.

Given the society's history as an incubator and meeting point for rising generational elites, it is not surprising that an especially susceptible kind of "barbarian"—the Bones term for a nonmember—has long seen the society as a locus of mystery, wealth, and conspiracy. One doesn't need to scratch deeply to uncover accusations of sinister ties with the CIA, the Trilateral Commission, the Illuminati, the Council on Foreign Relations, even the Nazis. It turns out that the Yale admissions committee that voted to admit George W., despite his poor record at Andover, included three members (out of seven) who were Bonesmen; those seeking evidence

of malign influence will surely raise an eyebrow. (For the conspiracy-minded, the most useful *omnium gatherum* is the British writer Antony C. Sutton's feverish 1983 tract *An Introduction to the Order*.) World domination aside, the most pervasive rumors about Bones are that initiates must masturbate in a coffin while recounting their sexual exploits, and that their candor is ultimately rewarded with a no-strings-attached gift of \$15,000. Bonesmen, who are sworn to secrecy at initiation, have not publicly denied or confirmed these rumors; they have usually made a point of refusing to speak to the press about the society at all. As *The Skulls* was about to be released, and as George W.'s quest for the Republican presidential nomination looked increasingly certain to succeed, the society sent all members a memo reminding them of their vow of silence. Still, as I recently discovered in the course of looking into Skull and Bones, not all Bonesmen see the necessity of remaining tight-lipped about a society whose biggest secret may be that its secrets are essentially trivial.

THE story of Skull and Bones begins in December of 1832. Upset (according to one account) by changes in the Phi Beta Kappa election process, a Yale sen-



10 YEARS OR 120,000 MILES

(FINALLY, A POWERTRAIN LIMITED WARRANTY
FOR VEHICLES THAT ARE MADE TO RUN OVER THINGS*)



GO FARTHER

Consider a 10-year/120,000-mile powertrain limited warranty. On a car that takes you to work, it's no big news. On an SUV that takes you places cars can't go, it's a different story. At Isuzu, we back all our 2000 SUVs (the Trooper, Rodeo, Amigo, and VehiCROSS) with America's longest warranty. Because we expect you to go places in an Isuzu truck. And we want you to go with the knowledge that your vehicle is built to withstand the beating. Call 1-800-795-9779 for your local Isuzu dealer or visit www.isuzu.com.

CAR COMPANIES BUILD SUVs THAT ARE AFRAID TO
LEAVE THE ASPHALT BEHIND. WE'RE NOT A CAR COMPANY.

ISUZU

*Warranty coverage for defects in materials and workmanship only. No coverage for damage caused by misuse. See your Isuzu dealer for warranty details. Powertrain Limited Warranty excludes commercial or fleet vehicles and is transferable to immediate family members only.

ior named William Russell and a group of classmates decided to form the Eulogian Club as an American chapter of a German student organization. The club paid obeisance to Eulogia, the goddess of eloquence, who took her place in the pantheon upon the death of the orator Demosthenes, in 322 B.C., and who is said to have returned in a kind of Second Coming on the occasion of the society's inception. The Yale society fastened a picture of its symbol—a skull and crossbones—to the door of the chapel where it met. Today the number 322, recalling the date of Demosthenes' death, appears on society stationery. The number has such mystical overtones that in 1967 a graduate student with no ties to Skull and Bones donated \$322,000 to the society.

Skull and Bones recently sent all mem- bers a memo reminding them of the society's vow of silence.

(The number 322 has also been a particular favorite of conspiracy-minded hunters for evidence of Skull and Bones's global connections. It was the combination to Averell Harriman's briefcase when he carried classified dispatches between London and Moscow during World War II. Antony C. Sutton claims that 322 doubles as a reminder of the society's mother organization in Germany; the American group, founded in 1832, is the second chapter—thus 32-2.)

In 1856 Daniel Coit Gilman, who went on to become the founding president of Johns Hopkins University, officially incorporated the society as the Russell Trust Association, and Skull and Bones moved into the space it still occupies. The Bones tomb is forbidding only on the outside. Marina Moscovici, a Connecticut conservator who recently spent six years restoring fifteen paintings from the Skull and Bones building, describes the atmosphere inside as "funny spooky." She says, "Sort of like the Addams Family, it's campy in an old British men's-smoking-club way. It's not glamorous by any means."

"Bones is like a college dorm room," a 1980s Bonesman told me. "Ours was a place that used to be really nice but felt kind of beat up, lived in. There were socks underneath the couch, old half-deflated soccer balls lying around." Dozens of skeletons and skulls, human and animal, dangle from the walls, on which German and Latin phrases have been chiseled ("Whether poor or rich, all are equal in death"), among moose heads, sconces, medieval armor, antlers, boating flags, manuscripts, statuettes of Demosthenes, and a pair of boots that one member wore throughout his active duty with American forces in France during World War II. The gravestone of Elihu Yale, the eponymous eighteenth-century merchant, was stolen years ago from its proper setting in Wrexham, Wales, and is displayed in a glass case, in a room with purple walls.

As noted, for many years the society has possessed a skull that members call Geronimo. In the 1980s, under pressure from Ned Anderson, a former Apache tribal chairman in Arizona, the society produced the skull in question. The skull didn't match Anderson's records, and it was returned to the society's tomb. Anderson wasn't finished. He reportedly took the issue up with his congressman, John McCain; McCain tried to arrange a meeting between Anderson and George Bush, who was then the Vice President. Bush wasn't interested, and the matter was dropped. "We still call it Geronimo anyway," a Bonesman says. The issue of Geronimo's skull never surfaced in the public record during the bitter contest between McCain and George W. for the Republican nomination.

The most private room in the building, known as the Inner Temple, or (this will be no surprise) Room 322, is approximately fourteen feet square and guarded by a locked iron door. Inside, a case contains a skeleton that Bonesmen refer to as Madame Pompadour. Compartments in the case guard the society's cherished manuscripts, including the secrecy oath and instructions for conducting an initiation.

The initiation ceremony, held in April, involves as many alumni, or "patriarchs," as possible, one of whom in each instance serves as the supervisor, known as Uncle Toby. The Inner Temple is cleared of furniture except for two chairs and a table, and Bonesmen past and present assemble: Uncle Toby in a robe; the shortest senior, or "Little Devil," in a satanic cos-

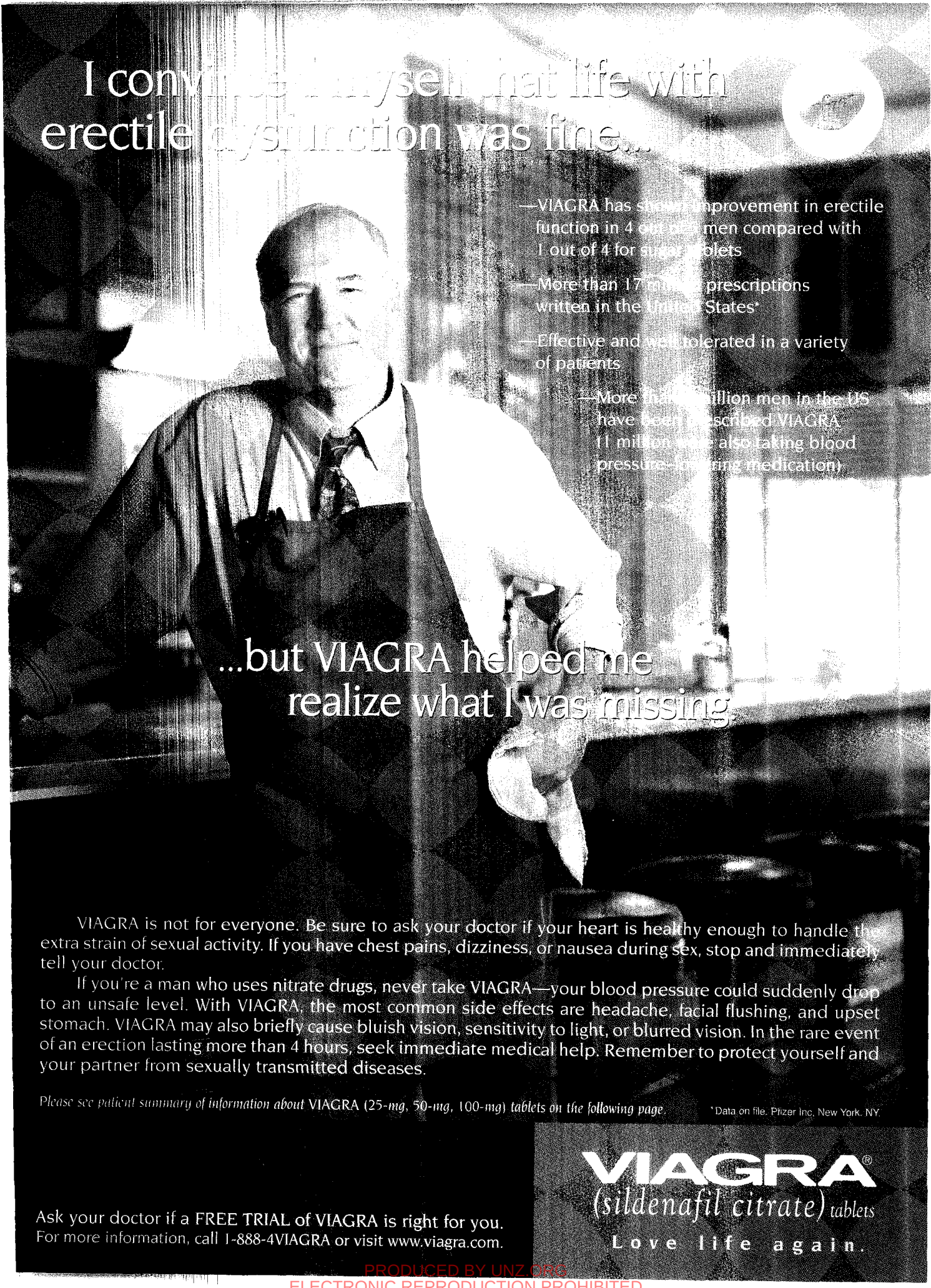
tume; a Bonesman with a deep voice in a Don Quixote costume; one in papal vestments; another dressed as Elihu Yale; four of the brawnier in the role of "shakers"; and a crew of extras wearing skeleton costumes and carrying noisemakers. According to the initiation script, Uncle Toby "sounds like the only sane person in the room."

As an initiate enters the room, patriarchs standing outside the Inner Temple shout, "Who is it?" The shakers bellow the initiate's name, which the patriarchs echo. The shakers push the initiate toward the table, where the secrecy oath has been placed, and he is enjoined to "Read! Read! Read!" The shakers then half-carry the initiate to a picture of Eulogia, and the Bonesmen shriek, "Eulogia! Eulogia! Eulogia!" After another trip to the oath, the shakers fire the initiate toward a picture of a woman that Bonesmen call Connubial Bliss.

Rituals along these lines go on for quite some time, recalling a cross between haunted-house antics and a human pinball game—"like something from a Harry Potter novel," in the words of one Bonesman, now an engineer. It is perhaps worth noting, in light of George W.'s controversial episode at Bob Jones University and the specter of anti-Catholicism, that at one point in the proceedings every initiate kisses the slippered toe of the "Pope." At last the initiate is formally dubbed a Knight of Eulogia. Amid more raucous ritual he is cast from the room into the waiting arms of the patriarchs.

WITHIN the tomb students run on Skull and Bones time, which is five minutes ahead of the time in the rest of the world. "It was to encourage you to think that being in the building was so different from the outside world that you'd let your guard down," a Bonesman ('72) explains. At 6:30 on Thursdays and Sundays the Bonesmen gather in the Firefly Room for supper. The room is dim and intimate; light shines through the gaping eyeholes of fixtures shaped like skulls. Bonesmen drink various refreshments from skull-shaped cups, but never alcohol. The dry-society rule, fervently enforced, was designed to keep members level-headed for discussions—a change of pace for George W., who drank heavily during his college years.

At 7:55 barbarian time Uncle Toby rings a bell to summon the members to the



I convinced myself that life with
erectile dysfunction was fine...

—VIAGRA has shown improvement in erectile function in 4 out of 5 men compared with 1 out of 4 for sugar tablets

—More than 17 million prescriptions written in the United States*

—Effective and well-tolerated in a variety of patients

—More than 10 million men in the US have been prescribed VIAGRA (1 million were also taking blood pressure-lowering medication)

...but VIAGRA helped me
realize what I was missing.

VIAGRA is not for everyone. Be sure to ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of sexual activity. If you have chest pains, dizziness, or nausea during sex, stop and immediately tell your doctor.

If you're a man who uses nitrate drugs, never take VIAGRA—your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. With VIAGRA, the most common side effects are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. VIAGRA may also briefly cause bluish vision, sensitivity to light, or blurred vision. In the rare event of an erection lasting more than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help. Remember to protect yourself and your partner from sexually transmitted diseases.

Please see patient summary of information about VIAGRA (25-mg, 50-mg, 100-mg) tablets on the following page.

*Data on file. Pfizer Inc, New York, NY.

Ask your doctor if a FREE TRIAL of VIAGRA is right for you.
For more information, call 1-888-4VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.

VIAGRA[®]
(sildenafil citrate) tablets
Love life again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT

VIAGRA®
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA®. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this information carefully before you start taking VIAGRA. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you do not understand any of this information or if you want to know more about VIAGRA.

This medicine can help many men when it is used as prescribed by their doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction. **VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind, at any time. This includes nitroglycerin. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe or life threatening level.**

What Is VIAGRA?

VIAGRA is a pill used to treat erectile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many men who have erectile dysfunction get and keep an erection when they become sexually excited (stimulated).

You will not get an erection just by taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually excited.

How Sex Affects the Body

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than 4 hours. Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction if it becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Therefore sexual activity may not be advisable for people who have heart problems. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex. If you have chest pains, dizziness or nausea during sex, stop having sex and immediately tell your doctor you have had this problem.

How VIAGRA Works

VIAGRA enables many men with erectile dysfunction to respond to sexual stimulation. When a man is sexually excited, VIAGRA helps the penis fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone

As noted above (How Sex Affects the Body), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

If you take any medicines that contain nitrates—either regularly or as needed—you should never take VIAGRA. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or recreational drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
- isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)

Nitrates are also found in recreational drugs such as amyl nitrate or nitrite ("poppers"). If you are not sure if any of your medicines contain nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children, or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA must be used only under a doctor's supervision.

What VIAGRA Does Not Do

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV—the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. VIAGRA can cause mild, temporary lowering of your blood pressure. You will need to have a thorough medical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can safely take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines. Your doctor should determine if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Be sure to tell your doctor if you:

- have ever had any heart problems (e.g., angina, chest pain, heart failure, irregular heart beats, or heart attack)
- have ever had a stroke

- have low or high blood pressure
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- have ever had any kidney problems
- have ever had any liver problems
- have ever had any blood problems, including sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA tablets
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicines

VIAGRA and Other Medicines

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any** medicines you are taking. Do not start or stop taking any medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies. Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see *VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone*). If you are taking a protease inhibitor, your dose may be adjusted (please see *Finding the Right Dose for You*). VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

Finding the Right Dose for You

VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
- If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25 mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48 hour period.

How To Take VIAGRA

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face, and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), eyes being more sensitive to light, or blurred vision.

In rare instances, men have reported an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If not treated right away, permanent damage to your penis could occur (see *How Sex Affects the Body*).

Heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death have been reported rarely in men taking VIAGRA. Most, but not all, of these men had heart problems before taking this medicine. It is not possible to determine whether these events were directly related to VIAGRA.

VIAGRA may cause other side effects besides those listed on this sheet. If you want more information or develop any side effects or symptoms you are concerned about, call your doctor.

Accidental Overdose

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

Storing VIAGRA

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at room temperature, 59°-86°F (15°-30°C).

For More Information on VIAGRA

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist, visit www.viagra.com, or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

23-5515-00-4

VIAGRA®
(sildenafil citrate) tablets



U.S. Pharmaceuticals

session. When the knights are seated, they sing two sacred anthems before the Hearing of Excuses, during which members are assessed fines for errors, such as arriving late or using a society name outside the tomb. Uncle Toby then draws debate topics and an order of speakers from the Yorick, a skull divided into compartments. The ninety-minute period of debate can be frivolous or grave.

One of the standard pieces of lore about *Skull and Bones* is that each member must at some point give an account of his sexual history, known as the CB (for "Connubial Bliss"). "After the first one or two times it's like guys listing their conquests, and that gets old," one young Bonesman told me recently. "There's just not that much to talk about"—and so CBs have evolved into relationship discussions. "It's the kind of stuff a lot of guys do with their teammates," says another Bonesman ('83). "There was nothing perverse or surreal or prurient—just an open exchange. It's like TV's *Ricki Lake*—there's now a national mania for purging thoughts at large. This is a way of doing it in a very private, non-sensationalist way that benefits the people who are listening and the people who are telling."

By mid-autumn, after each member has presented a CB, the time slot shifts to Life Histories, when Bonesmen spend one or more nights giving their autobiographies. George Bush's autobiography focused on his military service but also looked ahead, a 1948 member told me. "He was talking about the future, first about his family and then about being able to have an impact in public service." George W., in contrast, spoke often about his father. George W.'s fellow Bonesmen have been unwilling to elaborate.

WHEN *U.S. News & World Report* asked President Bush in 1989 why he had chosen to attend Yale, he replied, "My family had a major Yale tradition." Today George W. Bush distances himself from Yale (although supporters cite his alma mater to combat charges that he is a lightweight). He has criticized its "intellectual snobbery" and has maintained that the school epitomizes "a certain East Coast attitude" and an "intellectual arrogance." George W.'s attitude toward Yale extends to its most elite society. Whereas George Bush returned to the tomb in 1998 to be the dinner speaker at the annual *Skull and Bones* commencement par-

ty, George W. has stayed away. In his 1999 campaign autobiography, *A Charge to Keep*, George W. Bush mentions his membership in Skull and Bones only in passing: "My senior year I joined Skull and Bones, a secret society, so secret I can't say anything more."

Yet Skull and Bones was not relegated entirely to George W.'s past after he graduated. In 1971, having been rejected by the University of Texas Law School and needing a job, Bush called a Bonesman, Robert H. Gow. Gow, who later told *The Washington Post* that his Houston-based agricultural company had not been looking for anyone at the time, hired Bush as a management trainee. In 1977, when Bush formed Arbusto Energy, his first company, he once again applied to Skull and Bones for financial aid. With assistance from his uncle Jonathan Bush (Bones '53), he

*Skull and Bones
will never rid itself of
innuendo—innuendo
that has not helped the
Bushes in politics.*

lined up \$565,000 from twenty-eight investors. One of them contributed \$93,000—the California venture capitalist William H. Draper III (Bones '50). Twelve Bonesmen (including family members) and the son of a patriarch gave a total of \$35,500 to Bush's 1998 gubernatorial campaign. At least forty-six Bonesmen or sons of patriarchs have given approximately \$1,000 apiece to his presidential campaign—the maximum allowed by law.

Not surprisingly, loyalty often flows in the other direction. In 1984 Bush flew to Tennessee to accompany the Republican Senate nominee and Bonesman ('67) Victor Ashe on a seven-city tour. Ashe lost to Al Gore.

That George W. keeps his Skull and Bones connections in repair is hardly a sign of anything insidious; it's just business as usual in America. Compared with his family connections and his family's Yale connections, the Skull and Bones network is just a sideshow. But in the eyes of the

conspiracy-minded, interconnections of any kind, especially when cloaked in mystery and ritual, constitute virtual proof of dark doings. Skull and Bones will probably never rid itself of innuendo—innuendo that has not helped the Bonesmen Bushes in the pursuit of politics.

Conspiracy theories, which George W. has called "the kind of connect-the-random-dots charges that are virtually impossible to refute," contributed to Bush's defeat in his 1978 congressional campaign. Bill Minutaglio, in his biography of Bush, *First Son*, recalls an afternoon debate moderated by the radio talk-show host Mel Turner:

Turner . . . wanted to know if the young Bush was a tool of some shadow government; it was the same thing people had confronted his father with when they had called him a "tool of the eastern kingmakers."

"Are you involved in, or do you know anybody involved in, one-world government or the Trilateral Commission?"

Bush, who had been telling people he was tired of being hammered for having "connections" through his father to the eastern establishment, was fuming. "I won't be persuaded by anyone, including my father," he said, with a biting tone in his voice.

On the way out of the restaurant, Bush was still livid. He refused to shake hands with Turner. "You asshole," Turner heard him hiss as he walked by.

George W.'s father has certainly felt that membership in Skull and Bones damaged him politically. When Fay Vincent made a consolation call to Bush after his 1980 loss of the Republican presidential nomination to Ronald Reagan, the weary candidate said, "Fay, let me tell you something. If you ever decide to run for office, don't forget that coming from Andover, Yale, Skull and Bones, and the Trilateral Commission is a big handicap. People don't know what they are, so they don't know where you're coming from. It's really a big, big problem."

In *The Skulls*, members of the secret society murder a student journalist who is attempting to probe its mysteries. Real-life journalists have not met the same fate, so far as we know, although Ron Rosenbaum, the author of a 1977 *Esquire* article on Skull and Bones, wrote that a Bonesman warned him not to get too close: "The alumni still care," the source warned.

"Don't laugh. They don't like people tampering and prying. The power of Bones is incredible. They've got their hands on every lever of power in the country. You'll see—it's like trying to look into the Mafia."

When I read this excerpt to one young Bonesman, he laughed and said, "I really don't think I'd be working nights as a paralegal while trying to be an actor if I had access to some golden key."

SKULL and Bones doesn't own an opulent island hideaway like the one depicted in *The Skulls*. It does own an island on the St. Lawrence River—Deer Island, in Alexandria Bay. The forty-acre retreat is intended to give Bonesmen an opportunity to "get together and rekindle old friendships." A century ago the island sported tennis courts and its softball fields were surrounded by rhubarb plants and gooseberry bushes. Catboats waited on the lake. Stewards catered elegant meals. But although each new Skull and Bones member still visits Deer Island, the place leaves something to be desired. "Now it is just a bunch of burned-out stone buildings," a patriarch sighs. "It's basically ruins." Another Bonesman says that to call the island "rustic" would be to glorify it. "It's a dump, but it's beautiful."

The fading of Deer Island exemplifies the dwindling finances of Skull and Bones, which can no longer claim the largest society endowment at Yale. Unlike members of other societies, Bonesmen pay no dues, though patriarchs receive an annual letter requesting a "voluntary contribution to the Russell Trust Association." In truth, Skull and Bones has never been wealthy.

The society's accounts are much fatter in the ineffables department. A Skull and Bones document states,

The experience we have come to value in our society depends on privacy, and we are unwilling to jeopardize that life in order to solicit new members. The life which we invite you to share in our society is based on such intangible factors that we cannot meaningfully convey to you either its nature or quality.

Hardly a tool of Hades, but rather a staid wayside for students, its heyday past, its glory faded, Skull and Bones may have little more than this to conceal.

As for the \$15,000 graduation gift, George W.'s contemporary Rex Cowdry says, "I'm still waiting for mine." ☼



PATRICK WITTY/SABA

Out of the Jungle

Colombia's capital, Bogotá, long seemed exempt from the lawlessness and violence of that country's chronic civil war. Not anymore

LAST year Colombia, the only country in the Americas that is still fighting a major guerrilla insurgency, saw its government's decade-long losing streak continue.

Army bases were overrun, villages were leveled, and images of refugees and shell-shocked soldiers filled the nightly news. Yet the most ominous event in Colombia in 1999 did not take place on the battlefield, as *Semana*, Colombia's

version of *Time*, recently pointed out. Rather, it occurred when half the country's mayors threatened to resign their positions en masse, in November, because their districts had become ungovernable.

With its underlying message of frustration and futility, the announcement seemed to crystallize the mood of despair that envelops Colombia. The mayors' threat suggested a crumbling state, spreading anarchy, a so-

ciety gone haywire. But then, there were plenty of other clues pointing to these things: they would have been immediately apparent to anyone visiting Bogotá last December. Normally, at the end of the year Bogotanos abandon their chaotic city, with its damp and chilly climate, and travel in all directions toward *tierra caliente*—hot-weather land. Last year, however, few people were willing to make the trip. Many feared run-ins with the various insurgent groups and professional kidnappers who have turned this city into one collective hostage. Just as well they stayed home—few had the money to travel anyway. Bogotá shops were empty. The peso was near an all-time low. And with one in every five Colombians currently unemployed, the question for many was what, exactly, they would be taking a holiday from.

Bogotanos protesting a war that has given their country the world's highest murder rate

by Benjamin Ryder Howe



These are the footprints
of the protected bird
That is making a comeback
That lives in the nest
That is found in the wetlands
That are preserved by the foundation
That was created by investments
That were made by you.

Invest well.
Look ahead.

LEAVE YOUR MARKSM


NUVEEN
Investments

SEE YOUR ADVISER TO LEARN MORE ABOUT FAMILY WEALTH STRATEGIES.
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
NUVEEN.COM

This reluctance to leave the capital did not extend to the rich, who as usual were filling up the international flights at El Dorado Airport. Plane rides can be harrowing in Colombia, where every airport seems to be sitting atop a spiny mountain ridge or facing a cliff. Nevertheless, the country has superb air service, which the well-to-do use frequently and casually, often to visit weekend homes in Miami. At the Bogotá airport I met one such commuter, a balding, middle-aged banker who, like most of the Colombians I talked to, spoke freely about his country's problems but turned pale when I asked if I could print his name.

"Life has changed," the banker told me. "The security situation has gone from bad to worse. A few years ago when you heard about the war, you almost felt that it was happening in a different country. You did not feel threatened. Now, though, everyone is on guard. You do not take the intercity highways, and you look twice before you leave your house."

It is a telling measure of Colombia's lawlessness that Bogotá, one of the most murderous cities in the hemisphere, has long been viewed by Colombians as a sort of haven. The city sits at an altitude of 8,600 feet, towering over the rest of the country, separated from the nearest coast by hundreds of miles and two mountain ranges. It is a corrupt and disorderly place, but its isolation and the fact that it is the seat of central government have made Bogotá relatively safe by Colombian standards. Or at least this was true until recently.

With extraordinary cunning and staggering self-confidence, the country's two main rebel groups—the venerable and mysterious FARC (Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia) and the smaller, more ideological ELN (National Liberation Army)—have begun to move in on the parts of the country once under strong government control. These include the major cities (Bogotá, Medellín, Cali), the ports (Buenaventura, Barranquilla), and the tourist towns, most notably Cartagena. If the advance does not exactly constitute

a siege, its practical and psychological impact has been almost as great. Over the past year most of the highways leading into Bogotá have been cut off at one time or another by guerrilla roadblocks; Medellín has been forced to ration power after a series of electrical-tower bombings; and last spring in Cali an entire congregation—more than 140 people—was kidnapped during Sunday mass.

The move toward the cities amounts to a change in strategy for the rebels, who

ELN bargains for. Still, if there is any good news coming out of Colombia, it is that the rebels' new strategy is refocusing attention on a war that has often seemed invisible, and whose root causes have usually been ignored.

LIKE many modern cities, Bogotá is split socially and geographically. If you are doing well enough to, say, own a car, you probably live in the north—an area with half-decent roads, private security forces, and regular trash collection. To the south lie the slums, the enormous *barrios de invasión*, where residents build their own sewage lines and highway on-ramps rather than wait for the government to do so. Neither half has a strong visible connection to the region's colonial past, when Bogotá was the capital of an unmanageably large territory that included Venezuela, Ecuador, and Panama. Yet something of the old Spanish character remains—an element curiously at odds with Colombia's lurid image abroad. Bogotá is still a city of traditional European ideals, stubbornly devoted to the doctrines of elected government and constitutional fidelity, of scholarly passion and aristocratic politeness, of reverence for the principle, if not the application, of law.

On the campus of Colombia's largest university, the Nacional, I met with a prominent academic who asked that I not even mention which department he teaches in. "I am not discussing anything that will get me in trouble," the professor said, shrugging, "but there is a dirty war going on here." We were sitting in an office not far from the hallway where, earlier in the semester, one of the professor's colleagues had been murdered by an assassin posing as a student. Two weeks after our interview another faculty member was shot, on his way to the university.

"It used to be that the guerrillas targeted only the instruments of the state—police stations, aqueducts, oil pipelines," the professor told me. "Now they are going after the wealthy and even the middle class, closing in on the people who essentially

KEITH DANNEMILLER/SABA



Fading romance? The image of FARC and other groups as ideological rebels has given way to a darker image of businesslike warriors

have been at war with the government since the early 1960s. Speaking to *Semana* in regard to the Cali kidnapping, Pablo Beltrán, one of the ELN's top commanders, said, "In Colombia the war has always had a rural connotation. . . . We want to send a message: that the well-to-do must also feel the war."

Feel it they have. The question is how they will respond. Having survived the terrorism of the Medellín and Cali drug cartels in the 1980s, the battle-hardened Colombian elite may be more than the

CAN EARS STARE?



AVR 500, AVR 300 and AVR 100 models also available.

AVR 7000



Power for the digital revolution.™

Harman/Kardon is a registered trademark, and Power for the digital revolution is a trademark, of Harman/Kardon, Inc. Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. DTS is a registered trademark of Digital Theater Systems, Inc. HDCD is a registered trademark of Pacific Microsonics. ©1999 Harman/Kardon, Inc.

Absolutely. In fact, you won't be able to take your ears off the AVR 7000. It's the most powerful in the new line of audio/video receivers from Harman/Kardon, creator of audio's greatest innovations for more than 40 years, including the world's first stereo receiver. The AVR 7000's high-current amplifier (± 75 Amps) and advanced digital processing deliver the very best Dolby® Digital, DTS® and HDCD® sound. Component-video switching, multiple digital inputs and outputs, and complete multi-room capability combined with on-screen menus and icon-based displays make this one of the most versatile, easy-to-use Harman/Kardon receivers ever. For information, call 1-800-422-8027 or visit www.harmankardon.com.

harman/kardon®

H A Harman International Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run the country. This is a dramatic change, because unlike El Salvador or Nicaragua, here the rich have never suffered."

The professor's office looked out on the dreary, muddy courtyards and graffiti-covered buildings of the university. Every inch of accessible wall space had been tagged with a slogan ("The peace of the rich is the death of the poor," "Free Mumia Abu-Jamal"), in strange contrast to Bogotá's generally muted political atmosphere.

"The students have a lot to say, but in general Colombians have enormous tolerance for things they don't like," the professor told me. "We are used to pressure from the United States. We are used to corruption. We are used to violence—that goes without saying. But there is something peculiar about us that distinguishes us from our neighbors: we almost never protest."

So it must have been a sign of how bad things had gotten when, in October, two million Bogotanos—a third of the city's population—demonstrated their outrage over the country's condition by marching through the streets. The marches were largely seen as an explosion of pent-up frustration, lacking any kind of political agenda. There were no organized calls for the President to step down, no party slogans chanted, no ultimatums to the central bank or the International Monetary Fund. The protesters' message could be read on a little green flag that has since become ubiquitous in Bogotá, flapping on car aerials and taped to store windows: *POR LA PAZ* it reads—"For Peace."

I asked the professor if the marches suggested a commitment to solving the country's problems. He shook his head. Colombia, he explained, is the only country in Latin America that maintained steady economic growth over the half century ending in 1998. It has also sustained the region's longest-running civil war—but Colombians were willing during the economically good years to live with that. "When the economy is growing, people are willing to put up with horrible social conditions," he said. But in 1998 much of South America plunged into a recession, and Colombia, Ecuador, and Venezuela were hit the hardest. Since then patience has worn thin. "People in Bogotá sense that a perpetual state of violence may have finally caught up with

them. For that reason they want the war to end, but I'm not sure they have a sincere desire to get to the root of the conflict." He added, "This city has always taken care of itself and allowed the rest of the country to fall apart."

The professor did not want to be classified as an optimist in any respect, but at the end of our interview he reluctantly admitted that the current situation left him



with one reason for hope. Rolling back in his chair and lighting a cigarette, he said, "As a scholar, I look back at our innumerable crises and see that the country somehow found a way to adapt, reorganize, and move on. We are in one of those crises now. Colombia is about to scrape the bottom. There will have to be some kind of fundamental change."

TWO hundred miles northwest of Bogotá lies Juradó, a lonely seaside village housing a small navy barracks. Commercial fishing vessels browse the nearby waters, drifting in the equatorial trade winds. As one of the few ports on Colombia's desolate northwestern coast, Juradó serves as a minor staging area on the Pacific drug-smuggling circuit, and the navy barracks are here supposedly to show the government's vigilance.

Juradó's condition suggests why a guerrilla movement might be popular. The electrical generator in the village runs only a few hours a day. There are hardly

any telephones or roads. Doctors, teachers, and professionals of every other kind are scarce. Twenty percent of the region's residents are infected with malaria.

In town after town like Juradó, FARC and the ELN recruit young men and women for whom the state has done nothing. Some join for the benefits of a steady wage; others get an invitation at gunpoint. Many have already lost a family member in the fighting or have been transplanted from their property, and may feel deep resentment toward the government.

Physically, Juradó also illustrates why the rebels have been able to keep up their fight for thirty-five years. Like many other towns in Colombia, Juradó is completely isolated, surrounded by jungle. In December, Juradó's navy barracks suffered a huge surprise attack by FARC. It took eighteen hours for the Rapid Deployment Force—a brand-new, high-tech mobile battalion whose stated goal is to raise the rebel death rate by at least 50

percent—to reach the scene of fighting. In staging the attack FARC had been able to move 600 soldiers through the jungle undetected. Owing to poor weather, the Rapid Deployment Force had to land at an airstrip thirty miles away. The results of the battle were predictably lopsided: at least forty-five

dead soldiers and, reportedly, not a single rebel fatality.

This kind of attack—the overrunning of a military base—has come within the rebels' reach only in the past few years, and it is particularly effective at enlarging the guerrillas' presence in the public mind. Nevertheless, few analysts consider either FARC or the ELN to be capable of toppling the government. Estimates of their combined numbers top out at 25,000, whereas the Colombian army has 120,000 soldiers. But few observers give the government much chance of winning a decisive victory in the near future either. The army is viewed as one of the weakest in Latin America, and it has been unable to prevent the guerrillas from taking control of more than a third of the country. Nor has it done anything to curb the suspicion that the cumulative weight of Colombia's problems may eventually lead to some sort of national disintegration, with or without a clear-cut guerrilla victory.



INVISIBLE

Out of sight
out of mind.



Count on Shell™

Frustration. Impatience. Stress. They're part of highway driving and can be deadly. With more vehicles on the road than ever, it's a good time for us to learn how to share the road safely. For instance, keep out of blind spots or "No Zones" — especially around trucks and buses. If you can't see the truck driver's face in the side mirrors, the truck driver can't see you. Also, don't cut in front of trucks. After passing, change lanes only when you can see both headlights in your rearview mirror. Then keep four to five car lengths between you and the truck. Loaded trucks require the length of a football field to stop. And always allow plenty of room for trucks to maneuver. They make wide turns and need extra space at intersections. Learn more in the "Sharing The Road" book, free from Shell. Get one at your nearest Shell station or contact us at www.countonshell.com or call 1-800-376-0200.



Paradoxically, increased power seems to have done nothing for the rebels' popularity—if anything, it may have lessened it. One hotly debated subject in Bogotá is whether the guerrillas actually want to topple the government. Judging from what I heard, many people believe that the guerrilla cause is really more like a business—one that makes money by kidnapping executives (an average of seven kidnappings a day take place in Colombia), practicing extortion on oil companies, and taking a piece of the black market. Or, as one well-heeled woman in the capital put it to me, "This is a war between the legal multinationals and the illegal multinationals."

Such a view might seem to betoken the feelings of a defensive elite determined to deny its adversary any respect. But it is not entirely baseless, as the story of Ashock Nandwani demonstrates.

Nandwani, a wealthy businessman, was abducted one night last October. Within days he managed to escape, after his kidnappers, a gang that included former policemen, swamped their getaway boat. Nandwani swam to shore and returned home. His story made headlines, not because of its dramatic ending but because Nandwani was kidnapped from outside his home in Panama City, 500 miles from Bogotá. The kidnappers had planned to take him to Colombia and sell him to the guerrillas, who would then have negotiated a ransom.

Also contributing to the guerrilla-mafia image are persistent allegations, leveled by the U.S. drug czar, General Barry McCaffrey, that the guerrillas are engaging in drug trafficking. The issue has been treated cautiously by Colombia's President, Andrés Pastrana, who has made generous concessions to the rebels in order to coax them into peace talks. McCaffrey's frequent use of the word "narcoguerrilla" is seen as counterproductive by those involved with the negotiations, because it casts the guerrillas as criminals, not legitimate political actors. Yet analysts who know the groups well say it is true that FARC especially has long acted as a labor organizer in the coca fields, keeping the price of a bushel up while taking a hefty percentage from the farmers. Whether the practice is motivated by greed or by ideology may be beside the point: the result, a steady flow of cash, has given the rebels more than ample resources to carry on against the gov-

ernment. By some accounts, they are the best-outfitted insurgents in the long history of Latin America's guerrilla wars.

ON the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, which is the traditional start of the Christmas season, Bogotanos were jittery: it was a ripe moment for the guerrillas to make a statement. For several nights in a row the head of the national police had been on television trying simultaneously to raise the city's guard against bombings and to forestall a wave of panic. At one point he guaranteed a terrorism-free holiday—a promise that largely was kept. But on the night of December 8, when the city put on a fireworks display and held free concerts, the streets were mostly empty.

A decade ago bombings in Bogotá were routine, as the drug cartels sought to pressure the government into dropping its policy of extraditing high-level criminals to the United States. During the 1990s, however, the government dismantled the largest cartels, which have been replaced by smaller, more discrete groups—*cartelitos*. Nowadays explosions in restaurants and shopping malls are less common, and when they occur, it is not always clear who set them off. For example, in November an exceptionally large bomb blew up a block in northern Bogotá; the list of suspects initially included the *cartelitos*, remnants of the Cali cartel, FARC, and the ELN. Conspicuously absent from the list of suspects was a man named Carlos Castaño, who may now be Latin America's most feared warlord.

Castaño symbolizes what has gone wrong with Colombia. He commands the Colombian United Self-Defense (AUC) unit, a deceptively bland name for what are in fact death squads: gangs of mercenaries and hit men who try to terrify the population—everyone from peasants in Juradó to professors at the Universidad Nacional—into shunning the guerrillas. The hallmark of the AUC is "the list": a roster of suspected collaborators who are dragged into public places and executed. Castaño says he is only fighting a guerrilla war with guerrilla tactics. The government says he was responsible for more than 1,500 deaths in 1999 alone.

Like so many who get their hands dirty, Castaño is driven by the most personal of politics: his father and, it is claimed, nine of his eleven siblings were killed by the

guerrillas. But what makes him a symbol goes deeper than vengefulness. An ugly truth of the Colombian civil war is that the army relies on Castaño's death squads to fight its most difficult battles—skirmishes deep in the jungle or in guerrilla-held mountain ranges. It has traditionally been a weak, clumsy organization, and the AUC is one of the few effective tools it has. In short, the army not only tolerates the death squads but needs them.

Other institutions are no better than the army at doing their jobs. According to their own statistics, the police fail to solve 95 percent of crimes, and fail even to investigate most murders. When a justice system loses credibility to this extent, victims stop reporting crimes and vigilante groups—nascent death squads—begin to appear. In Medellín, whose murder rate—the highest in the hemisphere—is five times Bogotá's, the outlaw justice system is entrenched, and gangs with names such as Death to Car Thieves and Robocop have taken over from the police.

One of the few institutions that have not fallen apart completely is the Bank of the Republic, which flips the switches of monetary policy from a high-rise in downtown Bogotá. Along a quiet and dusty corridor on the sixth floor sits the office of Salomón Kalmanovitz, one of the bank's directors. Kalmanovitz has spoken publicly about the dire need to strengthen the state, and owing to his position, it would seem that he could get the attention of the elite if anyone could. When I interviewed him, though, Kalmanovitz seemed already defeated. "The reality," he said, "is that a weak system of justice can benefit the upper class as well." For many of them the war means the freedom to avoid paying taxes, to misuse public funds, and to dip into the rivers of drug-related cash flowing through the Colombian economy.

I left the bank and walked south into the neighborhood that houses the main offices of the central government. Outside the gate of the presidential palace two men approached me and identified themselves as narcotics agents. "You're in a dangerous neighborhood," the first man said. "Care to sit down with us?" We moved to a quiet corner. A few minutes later they emptied my wallet at gunpoint and fled.

Within a block of where this happened, I later counted more than twenty soldiers guarding the entrance to the palace. ☸

arts

ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW

JAZZ

*Look Who's
Here: Russell
Malone*

POPULAR MUSIC

*Chumbawamba's
organized rock*

DANCE

*Tharp puts
Beethoven
into motion*

THEATER

*The Vietnam
Veterans
Memorial
onstage*

FILM

*Kieslowski's
Decalogue*

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION PRESENTED BY

CHRYSLER



POPULAR MUSIC & JAZZ

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

BACK TO BASICS

For years, too many of those claiming to be jazz guitarists have succumbed to either the saccharine facility of smooth background music or a mock-heroic overkill more suited to arena rock. Russell Malone poses not so much a third way as a return to the basics of infectious tempos, lyrical exposition, and bluesy sonority. Malone spent several years accompanying Harry Connick Jr. and, more recently, Diana Krall; and *Look Who's Here* (Verve), the first recording by his newly formed quartet, blends expansive soloing and melodic fealty in a manner that fans of each vocalist will find familiar. Malone can come out burning, as he does on the opening "The Angle," and his

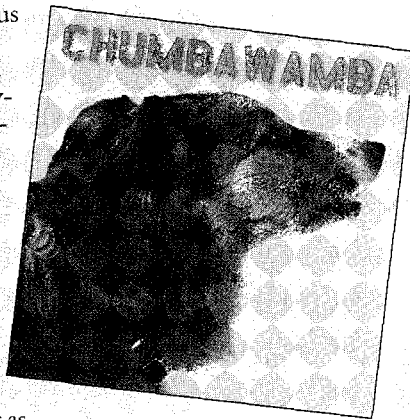


The eclectic Russell Malone

pianist, Anthony Wonsey, can respond in crackling kind. The pair also know how to caress both revered standards like "Alfie" and "Get Out of Town" and such an eccentric yet no less worthy choice as "The Odd Couple." The forthright blues sensitivity that fits so naturally on "Soulful Kisses" also informs even Malone's delicate solo reading of "Heather on the Hill." Although such a mixture might sound merely eclectic, *Look Who's Here* conveys a coherent view that embraces the jazz-guitar tradition from Charlie Christian forward, while incorporating the iconoclastic phrasing and attack of Malone's unique personality. Malone strengthens the notion that he is something of a latter-day Kenny Burrell, a guitarist who sounds not just right but inspired whatever the context. —B.B.

ORGANIZED ANARCHY

As the most famous anarchist collective in the world (it's hard to think of anyone to nominate for second place), Chumbawamba offers living proof that nonhierarchical social relations do not necessarily mean disorganization. The band's latest album, *WYSIWYG* (*What You See Is What You Get*) (Republic/Universal), is just about as organized as rock-and-roll can be. Clocking in at a reasonable 47:50, it contains 22 cuts that blend into one another like the songs on side two of the Beatles' *Abbey Road*, creating an almost symphonic mixture of wildly imaginative melodies, styles, and arrangements in fragments that last just long enough to establish themselves before drifting off into something else. What distinguishes Chumbawamba from most political bands is that they focus their contempt on the rich and don't allow it to infect their love of pop convention. They want to be accessible, they want to hook you, they want to overthrow everything—and you want to join them. To the extent that the band has a center, it is probably Alice Nutter's voice, which is at once sweet and cutting, and is displayed to full effect on "She's Got All the Friends," a catchy diatribe against trust-fund twits who buy their buddies. A modified version of this song will be their first single. The band also doesn't like Charleton Heston ("Moses With a Gun"), and does a stunning rendition of the Bee Gees in "New York Mining Disaster 1941." Chumbawamba's live show, a fascinating (and well-organized!) cross between an English music-hall revue and the storming of the Bastille, is not to be missed. —C.M.Y.



A FERTILE FELLOWSHIP

The vision of Brian Blade may be too singular for his emergence as the next jazz fountainhead, but his originality and strong melodic feeling are no less precious and essential to the music's growth. Blade is a 29-year-old drummer who first gained notice for his cogent, invigorating support of hard-blowing saxophonists Kenny Garrett and Joshua Redman. More recently, he has been the sideman of choice for such stars as Bob Dylan and Seal. His own music, which he writes on the guitar and arranges for the uncommon septet he calls the Brian Blade Fellowship, manages to draw from all these influences, and from his childhood memories of Shreveport, Louisiana. *Perceptual* (Blue Note), the second Fellowship disc, is even more cinematic than the band's eponymous debut; the music swells and shifts like changing weather on a vast landscape. Instead of using the band to frame his own playing, Blade does the framing with broad, orchestral drumming that highlights the resonance and mystery-evoking potential of his ensemble. The colors of this unusual blend of saxes and guitars are fully exploited by Blade the composer, and passionately delivered by a talented young band consisting of the saxophonists Myron Walden and Melvin Butler, the guitarist Kurt Rosenwinkel, the pedal steel guitarist Dave Easley, the pianist Jon Cowherd, and the bassist Chris Thomas. Joni Mitchell, another of Blade's recent employers, makes a potent appearance near the close that demonstrates her newfound jazz depths and provides a fitting punctuation to Blade's warm, spellbinding program. —B.B.

The drummer Brian Blade



Bob Blumenthal received the 1999 GRAMMY® for album notes. Charles M. Young reviews music for Playboy and other publications, and for Allmusic.com.

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN FRENCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCE & THEATER

BY NANCY DALVA AND JOHN ISTEL

STEPPING TO THE SEVENTH

Twyla Tharp's *The Beethoven Seventh* begins with Tom Gold stepping out in a classic invocation to the dance, but one laced with Tharpian idiosyncrasy. He is inviting you to witness an interesting encounter—call it “When Twyla Met Ludwig.” Tharp's dance, her first for the New York City Ballet, had four performances during the winter season. This spring you'll have to act fast to see it. After two performances in late April, it appears on May 4 and 7 (New York State Theater; 212-870-5570). Never one to avoid either controversy or difficulty, Tharp has taken on a composer many people (including the late George Balanchine, who still heads the NYCB, at least putatively) have thought inimical to concert dancing. Further, she has chosen a symphony both familiar and beloved. Tharp follows the structure of Beethoven's *Seventh* but not the dynamics. What you get is a 21st-century response to 19th-century romanticism; the dance is heroic in attitude, casting its grand themes (there are three: the Apollonian, the tragic, and the Dionysian) in three intense duets, with a chorus coming and going in kaleidoscopic recombination. As ever, Tharp has a keen and fabulous eye: The dancers she casts in the “in-between” and “meanwhile” segments of the work—what another choreographer would call the background—are pulled into the foreground one by one, and they amaze you. Jennifer Tipton, the great lighting designer, has created, out of nothing more than pure light, a positively Shakespearean environment, adding complexity to an already fiendish work. —N.D.



Tharp's symphonic dancers

LORDS OF THE DANCE

As the artistic director of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater during the past ten years, Judith Jamison has built a company in her own image. She is the star of a company of stars. The Ailey dancers have always been fabulous-looking—the most beautiful women, the most chiseled men. Jamison has kept all that, and added more. These days the dancers are also technicians, albeit liberated and unabashed. These days the company is multiracial, albeit in an African-American repertoire and spirit. If the company's talent sometimes exceeds the work presented, the dancers never slack off or distance themselves. Like all great performers, this troupe invests itself so wholeheartedly in everything it does that you become invested too. You care about the Ailey dancers, and you feel that they care about you, their audience. Grounded in their own technique, they take you on the most joyous dance ride around. Today, as ever, their most powerful dance is their signature, Alvin Ailey's masterwork called “Revelations.” It is on the bill when they return this month to the New Jersey Performing Arts Center, a wonderful complex that is worth a visit whether you must travel over the river from New York or through the suburban woods to get there. (May 12–14; for information and tickets call 888-466-5722.) —N.D.



High praise for Judith Jamison

JOSEF ASTER

A MONUMENTAL WORK

Can a monument be made into a play with music? Audiences at The Cleveland Play House, in Ohio, will find out this month when *Touch the Names: Letters to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial* receives its world premiere (May 9–June 11). Twenty years ago, on Memorial Day, 400 people gathered in Washington, D.C., to consecrate land for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. In 1982 Maya Lin's winning design took shape in Constitution Gardens: two black granite walls arranged in a V, each wing sloping up to a height of ten feet and engraved chronologically with the names of those veterans who died in Vietnam. The memorial is the most visited monument in Washington. Why? Partly because its open-book shape lets visitors read their own narratives of grief into its glassy surface. It's also interactive: Visitors often make rubbings or leave mini-memorials to names, of which there are more than

58,000. It has been reported that one veteran's relative left a note: “Damn you brother! Why didn't you come home?” Another poured a Bud into the ground before the names of dead friends, like libations in a Greek tragedy. It's a national black-box theater of mourning. The director Randal Myler, who has a growing track record of salutes to indelibly American subjects, has created a script solely from the letters left at the Wall. Previously Myler directed two shows at the Play House: *It Ain't Nothing But the Blues*, which he co-wrote, was nominated

for three 1999 Tony Awards; and *Love, Janis*, about Janis Joplin, was a hit last year. His musical collaborator, Chic Street Man, starred in Myler's

Hank Williams biographical revue. The composer now brings to this project his eclectic bluesy folk, which has graced everything from *Northern Exposure*, on television, to Zora Neale Hurston's *Spunk*, off-Broadway. The combined talents of Myler and Chic Street Man may make them the first theater artists to squeeze tears from a stone. —J.I.

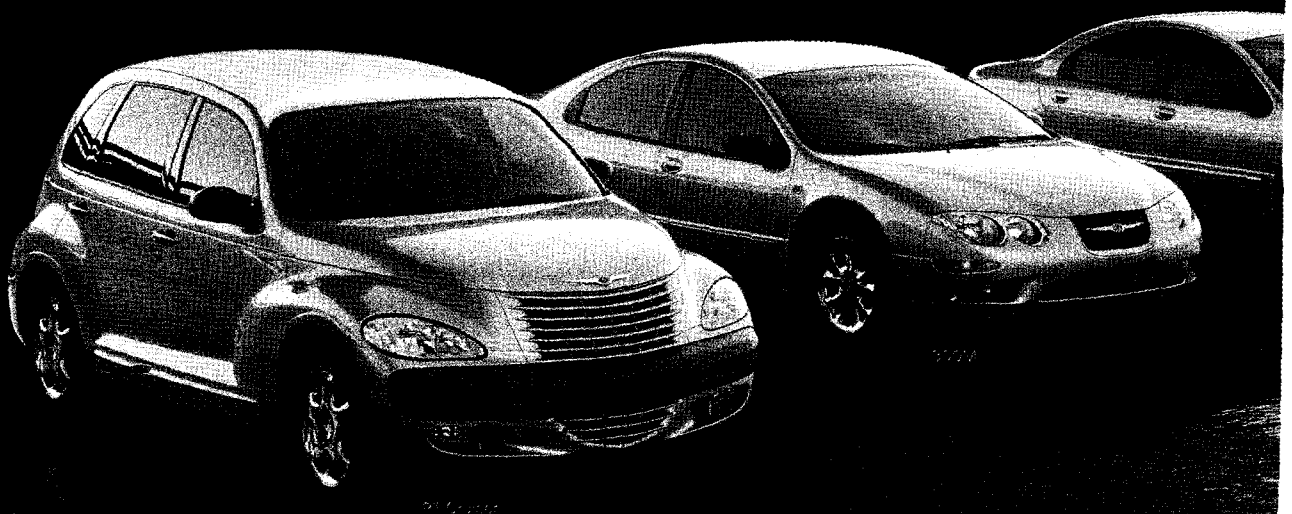


Letters to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial

Nancy Dalva's essays appear in the magazine twice. John Istel is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill.

THE CLEVELAND PLAY HOUSE

Without a soul, there's just a shell. With



Passion is such a strong emotion. It causes us to live, breathe and sweat our hearts out for the things in life we care
born from breakthrough design and brought to life through innovative engineering. For more information, give us a

out passion, these would just be cars.



most about. For Chrysler, it's about creating extraordinary cars. Cars
call at 1.800.CHRYSLER or visit our Web site at www.chrysler.com.

CHRYSLER



ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

F L M

BY ELLA TAYLOR

FOR THE PEOPLE

No matter how grand or minor the scale of his movies, the French filmmaker Bertrand Tavernier is always, in his way, a passionate advocate of the people. Set in a depressed former mining town in northern France, his latest film, *It All Starts Today*, takes on a social-service system so buried in red tape and politics that the right hand has no idea what the left is doing, and both hands are hopelessly detached from the constituency they mean to serve. Kindergarten teacher Daniel Lefebvre (played with feverish grace by Philippe Torreton) loves his job but lacks the diplomatic skills to manipulate the education bureaucracy on behalf of unemployed parents who are so ground down that they cannot act in their own behalf. After a couple of risky decisions land him in hot water, the frustrated teacher and his supporters begin to organize their beleaguered community. For all its fearless didacticism and its documentary style (several of the actors are nonprofessional, and the children come from a real kindergarten class), *It All Starts Today* is as poetically realized and specific as any of Tavernier's dramas. The director builds

Monsieur Lefebvre: Who's with me?



rich histories for his characters, pulling back with a dispassionate gaze to allow them to live for themselves rather than for an audience or an idea.

LOVELESS STORY

"I want a life of unbelievable adventure and profligacy," confides Sarah Williams (Jennifer Connelly), a child of the sixties working with the sanctuary movement, to her lover, Fielding Pierce (Billy Crudup), a Coast Guard officer. "And at the last possible moment—sainthood." Unfortunately, the sainthood takes over and flattens all else in Keith Gordon's adaptation (with the screenwriter Robert Dillon) of Scott Spencer's novel *Waking the Dead*.

Gordon has built a career making soulful, intelligent literary adaptations (notably *A Midnight Clear* and the underappreciated *Mother Night*), but not even his evident gifts can transcend the glib mediocrity of Spencer's story. After Sarah's apparent death in a car bombing in 1972, Fielding goes on with his life, but a decade later, on the verge of realizing long-nurtured senatorial ambitions, he is brought low by a spiritual crisis nudged by Sarah, who keeps materializing, dispensing sermons on moral rectitude and questioning his motives for seeking power. Less a love story than a tale of two decades' discrete Zeitgeists at war, *Waking the Dead* trails along, cutting back and forth in time, to its pat conclusion. Crudup's performance as Fielding is so expressionless and weak-kneed that both his passion for Sarah and his crisis feel more simulated than experienced.



Crudup (left) and Connelly

TAKASHI SEIDA

CONTEMPORARY COMMANDMENTS

The Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski, whose premature death, in 1996, came not long after he surprised the film world with the abrupt news of his retirement, is best known in the United States for his trilogy *Three Colors: Blue, White, Red*, made after he set up base in Paris. Acclaimed though they were, these movies pale before Kieslowski's true masterpiece, *The Decalogue*, a cycle of ten films made for Polish television in 1988. This wonderful work, long unavailable in North America outside of art houses and film festivals, has at last been released on home video. Set in apartments of a drab Warsaw high-rise, the films examine the Ten Commandments in the contemporary context of troubled people who could be living anywhere. A Catholic professor of ethics—an old woman with a face



shining with generous intelligence—is confronted with her apparent betrayal of a Jewish child during World War II. The discovery of an unopened letter from a mother who died in childbirth promises to unleash the long-suppressed eros between her grown daughter and the father who raised the daughter alone. In *Thou shalt not commit adultery*, one of the cycle's most celebrated films, a lonely young man gets in over his head while spying on his beautiful, unhappy neighbor. Kieslowski grinds no religious ax and answers no

questions: Each story deals with the anguished effort to make moral choices in a world bereft of spiritual guidelines—a tart comment, no doubt, on religious oppression in Communist Poland. Gorgeously shot by several of Poland's finest cinematographers, with a wistful score by Zbigniew Preisner, *The Decalogue* is a classic of wise and witty humanistic filmmaking.

(The complete cycle of films, released as a five-volume set for \$99.95, is available from Facets Multi-Media, Inc.; 773-281-9075 or www.facets.org.)

CHRYSLER



1-800-CHRYSLER

This Mother's Day tune in to the ballet. Join host Elliott Forrest on Sunday, May 14 at 9:00 A.M. EST for the A&E *Breakfast With the Arts* presentation of "An Evening With the Royal Ballet." Filmed at the peak of their creative genius, Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev, one of the best dance partnerships of modern times, perform excerpts from four different ballets. Chrysler is proud to sponsor *Breakfast With the Arts* and other fine programming, and this edition of the Arts & Entertainment Preview.

Ella Taylor is a film critic for LA Weekly.

**Take the daily commute in an
entirely different direction.**



CONCORDE

Drive to work. Drive back home. Repeat happily with the Chrysler Concorde LXi. A premium full-size sedan with an all-aluminum 225 horsepower engine and leather-trimmed interior with automatic climate control. LX model starts at \$22,705. LXi model as shown, \$26,945.* Info? Call 1.800.CHRYSLER. Or visit www.chrysler.com.



ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

*Base MSRP's include destination. Tax & chrome wheels shown, extra.



A Link to the Living

*In the silence of an
anatomy lab more than the mysteries of
the body is revealed*

YOU can imagine how startling it was when my daughter the medical student inquired, "Would you like to see my cadaver?" A glance at her eager young face filled with cheerful expectancy made me soften the fervor of my denial to "Oh, no, darling, no—I don't think so. No. No."

by Patsy Garlan

But then I thought, How often does a person, a lay person, have an opportunity like this—to look inside the body of another human being? You'll be forever sorry if you pass up this chance. I glanced at her again. She was waiting for me to come round. As she always did—as kids do. "Well," I said, "what would it be like?"

So off we went, in the warm dusk of the New Hampshire evening. I found myself fighting off my apprehension and hoping I would be able to control my queasiness. As we descended the stairs heading deep into the cavernous basement of the medical-school building where the anatomy lab was housed, she began to prepare me. It will be cold, because—you know. And there will be a smell of formaldehyde—don't mind it; you get used to it.

We entered the dimly lit lab. I want to say, we crossed the threshold—"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." I put my trust in her, like Dante following Virgil into the underworld. We wound our way among the sleek gurneys with their sheet-shrouded burdens. Not another soul breathed in that vast space. The smell of formaldehyde was an assault. The silence was thick, as if the bodies had absorbed

*The anatomy lab at
Dartmouth Medical School*

all the sound, like flannel, like blankets, like snow.

She showed me first the trays of parts, stainless-steel basins of raw things—one full of kidneys, another of livers—like offerings in a meat market. She spoke in hushed tones, as if we were in an intensive-care room or a nursery. We approached the gurney that bore the cadaver she had been dissecting. Slowly, gently, she turned back the cover from the thin white feet and legs. “We’ll start here,” she said. “The head is so very personal.” I knew she was allowing me time to prepare for the intimacy of that encounter.

She pointed to a clipboard on a low wall, where the history of the cadaver was detailed. He was an old man—and an old cadaver, having been in storage for many months. I don’t remember why he died. She told me that in some medical-school labs the students make dark jokes and horse around, probably in an effort to handle their feelings. She was grateful that the attitude here was different.

She raised the sheet from the lower torso, which was laid open like a display package. I was astonished to see that our bodies’ essential parts are all neatly organized, many in their own little membranes like plastic-wrapped leftovers in a well-maintained refrigerator. I had always assumed that the coils of intestines, the stomach, the liver, the spleen, would be jumbled up together. The tidy reality was strangely satisfying.

She had been working on a section of colon, I think it was. I watched in fascination as she carefully removed the covering from the head. She said, “It is so important to us students to have this experience. And if people are willing to donate their bodies for us, we must, must give them due respect.”

I gazed at the small face of an old man, an old man who somehow linked my daughter and me and all human flesh together, in the semi-dark, in this timeless moment.

Outside, green, growing leaves were gleaming softly under a star-studded sky. Up into the freshness of evening we came, full of a sense of the enduring connectedness of all living things, and of the child who becomes the parent and the parent the child. ☁

“THIS IS A RICH TALENT,
ALREADY WELL ON THE WAY
TO A GREAT CAREER.”

Chicago Sun-Times

Hilary Hahn *plays* Barber & Meyer Violin Concertos

Her extraordinary talent is matched only by the music. The new recording from Hilary Hahn. Featuring the newly commissioned concerto by American composer Edgar Meyer and Samuel Barber's Violin Concerto.

Exclusively on
Sony Classical

SK 89029

 www.sonyclassical.com
“B” and “Sony Classical” are trademarks of Sony Corporation. © 2000 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.



Documentary

“docfest”

stranger than fiction.

The Atlantic Monthly The New York Times SKYY VODKA

   NBC NEWS ARCHIVES KODAK

Design: Open | www.docfest.com | photo: David Sauter



Faint of Heart in the Heart of Darkness

*A worrywart ventures forth on
a deluxe safari—very, very reluctantly*

DAY ONE

TODAY I leave, with trepidation, to go on safari in Malawi and Zambia. My companion is an adventure-seeker. For Nancy, travel in dangerous—well, difficult—places is exhilarating. She has hiked in Nepal, been to the base of K2, lived on an ashram in southern India—all, thankfully, before we met. I, on the other hand, am a risk-avoider, the kind of person who when he goes for a walk in the woods worries that there might be

by Samuel Jay Keyser

a madman behind every large tree, his ax poised.

But you can't live with someone who lives to travel and not join in. One entire wall of her mental space would be hung with unshareable memories. And I would hate to be left behind to wait nervously for promised calls that never came. The first missed telephone appointment would send me into a paroxysm of worry. No—better to go and face the anxiety of being there than

stay at home and deal with the anxiety of not being there.

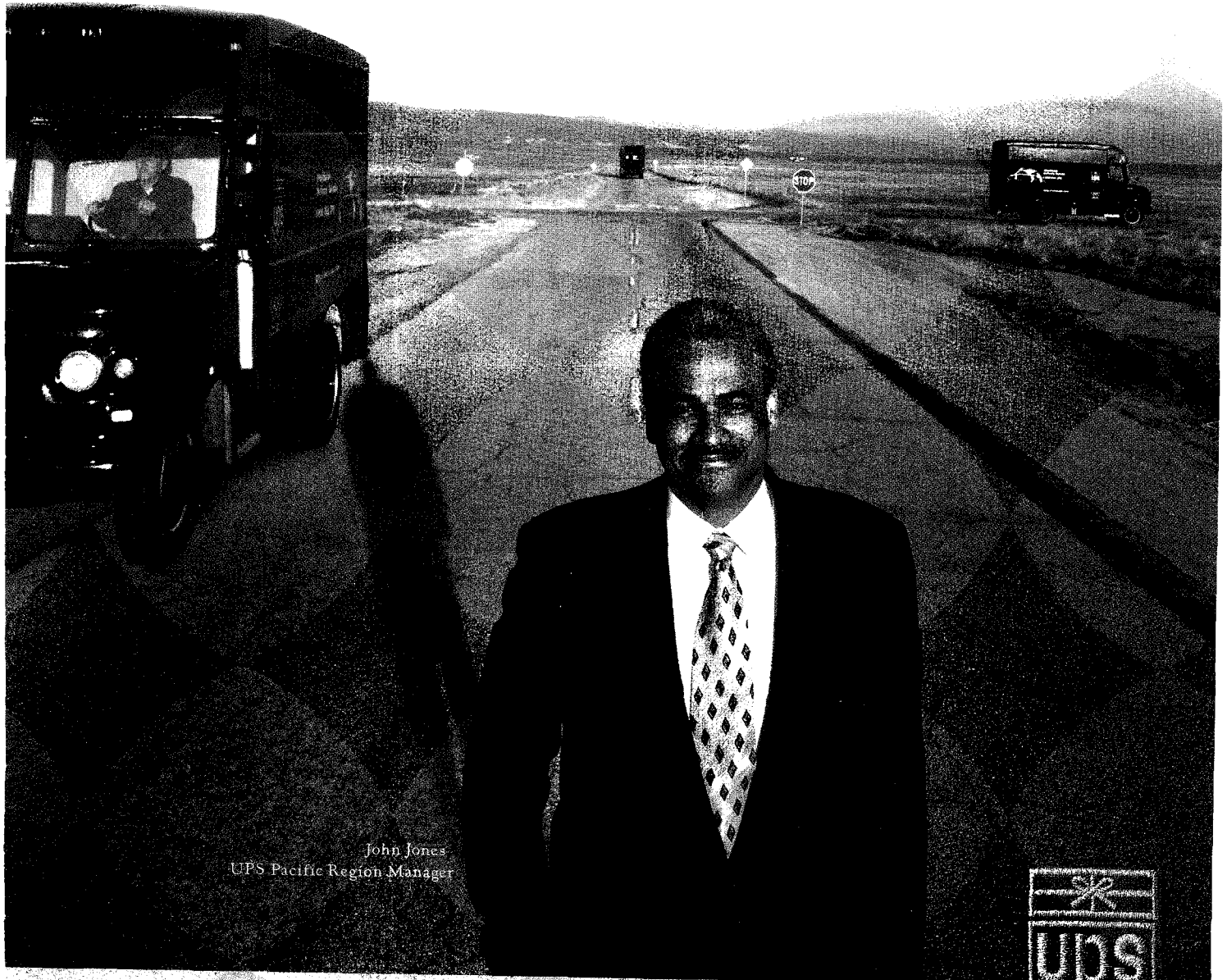
Martha Gellhorn, Ernest Hemingway's third wife, wrote in a letter to a friend that Ponce de León was wrong—the fountain of youth was not a spurt of water but a spurt of travel. It works the other way round for me. Now we are only a hundred miles out of Boston, and I have already aged a year. Thousands of miles and several days of pure, unmitigated travel stretch ahead of us.

DAY FIVE

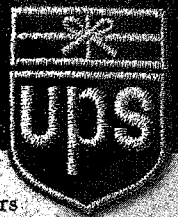
WE are on the road, headed for the Shire River and a flat-bottomed boat that will take us to our first safari site, Mvuu Camp, in Malawi's Liwonde National Park, where we will stay for three days. On both sides of the road are people carrying goods: tomatoes, peanuts, cabbages, garlic. Bicyclists have rigged

Zambia's South Luangwa National Park has one of Africa's largest concentrations of animals

John Jones' territory once covered
Main Street, Sycamore and 4th.
Now it's California, Arizona and Utah.



John Jones
UPS Pacific Region Manager



As well as New Mexico, Idaho and Nevada. Today, he's responsible for nearly 27,000 employees, millions of customers and over \$2.8 billion in business. Whether delivering packages or managing one of our largest regions, John has been among the best at UPS since 1969. That's how he earned the position he has today. You see, how far you go at UPS depends solely on how good you are at what you do. That's why *Fortune* magazine named UPS to its list of the 50 best companies in America for minorities. Because everyone at UPS has the same chance for advancement. No matter where they start. To learn more, visit www.community.ups.com.

frames in which they pile five-foot-high towers of firewood. They collect it thirty miles from town, cycle in, and sell it to feed the hearth fires of Lilongwe, the town we flew into. Some cyclists carry live goats behind them, others bits of furniture. We pass one house where hand-wrought watering cans hang along the roadside like lanterns.

Our boat holds seven plus the boatman, but a small outboard motor is all it needs to move in a stately fashion up the river. A green awning covers the deck, and we sit nervously on khaki-colored canvas seats—a ny shift of weight causes

the sun sinks lower, the sky turns pink, then orange, then gray.

When we finally reach the camp landing, the sky is black, save for the billions of stars one can never see in a city. We are greeted at the dock by our safari guide, David Foot, and several members of the camp staff. I step onto the dock feeling like an arriving dignitary. I think that must be the desired effect.

We are shown our tents and the showers, and told where to take supper. We are told to carry our flashlights with us whenever we move about the campsite after dark. We are told that two hippos typi-

rhythms are complex—seven against four, four against three, something like that. Another African dances, shuffling, with small incisive steps to accent every seventh beat, though sometimes the drummers are there with the beat and sometimes it is only understood. They all know what they are doing.

I am seated between Nancy and Gary Brown, a second safari guide. Gary is an amateur herpetologist. I ask him if black mambas are in the area. He says yes. I tell him I have heard they can grow twenty-five feet long and, unlike most snakes, are very aggressive. He says that they only grow to fourteen feet and are this big around—he makes his hands into the compass of a fire hose at full blast. He tells me a story: A few years ago he was driving in a Land Cruiser with his wife and came upon a fourteen-foot-long, fire-hose-thick black mamba asleep across the dusty dirt road. He jammed on his brakes, and the vibrations of the skidding wheels woke the snake. It reared up to a third of its length, darted over the hood of the Land Cruiser, and struck the windshield like a baseball bat, shattering it. It then slithered off into the underbrush. Gary said the whole thing took place within a nanosecond. I can't decide

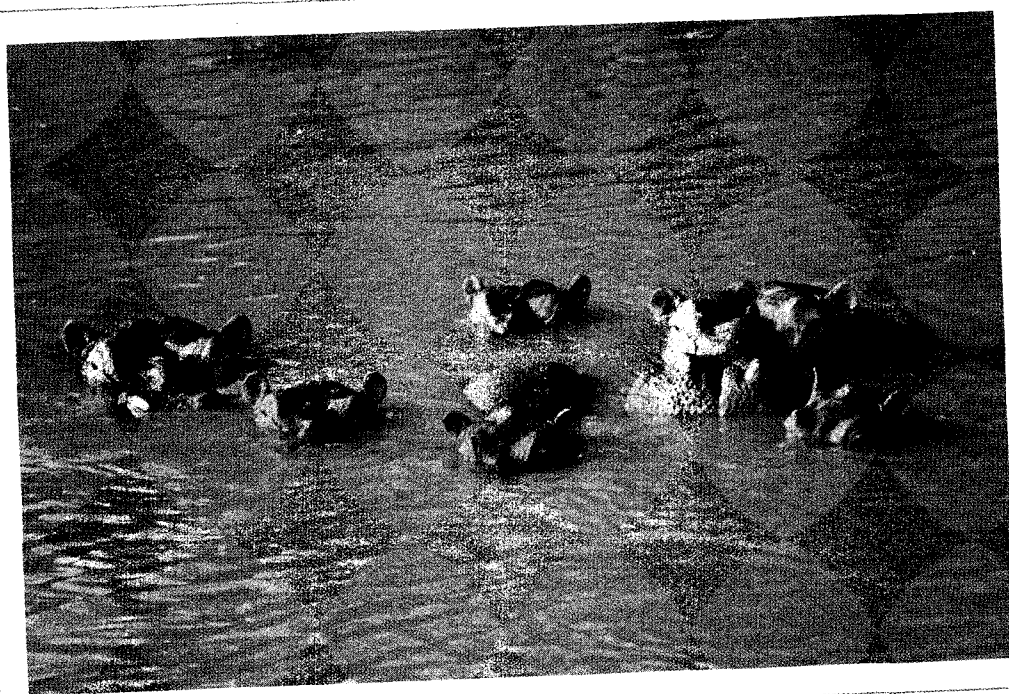
which I hate more—black

mambas, which I have never seen, or crocodiles, which I have.

Tonight we drift off to sleep with the promised hippos foraging just beyond our tent area. They sound like chain saws starting up.

DAY SIX

THIS morning, at six o'clock, we take a nature stroll. David and Gary are guiding. We walk no more than a hundred yards from the compound, and in the course of an hour see waterbucks, a herd of impalas, two baboons, a flock of monkeys, and God knows how many birds, including the elusive bat hawk and a martial eagle. We examine civet spoor and



On Malawi's Shire River: "Both sides of the river are lined with spectators who are almost completely under water. They blink as we motor by"

the boat to list heavily to one side or the other. It will take us three and a half hours to reach Mvu Camp.

Traveling up the Shire (pronounced to rhyme with "leery") is a bit like being on a float during a Fourth of July parade. Both sides of the river are lined with spectators—in this instance spectators who are almost completely under water, with only their eyes, pink ears, and bulbous nostrils, which occasionally spout four-foot-high jets of water, signaling their presence. They blink as we motor by, turning their massive heads to watch. Above us flocks of white-chested cormorants stitch the sky. The water is calm, and as

cally come up into the camp to feed at night and not to worry if we hear them snorting at all hours.

The dining room is an outdoor space set with several long tables and ringed by a fence made from dead branches stuck in the ground. At one end is a huge baobab tree, and in front of it there's a circular fire pit whose flames illuminate the baobab so that it looks like a giant prop in a Tarzan movie. Supper is buffet-style, meat, vegetables, salad, and bread. A bar offers wine, liquor, and soft drinks. During dinner three staff members sing, accompanying themselves on conga drums and a makeshift marimba. The

The Most Collected Ford... 1931 Ford Model A

ONLY
\$34.99!

Over 100 Parts!
Just Released!

1:18 Scale
Over 9" Long

Specially Authorized by Ford

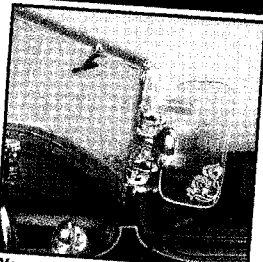
Ford trademarks used under license from Ford Motor Company

Highly Detailed!



Both sides of the louvered hood open smoothly. The engine is authentically recreated in extraordinary detail.

Truly Authentic!



You can adjust the wind vanes ... just like the original.

Incredible Value!

The Model A was a breakthrough car for Henry Ford. It offered "roaring 20's" style and unmatched performance. Within hours of its introduction, millions flooded showrooms just to get a glimpse at Ford's masterpiece!

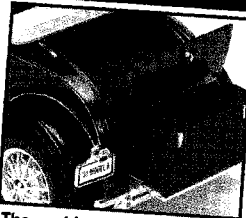
Prized by collectors worldwide, the '31 Ford is one of the most sought after Fords ever created! Now, for a limited time, Ford's historic milestone is available from Fairfield Mint at only \$34.99.

Incredible Details!

You will enjoy the many true-to-life details captured in this hefty, 1:18 scale die-cast metal replica! Lift either side of the louvered hood to reveal the authentically reproduced engine.

Handmade from over 100 precision parts, your replica includes two spare tires topped by side view mirrors and adjustable wind vanes. Your Model A will be the showpiece of your collection and the envy of your friends... guaranteed!

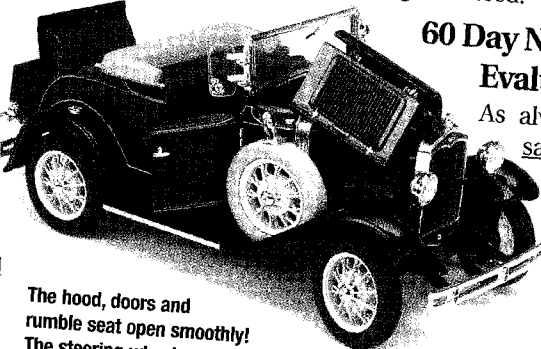
Nothing Overlooked!



The working rumble seat is guaranteed to bring back fond memories of the open road.

60 Day No Risk Evaluation

As always, your complete satisfaction is guaranteed. Don't miss your opportunity to own this beautiful replica. Order today!



The hood, doors and rumble seat open smoothly! The steering wheel even turns the front wheels.

CRAFTED BY HAND OF
SOLID DIE-CAST METAL

FAIRFIELD MINT
REPLICAS SO REAL
YOU CAN ALMOST START THEM UP!

FAIRFIELD MINT • 20 Academy Street • Norwalk, CT • 06850-4032

Just Say Yes!

☐ One replica for \$34.99 + \$5.00 S&H

SAVE!

☐ Two or more for \$32.49 + \$4.00 S&H ea.

If I am not completely satisfied, I may return my replica(s) within 60 days of receipt for a full refund or replacement.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose one of the following as payment:

☐ Check or Money Order (Payable to Fairfield Mint) Qty. _____

☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Discover Signature _____

C.C. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Please allow 2 to 6 weeks after payment for shipment.

MAT26213 62

determine that the civet cat eats crabs and berries; we see an impala midden (impalas don't eat crabs) and a slew of elephant tracks.

Then it's back onto the river. Our green-awning-covered flat-bottomed boat looks like a Victorian lady out for a stroll with her parasol. We make for the opposite shore, where there is a small beach. The

we have finished watching, the number will have increased to 106 by David's count. Others count ninety-three, or ninety-nine. I am surprised that everyone is counting. For me, it is enough to know that a hell of a lot of elephants are standing in front of us, chewing, milling, wallowing in mud, giving themselves mud baths by tossing large globs of the river

left. Everyone has wanted to see the skittish sables, and here they are, a crowd of them—the males black and sleek, with vertical black stripes on white heads that make them look as if they were behind bars, the females with their warm-brown bodies and narrow white faces. Their horns sweep back like Art Deco hood ornaments.

DAY EIGHT

WE'RE on the move. Small children rush up to the Land Cruiser when we slow down and show us the palms of their hands and the brightness of their teeth as they shout for us to stop. We don't. People are everywhere—in the village clearings, on the road, asleep on porches, their backs to the road. They wave incessantly from the roadside, undeterred by the clouds of dust that the Land Cruiser spins into the air and onto them. We wave back. Soon it becomes tedious, and we assign official wavers, spelling one another as we barrel along the dry road.

DAY ELEVEN

TODAY we have another long drive. At midmorning we reach the large town of Mzuzu, where David and Gary deposit us at a market. We are told when and where to rendezvous, and off they go to buy supplies. Nancy wants to adjust her safari jacket, and by the time we have finished fussing with it, the others have disappeared. Now the two of us are standing in the middle of the Mzuzu market, the only white people in sight, and I begin to seize up inside. I do not expect these people to be friendly, courteous, kind, cheerful, and reverent. What I expect is that they will be gripped by the injustice of the great disparity between their desperate poverty and our obvious wealth—that their sense of injustice will turn to rage, and out will come the machetes that are hidden for the moment in the folds of their seedy jackets.

I look around. What I see is narrow alleyways of rickety stalls selling the



Traveling by flat-bottomed boat—"a bit like being on a float during a Fourth of July parade"—toward Mvu Camp, in Liwonde National Park

beach is filled with about fifty white-faced whistling ducks, brown affairs with white heads punctuated by tiny black eyes. They are lined up in a row, as if for inspection. Although they don't seem concerned, they must be: about four feet from them is a great swath of crocodile flesh. At least twenty crocs—twenty that we can see—are sunning, venting, lolling, dissembling, along the water's edge. They are fat, well fed, and fascinatingly ugly. We will see at least a hundred more this morning. But this first sighting, in a keel-less boat that is sensitive to every shift of weight, is unnerving.

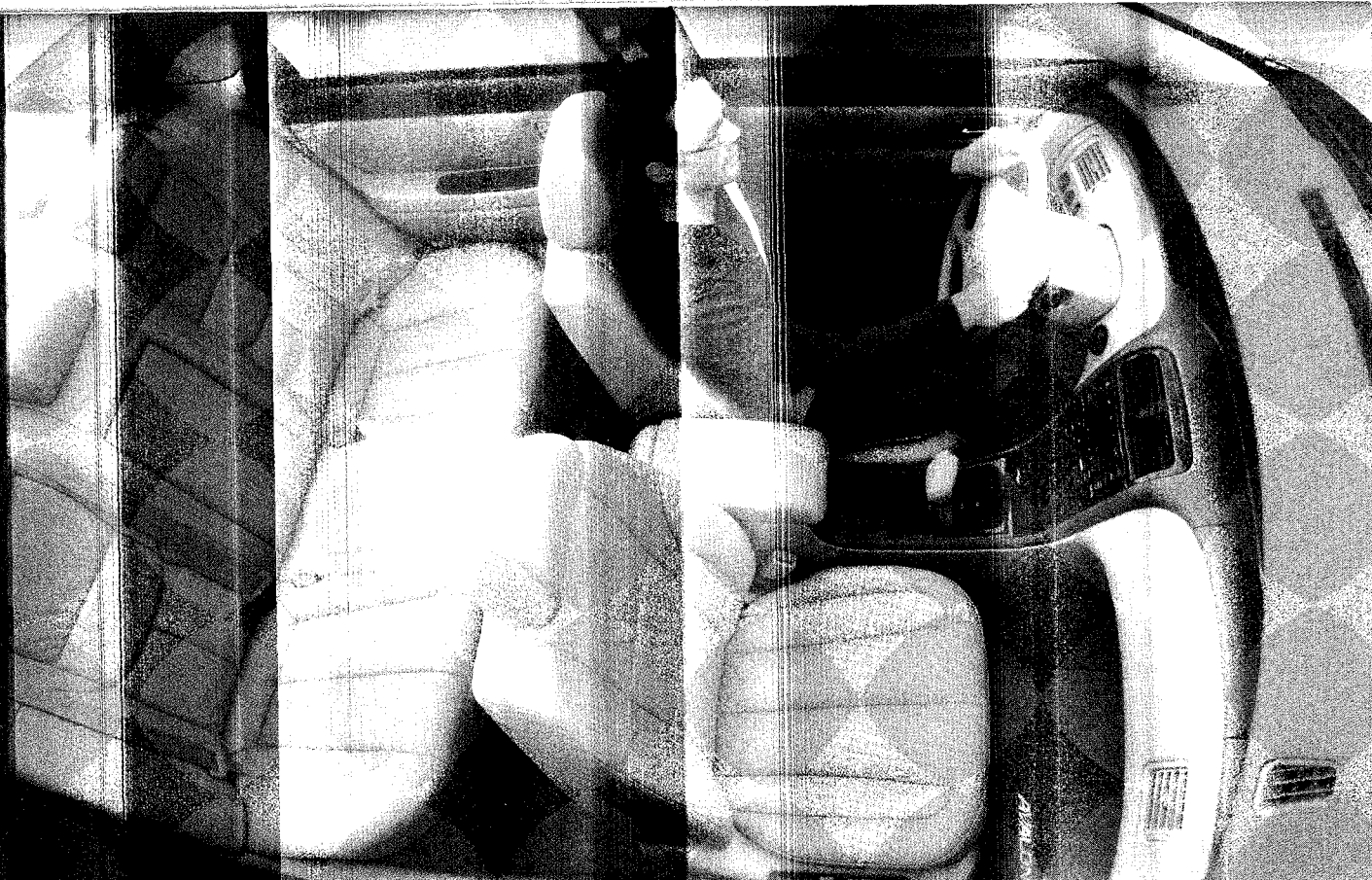
DAY SEVEN

IN the morning we take a motor trip through the park. In a grassy river meadow about a half mile above our camp our guide leads us to a stand of more than seventy elephants. By the time

bottom over their shoulders and under their chests.

The elephantine social order is matriarchal. In front of us are the gargantuan mothers, with a host of baby elephants following close behind. Imagine a Volkswagen Beetle nuzzling up to a Baltimore and Ohio locomotive and you'll get some sense of the scale. Although the size of the panoply is memorable, what I remember most is the silence. First there is the river, then the river meadow, with its wet earth and moist elephant grasses, and then the elephants themselves, shoveling grass into the bottomless pits of their bodies. With the engine of the Land Cruiser off, the only sound we hear is the occasional swish of grass uprooted by trunks.

As if the elephantine cast of thousands weren't enough, suddenly, seemingly on cue, a herd of sable antelopes appear stage



CONFINE THE BODY
AND YOU SHRINK
THE SPIRIT.

—◆◆—
THE ALL-NEW AVALON.
The most spacious, luxurious sedan we've ever created.

Humans love wide open spaces. Just ask anyone who's gazed into a sunset, floated in an ocean or, better yet, sat in an Avalon. And when this celestial feeling is coupled with amenities like a concert-quality JBL premium audio system* and dual climate control, you've got a mobile, elegantly appointed cure for claustrophobia.

 **TOYOTA**
be good to yourself.
every day.

www.toyota.com ♦ 1-800-go-toyota ©1999 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *Available on all models.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheapest of wares: red, white, and blue plastic dishes; rusty tenpenny nails, some straightened with a hammer for reuse; mountains of secondhand clothes; shoes; herbal and other remedies, including the head of an owl. There are chickens, cassava flour, rice, tomatoes, carrots, leeks.

We maneuver among the stalls, which are so close that they block out the sky. I hit on a strategy—just keep moving, and make no eye contact. I adopt a frozen grin, so as not to look frightened.

Nancy is toting an expensive camera and calling attention to the fact by taking photographs left, right, and center. Why is the damn shutter mechanism so noisy? I am carrying a fancy portable computer. Either of these objects is worth five years of Malawian income. I don't understand why no one has been at my throat by now.

On one wall I spot a public-health message about AIDS. It admonishes Malawians to avoid bush sex, and shows a silhouette of a man and a woman, nude, standing up to their waists in bush. One edge of the poster has come loose and folded over, so the message is inaccessible. I can't help thinking that one in every six of the people I am looking at now may, barring a miracle, be dead from AIDS in ten years. I begin to feel guilty about my paranoia. I am not only richer than these people but also healthier, and will live far longer than most of them. What am I supposed to do—congratulate myself on my good fortune? When we leave, I am still grinning.

DAY FOURTEEN

WE leave Malawi for Zambia. At the airport there are endless snafus and delays, and it grows later and later, but at last we are airborne. Flying into Zambia is like flying into a smoke-filled room. Below, through the blue haze that hangs over the land, I can see brush fires with mile-long fronts creeping toward Malawi. The wind draws the smoke up

into the air, and for an hour we tunnel through the haze. In less time than that, once we land, we are in our respective rooms at Nkwali Camp, in South Luangwa National Park.

Despite our late arrival, everyone wants to take a game drive. We divide into two groups and climb into open Land Cruisers. Almost as soon as we set off, it is as if we have stumbled into Noah's ark and are waiting for the rain. In the space of an hour and a half we drive into

We back out of one traffic jam into another. Two Land Cruisers are stopped in front of us with their motors off. A spotter in the first vehicle flicks a big, bright torch on and off at long intervals. We join the wait. After a few moments of silence we hear a noise. The torchlight goes on, and three impalas spring away from three lions, two young females and one young male. The sight of lions—the first for some of our group—catches us all by surprise.

The lions, habituated to vehicle shapes, pay us no attention. They watch the impalas leave and then walk—no, saunter—between our Cruisers, no more than twenty feet away, taking their own sweet time as they disappear into the brush in the direction of the herd of Cape buffalo, which will be somewhat smaller before dawn.

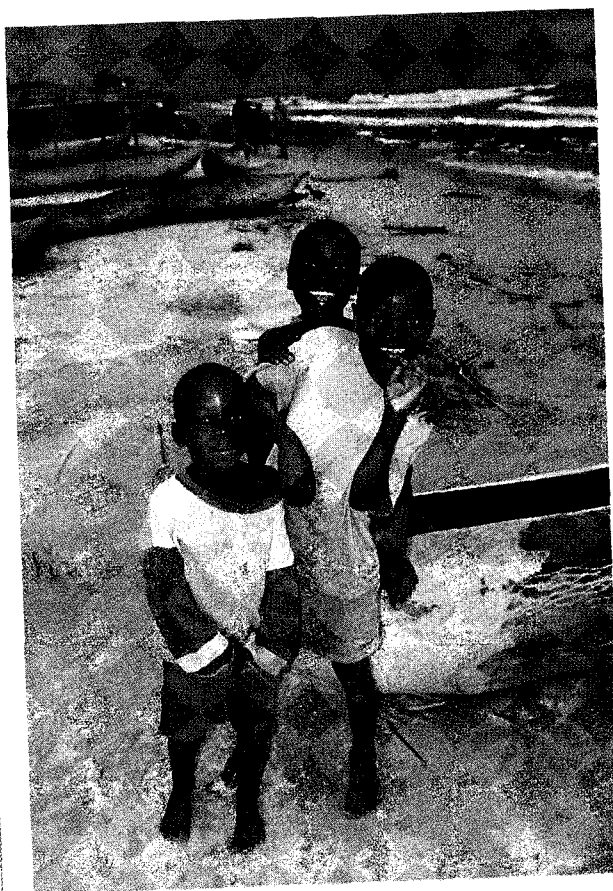
The drive continues to deliver up game and birds: spotted hyenas, elephants, genets, warthogs, giraffes, impalas, Egyptian geese, pukus—you name it. South Luangwa National Park is said to have one of the largest concentrations of animals in Africa. This evening's drive couldn't offer more-convincing proof.

The profusion of animals, coupled with the two vodka martinis I had before we left, has had a remarkable effect. I am quite relaxed. I may even be enjoying myself. At dinner we are told to be sure to lock our front doors, to keep out the lions that have been entering the camp recently, and also our

back doors, to keep out the snakes that like to spend time in the toilets. I am not enjoying myself after all.

DAY SIXTEEN

TODAY we take a game walk. Only six per walk are allowed, for reasons of safety—six, that is, plus a guide; a scout armed with a .458 high-powered rifle and hard-nosed and dum dum bullets; and a bearer carrying tea and coffee and a Tupperware container of chocolate cake. The scout, who works for the Na-



Children from a fishing village on the shore of Lake Malawi, with canoes made of hollowed-out tree trunks

a traffic jam of Cape buffalo—a herd so large that it clogs the road we are using, and we have to back out and try another route. These animals look docile. At the moment they are, because there is safety in numbers and the herd must number more than 200. But in fact they are considered among the most dangerous animals in all of Africa, neck and neck with hippos. Cape buffalo have vicious tempers, anger easily, and are equipped with hooves and horns that qualify as deadly weapons.

***You'll find the lowest term life rates
in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll
overnight you \$500. More pleasant surprises
now include instant automobile, motorcycle,
family medical, group medical, Medicare
supplement and dental insurance quotes
from over 300 insurance companies!***

\$250,000 Term Life Sampler
Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period

Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 103	\$ 138	\$ 170	\$ 200	\$ 233
40	\$ 133	\$ 175	\$ 213	\$ 253	\$ 298
45	\$ 190	\$ 243	\$ 290	\$ 348	\$ 418
50	\$ 255	\$ 320	\$ 428	\$ 495	\$ 643
55	\$ 360	\$ 418	\$ 585	\$ 1,280	\$ 2,618
60	\$ 503	\$ 608	\$ 880	\$ 4,313	\$ 4,313
65	\$ 818	\$ 983	\$ 1,970	\$ 5,400	\$ 5,400
70	\$1,363	\$ 2,010	\$ 3,820	\$ 7,055	\$ 7,055
75	\$2,613	\$ 5,158	\$ 6,840	\$ 9,500	\$14,613

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 115	\$ 143	\$ 183	\$ 243	\$ 290
40	\$ 145	\$ 193	\$ 258	\$ 340	\$ 410
45	\$ 210	\$ 305	\$ 385	\$ 480	\$ 578
50	\$ 330	\$ 495	\$ 600	\$ 730	\$ 1,193
55	\$ 500	\$ 695	\$ 825	\$ 1,910	\$ 3,333
60	\$ 783	\$ 1,123	\$ 1,265	\$ 5,023	\$ 5,023
65	\$1,330	\$ 1,790	\$ 3,130	\$ 6,470	\$ 6,470
70	\$2,435	\$ 3,658	\$ 5,370	\$ 8,518	\$ 8,518
75	\$4,105	\$ 8,100	\$ 8,100	\$11,323	\$20,488

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom-search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market." - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"...provides rock-bottom quotes for life insurance." - *Forbes*

"A godsend for those who are shopping around for the best deal in insurance." - *Independent Business*

"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches." - *Los Angeles Times*

"We found the best deals at Quotesmith..." - *Money*

"The... solution has value for those who prize immediacy and privacy." - *U.S. News & World Report*

Quotesmith.com is the only place on earth where you can get instant insurance quotes from over 300 top-rated companies.

Search the marketplace in seconds. Every quote is guaranteed accurate. Take control of your insurance purchase decisions. View the latest claims-paying ability ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Ratings, Inc. on every term life quote. Buy from the company of your choice when you want and on your terms. Use the Quotesmith.com high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy.



Quotesmith.com

AD CODE: TAM 05/00

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Central States Health & Life, Omaha, NE, form L10; First Colony Life Ins. Co., Lynchburg, VA, forms One-20 and ULFCL99; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, forms BT-1000AA (6/95); Golden Rule Ins. Co., Lawrenceville, IL, form GRI-L-17.1; Jackson National Life Ins. Co., Lansing, MI, form L1665; John Hancock Variable Life, Boston, MA, form 98TLIFE; North American Co. for Life & Health Ins., Chicago, IL, form LS108A; Security-Connecticut Life, Avon, CT, form 11420; Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada (US), Wellesley Hills, MA, form SPL-1996-0; Transamerica Occidental Life, Los Angeles, CA, form 1-306 11-199; United of Omaha Life Ins. Co., Omaha, NE, forms 6548L-0799 and 6569L-1199. Premium rates shown above are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. \$500 guarantee is subject to the terms and conditions detailed at www.quotesmith.com. Policy forms vary by state. California and Utah dba Quotesmith.com Insurance Services: CA #0827712, #0A13858; UT #90093. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Term life premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period. Quotesmith.com, Inc. is not a licensed agent or broker for all companies shown at www.quotesmith.com. All rates shown subject to change or withdrawal without notice.

tional Parks and Wildlife Services of Zambia, is named Godfrey. The guide is Simon, and the bearer is Robert; they work for the safari company.

We will be walking among hippos and, if we are lucky (or, to my way of thinking, unlucky), lions. We set out by crossing the Luangwa River. It is 6:00 A.M.

The first part of the walk is uneventful. Simon makes observations: Hippos act as dredges, gouging canals in the lagoons so that they dry up later rather than sooner, and make it that much easier for kudus, pukus, and impalas to graze. Aardvarks are the builders of the plain, digging holes they later abandon to hyenas and warthogs, who renovate them and move in. Simon shows us spear grass and demonstrates how it twists itself into the hide of a passing animal and then breaks off, leaving seeds in the skin to be disseminated.

We reach the edge of the river. The plan is to stop for tea. Just to the right of the tree we have picked out for shade is a great gouge in the riverbank, and stuck in the opening is a massive hippo. His back is to us, but he knows we are here, and he is nervous about it. He tries to turn around in the opening to face us, but his bulk stops him. Then, suddenly, he disappears. A few seconds later a cloud of dust rises over the top of the bank. We make our way to the opening and look down. The drop from the top of the bank to the bottom must be ten feet, a difficult jump for any of us, and yet this 6,000-pound creature, which we now see walking out toward the center of the river, negotiated it without mishap. Hippos seem to be as agile as they are dangerous. I thank my lucky stars that this one was too big to turn around in that gap.

After tea I look at my watch—only two more hours to go. Robert packs up, and Simon suggests we continue our search for lions. I want to ask him why, but I resign myself to the trek and hope that it will be uneventful. The sun is hot, and having walked four miles in three hours, I am tired and achy but most of all apprehensive. I don't want to find lions. I want to get back to the camp in one piece.

The group that made the same tour two days earlier saw four lionesses and nine cubs crossing a clearing about seventy-five yards away. Today it seems that the lions have disappeared. Fine with me. We come to a meadow. One of the women sees a bateleur eagle and a vulture

circling over a thicket about a hundred yards to our right. Let's see if anything is there, she says. We walk along a road that will take us to the thicket. Suddenly Simon stops and points to the ground. A large burgundy-colored stain has soaked the dusty ground. Next to it is an amorphous brown mound. To me it looks like dung. On a walking safari one discovers that dung is everywhere. The ground is either dust or dung. This isn't dung, Simon says. He kicks the mound open with his foot. It is the contents of an impala's stomach. The brown gives way to green, and a swarm of tiny insects spurts from the inside like a miniature geyser. The green is the grass the impala was eating just before it was killed. We walk a few yards farther. There is a second kill, just like the first—a large red spot, the contents of a stomach. Simon is very alert now, and I am beginning to get nervous. I want out. I say nothing. For my five companions, including Nancy, this stalking is like some kind of drug. The more they do it, the more they want.

We move to the border of the thicket. It is on our left now, and we are skirting it slowly. Someone thinks he hears something inside, and signals to Simon and Godfrey. To our right is a field of brown grass about two feet high. We are walking in single file, as instructed, and peering intently into the thicket, when suddenly a roar that sounds as if it had traveled from somewhere deep inside the earth explodes over the meadow. I look up and see four lionesses standing in the grass under a tree twenty yards away to our right. Five cubs come bounding through the grass toward us. They look as if they want to play. I look back at the lionesses. One of them is now several steps closer to us. She roars again. Her tail is twitching. She paws the ground.

I know there are four lionesses, but now I can see only three. I have also lost track of the cubs. I am very scared, but I am not panicked. Simon raises his arms like a stork drying its wings. Move back, he commands. Move back. Keep moving back. Godfrey steps in front of us. His rifle is cocked, and he is watching the lioness who threatens to charge. I am aware that Robert is on my left and that someone is on my right. They both have hold of me. Robert keeps repeating, Don't run. Move back, Simon says, in counterpoint. I follow their orders

to the letter, keeping my eyes on the lionesses but moving back steadily. I glance over my left shoulder. Jesus Christ! A hippopotamus is behind us, maybe thirty yards away. Will they both attack at once? How many shots can Godfrey get off?

Simon must see the hippo too. He tells us to stop. Then, God knows why, he tells us to move forward a few yards. We do. The lioness roars again. Then she leaps toward us, and this time I am sure it is all over—but she stops and comes no closer. I look at Nancy. She is just in front of me. For God's sake—through all of this turmoil she has been taking pictures. She turns and holds out her hand for me to see how it is shaking.

Now move to the left, Simon says, and slowly, slowly, we slide from between the lionesses and the hippo, up a rise and out of the meadow.

DAY EIGHTEEN

OUR last day! In no time at all we are at the airport and stuffed into three tiny planes that fly us to Lilongwe and the beginning of the end.

When we first met some members of our group, in Boston three weeks ago, one of them assured me that I would enjoy myself. Almost every day since then Nancy has asked me if I am having a good time. Our companions echo the question. Just last night one of the guides asked the same thing. This is what is meant by peer pressure. They are having the time of their lives. By God, I'd better join them.

The fact of the matter is that I can't answer their question, because I don't know. I won't know until I get home safely. When the last plane has landed, the last cab is taken, the last bag is unpacked, and I am safely ensconced in my own house, with a vodka martini in hand and the stereo playing my favorite Erik Satie, then I'll know whether or not I had a good time. Here's hoping the answer is yes. ☸

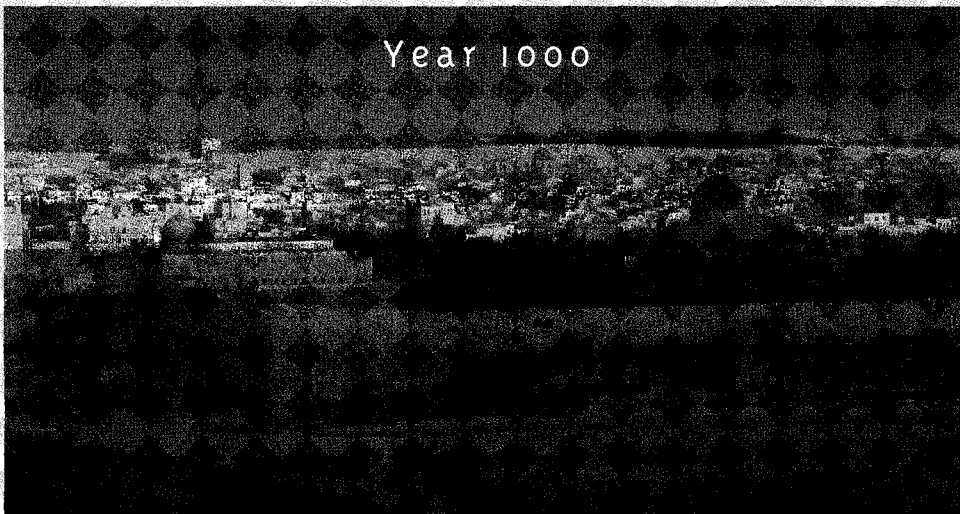
This safari was organized by Gaby and George Whitehouse, of Custom African Travel Services, or CATS. The cost, not including airfare to Africa, was approximately \$5,500 per person. I highly recommend CATS, which also organizes private safaris for families and groups of friends. The company can be reached by telephone at 617-491-1678 or by e-mail at gabygeo@gwcats.com.

Come to the land where time began.

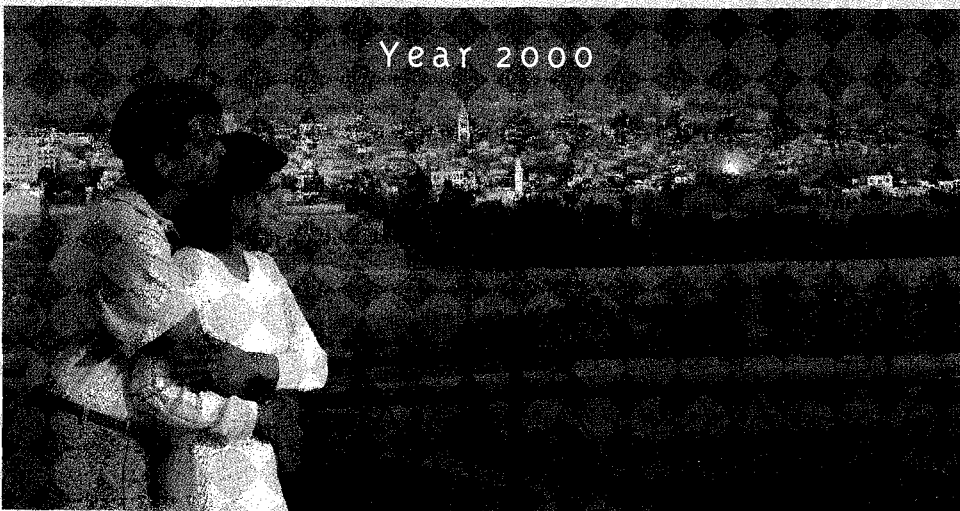
Year 0



Year 1000



Year 2000



The eternal city of Jerusalem.



Abraham. David. Jesus. Mohammed. The great events they inspired — events that have shaped civilizations through the centuries — happened in just one small country. Israel. Here is where our world changed. Here is where our time began.

Certainly no other place on earth belongs to the millennium as Israel does. And whatever your own history, no one belongs here more than you.

Now is the time to plan your unforgettable millennium visit to Israel. We promise you'll have a wonderful time — and, quite possibly, the most meaningful trip of your life.

Where else would you go?

ISRAEL
NO ONE BELONGS HERE MORE
THAN YOU.

See your travel agent or call 1-888-77-ISRAEL or visit us at www.goisrael.com

Israel Ministry of Tourism





**MERE MORTALS
MANAGE PEOPLE
AND MONEY.
YOU MANAGE
THE KNOWLEDGE
OF THOUSANDS.**

When you can find the best person for the job in your global organization, that's knowledge management for e-business. When your company's best thinking is just a few clicks away, that's knowledge management for e-business. When you can bring all this together instantly, that's knowledge management for e-business. How do you do it? With super.human.software that helps e-business people work together. To learn more, visit www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware

SUPER.HUMAN.SOFTWARE

Lotus

An IBM Company

The War Against Boys

by CHRISTINA HOFF SOMMERS



This we think we know: American schools favor boys and grind down girls. The truth is the very opposite. By virtually every measure, girls are thriving in school; it is boys who are the second sex

IT'S A BAD TIME TO BE A BOY IN AMERICA. The triumphant victory of the U.S. women's soccer team at the World Cup last summer has come to symbolize the spirit of American girls. The shooting at Columbine High last spring might be said to symbolize the spirit of American boys.

That boys are in disrepute is not accidental. For many years women's groups have complained that boys benefit from a school system that favors them and is biased against girls. "Schools shortchange girls,"

declares the American Association of University Women. Girls are “undergoing a kind of psychological foot-binding,” two prominent educational psychologists say. A stream of books and pamphlets cite research showing not only that boys are classroom favorites but also that they are given to schoolyard violence and sexual harassment.

In the view that has prevailed in American education over the past decade, boys are resented, both as the unfairly privileged sex and as obstacles on the path to gender justice for girls. This perspective is promoted in schools of education, and many a teacher now feels that girls need and deserve special indemnifying consideration. “It is really clear that boys are Number One in this society and in most of the world,” says Patricia O’Reilly, a professor of education and the director of the Gender Equity Center, at the University of Cincinnati.

The idea that schools and society grind girls down has given rise to an array of laws and policies intended to curtail the advantage boys have and to redress the harm done to girls. That girls are treated as the second sex in school and consequently suffer, that boys are accorded privileges and consequently benefit—these are things everyone is presumed to know. But they are not true.

The research commonly cited to support claims of male privilege and male sinfulness is riddled with errors. Almost none of it has been published in peer-reviewed professional journals. Some of the data turn out to be mysteriously missing. A review of the facts shows boys, not girls, on the weak side of an education gender gap. The typical boy is a year and a half behind the typical girl in reading and writing; he is less committed to school and less likely to go to college. In 1997 college full-time enrollments were 45 percent male and 55 percent female. The Department of Education predicts that the proportion of boys in college classes will continue to shrink.

Data from the U.S. Department of Education and from several recent university studies show that far from being shy and demoralized, today’s girls outshine boys. They get better grades. They have higher educational aspirations. They follow more-rigorous academic programs and participate in advanced-placement classes at higher rates. According to the National Center for Education Statistics, slightly more girls than boys enroll in high-level math and science courses. Girls, allegedly timorous and lacking in confidence, now outnumber boys in student government, in honor societies, on school newspapers, and in debating clubs. Only in sports are boys ahead, and women’s groups are targeting the sports gap with a vengeance. Girls read more books. They outperform boys on tests for artistic and musical ability. More girls than boys study abroad. More join the Peace Corps. At the same time, more boys than girls are suspended from school. More are held back and more drop out. Boys are three times as likely to receive a diagnosis of attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder. More boys than girls are involved in crime, alcohol, and drugs. Girls attempt suicide more often than boys, but it is boys who more often succeed. In 1997, a typical year, 4,483

young people aged five to twenty-four committed suicide: 701 females and 3,782 males.

In the technical language of education experts, girls are academically more “engaged.” Last year an article in *The CQ Researcher* about male and female academic achievement described a common parental observation: “Daughters want to please their teachers by spending extra time on projects, doing extra credit, making homework as neat as possible. Sons rush through homework assignments and run outside to play, unconcerned about how the teacher will regard the sloppy work.”

School engagement is a critical measure of student success. The U.S. Department of Education gauges student commitment by the following criteria: “How much time do students devote to homework each night?” and “Do students come to class prepared and ready to learn? (Do they bring books and pencils? Have they completed their homework?)” According to surveys of fourth, eighth, and twelfth graders, girls consistently do more homework than boys. By the twelfth grade boys are four times as likely as girls not to do homework. Similarly, more boys than girls report that they “usually” or “often” come to school without supplies or without having done their homework.

The performance gap between boys and girls in high school leads directly to the growing gap between male and female admissions to college. The Department of Education reports that in 1996 there were 8.4 million women but only 6.7 million men enrolled in college. It predicts that women will hold on to and increase their lead well into the next decade, and that by 2007 the numbers will be 9.2 million women and 6.9 million men.

Deconstructing the Test-Score Gap

FEMINISTS cannot deny that girls get better grades, are more engaged academically, and are now the majority sex in higher education. They argue, however, that these advantages are hardly decisive. Boys, they point out, get higher scores than girls on almost every significant standardized test—especially the Scholastic Assessment Test and law school, medical school, and graduate school admissions tests.

In 1996 I wrote an article for *Education Week* about the many ways in which girl students were moving ahead of boys. Seizing on the test-score data that suggest boys are doing better than girls, David Sadker, a professor of education at American University and a co-author with his wife, Myra, of *Failing at Fairness: How America’s Schools Cheat Girls* (1994), wrote, “If females are soaring in school, as Christina Hoff Sommers writes, then these tests are blind to their flight.” On the 1998 SAT boys were thirty-five points (out of 800) ahead of girls in math and seven points ahead in English. These results seem to run counter to all other measurements of achievement in school. In almost all other areas boys lag behind girls. Why do they test better? Is Sadker right in sug-

gesting that this is a manifestation of boys' privileged status?

The answer is no. A careful look at the pool of students who take the SAT and similar tests shows that the girls' lower scores have little or nothing to do with bias or unfairness. Indeed, the scores do not even signify lower achievement by girls. First of all, according to *College Bound Seniors*, an annual report on standardized-test takers published by the College Board, many more "at risk" girls than "at risk" boys take the SAT—girls from lower-income homes or with parents who never graduated from high school or never attended college. "These characteristics," the report says, "are associated with lower than average SAT scores." Instead of wrongly using SAT scores as evidence of bias against girls, scholars should be concerned about the boys who never show up for the tests they need if they are to move on to higher education.

Another factor skews test results so that they appear to favor boys.

The research supporting claims of male privilege is riddled with errors. Boys are on the weak side of an education gender gap.

Nancy Cole, the president of the Educational Testing Service, calls it the "spread" phenomenon. Scores on almost any intelligence or achievement test are more spread out for boys than for girls—boys include more prodigies and more students of marginal ability. Or, as the political scientist James Q. Wilson once put it, "There are more male geniuses and more male idiots."

Boys also dominate dropout lists, failure lists, and learning-disability lists. Students in these groups rarely take college-admissions tests. On the other hand, the exceptional boys who take school seriously show up in disproportionately high numbers for standardized tests. Gender-equity activists like Sadker ought to apply their logic consistently: if the shortage of girls at the high end of the ability distribution is evidence of unfairness to girls, then the excess of boys at the low end should be deemed evidence of unfairness to boys.

Suppose we were to turn our attention away from the highly motivated, self-selected two fifths of high school students who take the SAT and consider instead a truly representative sample of American schoolchildren. How would girls and boys then compare? Well, we have the answer. The National Assessment of Educational Progress, started in 1969 and mandated by Congress, offers the best and most comprehensive

measure of achievement among students at all levels of ability. Under the NAEP program 70,000 to 100,000 students, drawn from forty-four states, are tested in reading, writing, math, and science at ages nine, thirteen, and seventeen. In 1996, seventeen-year-old boys outperformed seventeen-year-old girls by five points in math and eight points in science, whereas the girls outperformed the boys by fourteen points in reading and seventeen points in writing. In the past few years girls have been catching up in math and science while boys have continued to lag far behind in reading and writing.

In the July, 1995, issue of *Science*, Larry V. Hedges and Amy Nowell, researchers at the University of Chicago, observed that girls' deficits in math were small but not insignificant. These deficits, they noted, could adversely affect the number of women who "excel in scientific and technical occupations."

Of the deficits in boys' writing skills they wrote, "The large sex differences in writing . . . are alarming. . . . The data imply that males are, on average, at a rather profound disadvantage in the performance of this basic skill." They went on to warn,

The generally larger numbers of males who perform near the bottom of the distribution in reading comprehension and writing also have policy implications. It seems likely that individuals with such poor literacy skills will have difficulty finding employment in an increasingly information-driven economy. Thus, some intervention may be required to enable them to participate constructively.

Hedges and Nowell were describing a serious problem of national scope, but because the focus elsewhere has been on girls' deficits, few Americans know much about the problem or even suspect that it exists.

Indeed, so accepted has the myth of girls in crisis become that even teachers who work daily with male and female students tend to reflexively dismiss any challenge to the myth, or any evidence pointing to the very real crisis among boys. Three years ago Scarsdale High School, in New York, held a gender-equity workshop for faculty members. It was the standard girls-are-being-shortchanged fare, with one notable difference. A male student gave a presentation in which he pointed to evidence suggesting that girls at Scarsdale High were well ahead of boys. David Greene, a social-studies teacher, thought the student must be mistaken, but when he and some colleagues analyzed department grading patterns, they discovered that the student was right. They found little or no difference in the grades of boys and girls in advanced-placement social-studies classes. But in standard classes the girls were doing a lot better.

And Greene discovered one other thing: few wanted to hear about his startling findings. Like schools everywhere, Scarsdale High has been strongly influenced by the belief that girls are systematically deprived. That belief prevails among the school's gender-equity committee and has led the school to of-

fer a special senior elective on gender equity. Greene has tried to broach the subject of male underperformance with his colleagues. Many of them concede that in the classes they teach, the girls seem to be doing better than the boys, but they do not see this as part of a larger pattern. After so many years of hearing about silenced, diminished girls, teachers do not take seriously the suggestion that boys are not doing as well as girls even if they see it with their own eyes in their own classrooms.

The Incredible Shrinking Girl

HOW did we get to this odd place? How did we come to believe in a picture of American boys and girls that is the opposite of the truth? And why has that belief persisted, enshrined in law, encoded in governmental and school policies, despite overwhelming evidence against it? The answer has much to do with one of the American academy's most celebrated women—Carol Gilligan, Harvard University's first professor of gender studies.

Gilligan first came to widespread attention in 1982, with the publication of *In a Different Voice*, which this article will discuss shortly. In 1990 Gilligan announced that America's adolescent girls were in crisis. In her words, "As the river of a girl's life flows into the sea of Western culture, she is in danger of drowning or disappearing." Gilligan offered little in the way of conventional evidence to support this alarming finding. Indeed, it is hard to imagine what sort of empirical research could establish such a large claim. But she quickly attracted powerful allies. Within a very short time the allegedly vulnerable and demoralized state of adolescent girls achieved the status of a national emergency.

Popular writers, electrified by Gilligan's discovery, began to see evidence of the crisis everywhere. Anna Quindlen, who was then a *New York Times* columnist, recounted in a 1990 column how Gilligan's research had cast an ominous shadow on the celebration of her daughter's second birthday: "My daughter is ready to leap into the world, as though life were chicken soup and she a delighted noodle. The work of Professor Carol Gilligan of Harvard suggests that some time after the age of 11 this will change, that even this lively little girl will pull back [and] shrink."

A number of popular books soon materialized, including Myra and David Sadker's *Failing at Fairness* and Peggy Orenstein's *Schoolgirls: Young Women, Self-Esteem, and the Confidence Gap* (1994). Elizabeth Gleick wrote in *Time* in 1996 on a new trend in literary victimology: "Dozens of troubled teenage girls troop across [the] pages: composite sketches of Charlottes, Whitneys and Danielles who were raped, who have bulimia, who have pierced bodies or shaved heads, who are coping with strict religious families or are felled by their parents' bitter divorce."

The country's adolescent girls were both pitied and exalted. The novelist Carolyn See wrote in *The Washington Post* in 1994, "The most heroic, fearless, graceful, tortured human

beings in this land must be girls from the ages of 12 to 15." In the same vein, the Sadkers, in *Failing at Fairness*, predicted the fate of a lively six-year-old on top of a playground slide: "There she stood on her sturdy legs, with her head thrown back and her arms flung wide. As ruler of the playground, she was at the very zenith of her world." But all would soon change: "If the camera had photographed the girl . . . at twelve instead of six . . . she would have been looking at the ground instead of the sky; her sense of self-worth would have been an accelerating downward spiral."

A picture of confused and forlorn girls struggling to survive would be drawn again and again, with added details and increasing urgency. Mary Pipher, a clinical psychologist, wrote in *Reviving Ophelia* (1994), by far the most successful of the girls-in-crisis books, "Something dramatic happens to girls in early adolescence. Just as planes and ships disappear mysteriously into the Bermuda Triangle, so do the selves of girls go down in droves. They crash and burn."

The description of America's teenage girls as silenced, tortured, and otherwise personally diminished was (and is) indeed dismaying. But no real evidence has ever been offered to support it. Certainly neither Gilligan nor the popular writers who followed her lead produced anything like solid empirical evidence, gathered according to the conventional protocols of social-science research.

Scholars who do abide by those protocols describe adolescent girls in far more optimistic terms. Anne Petersen, a former professor of adolescent development and pediatrics at the University of Minnesota and now a senior vice-president of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, reports the consensus of researchers working in adolescent psychology: "It is now known that the majority of adolescents of both genders successfully negotiate this developmental period without any major psychological or emotional disorder, develop a positive sense of personal identity, and manage to forge adaptive peer relationships with their families." Daniel Offer, a professor of psychiatry at Northwestern, concurs. He refers to a "new generation of studies" that find 80 percent of adolescents to be normal and well adjusted.

At the time that Gilligan was declaring her crisis, a study conducted by the University of Michigan asked a scientifically selected sample of 3,000 high school seniors, "Taking all things together, how would you say things are these days—would you say you're very happy, pretty happy, or not too happy these days?" Nearly 86 percent of the girls and 88 percent of the boys responded that they were "pretty happy" or "very happy." If the girls polled were caught in "an accelerating downward spiral," they were unaware of it.

Contrary to the story told by Gilligan and her followers, American girls were flourishing in unprecedented ways by the early 1990s. To be sure, some—including many who found themselves in the offices of clinical psychologists—felt they were crashing and drowning in the sea of Western culture. But the vast majority were occupied in more-constructive ways, mov-

THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

ing ahead of boys in the primary and secondary grades, applying to college in record numbers, filling challenging academic classes, joining sports teams, and generally enjoying more freedom and opportunities than any other young women in history.

The great discrepancy between what Gilligan says she discovered about adolescent girls and what numerous other scientists say they have learned raises obvious questions about the quality of Gilligan's research. And these questions loom larger the more one examines Gilligan's methods. Carol Gilligan is a much-celebrated figure. Journalists routinely cite her research on the distinctive moral psychology of women. She was *Ms.* magazine's Woman of the Year in 1984, and *Time* put her on its short list of most-influential Americans in 1996. In 1997 she received the \$250,000 Heinz Award for "transform[ing] the paradigm for what it means to be human." Such a transformation would certainly be a feat. At the very least, it would require a great deal of empirical supporting evidence. Most of Gilligan's published research, however, consists of anecdotes based on a small number of interviews. Her data are otherwise unavailable for review, giving rise to some reasonable doubts about their merits and persuasiveness.

In a Different Voice offered the provocative thesis that men and women have distinctly different ways of dealing with moral quandaries. Relying on data from three studies she had conducted, Gilligan found that women tend to be more caring, less competitive, and less abstract than men; they speak "in a different voice." Women approach moral questions by applying an "ethic of care." In contrast, men approach moral issues by applying

man strengths. It is impossible to consider [her] ideas without having your estimation of women rise."

The book received a mixed reaction from feminists. Some—such as the philosophers Virginia Held and Sara Ruddick, and those in various fields who would come to be known as "difference feminists"—were tantalized by the idea that women were different from, and quite probably better than, men. But other academic feminists attacked Gilligan for reinforcing stereotypes about women as nurturers and caretakers.

Many academic psychologists, feminist and nonfeminist alike, found Gilligan's specific claims about distinct male and female moral orientations unpersuasive and ungrounded in empirical data. Lawrence Walker, of the University of British Columbia, has reviewed 108 studies of sex differences in solving moral problems. He concluded in a 1984 review article in *Child Development* that "sex differences in moral reasoning in late adolescence and youth are rare." In 1987 three psychologists at Oberlin College attempted to test Gilligan's hypothesis: they administered a moral-reasoning test to 101 male and female students and concluded, "There were no reliable sex differences . . . in the directions predicted by Gilligan." Concurring with Walker, the Oberlin researchers pointed out that "Gilligan failed to provide acceptable empirical support for her model."

The thesis of *In a Different Voice* is based on three studies Gilligan conducted: the "college student study," the "abortion decision study," and the "rights and responsibilities study."

Here is how Gilligan described the last.

This study involved a sample of males and females matched for age, intelligence, education, occupation, and social class at nine points across the life cycle: ages 6-9, 11, 15, 19, 22, 25-27, 35, 45, and 60. From a total sample of 144 (8 males and 8 females at each age), including a more intensively interviewed subsample of 36 (2 males and 2 females at each age), data were collected on conceptions of self and morality, experiences of moral conflicts and choice, and judgments of hypothetical moral dilemmas.

This description is all we ever learn about the mechanics of the study, which seems to have no proper name; it was never published, never peer-reviewed. It was, in any case, very small in scope and in number of subjects. And the data are tantalizingly inaccessible. In September of 1998 my research assistant, Elizabeth Bowen, called Gilligan's office and asked where she could find copies of the three studies that were the basis for *In a Different Voice*. Gilligan's assistant, Tatiana Bertsch, told her that they were unavailable, and not in the public domain; because of the sensitivity of the data (especially the abortion study), the information had been kept confidential. Asked where the studies were now kept, Bertsch explained that the original data were being prepared to be placed in a Harvard library: "They are physically in the of-

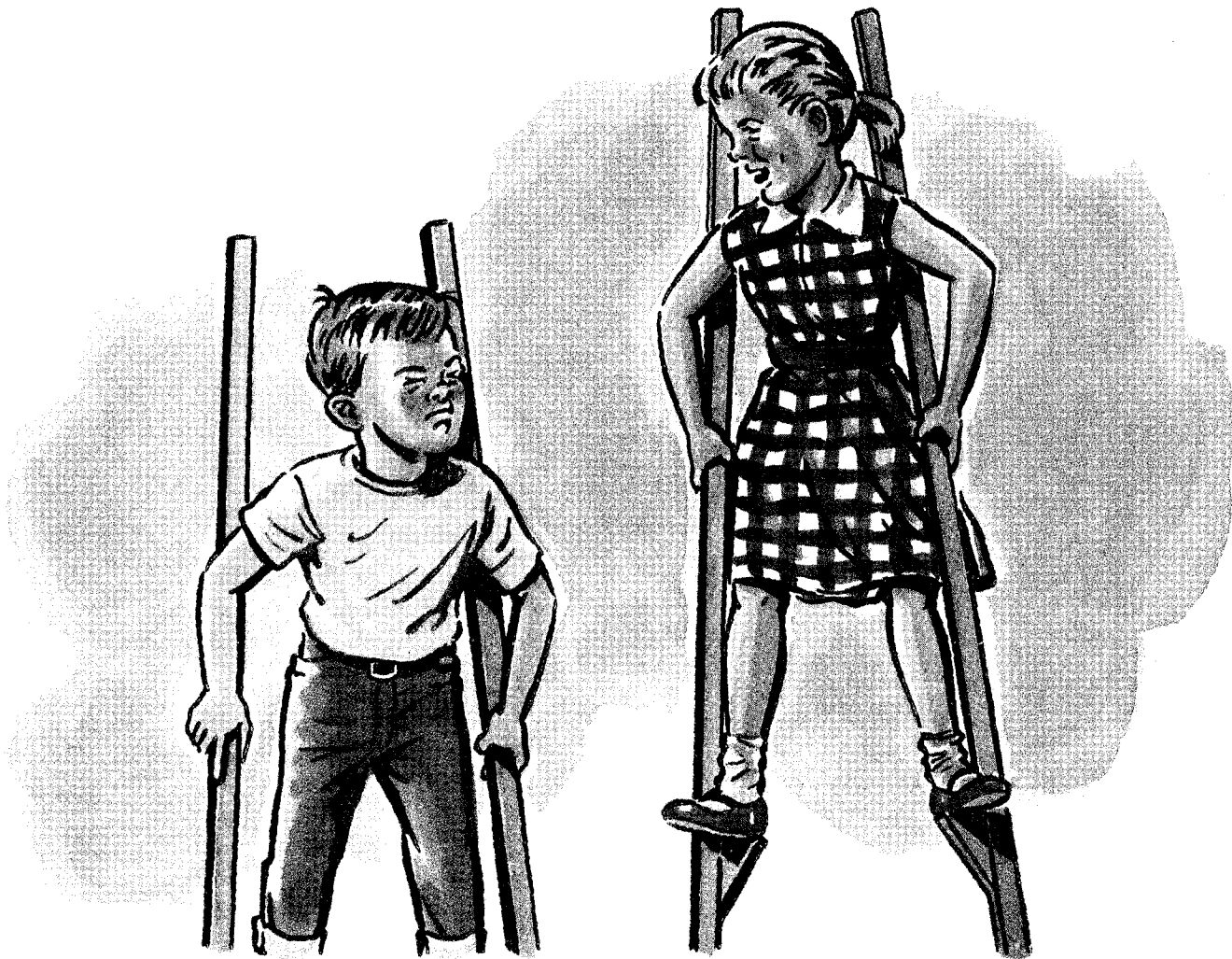
The typical boy is behind the typical girl in reading and writing, is less committed to school, and is less likely to go to college.

rules and abstract principles; theirs is an "ethic of justice." Gilligan argued

further that women's moral style had been insufficiently studied by professional psychologists.

She complained that the entire fields of psychology and moral philosophy had been built on studies that excluded women.

In a Different Voice was an instant success. It sold more than 600,000 copies and was translated into nine languages. A reviewer at *Vogue* explained its appeal: "[Gilligan] flips old prejudices against women on their ears. She reframes qualities regarded as women's weaknesses and shows them to be hu-



fice. We are in the process of sending them to the archives at the Murray Center.”

In October of 1998 Hugh Liebert, a sophomore at Harvard who had been my research assistant the previous summer, spoke to Bertsch. She told him that the data would not be available until the end of the academic year, adding, “They have been kept secret because the issues [raised in the study] are so sensitive.” She suggested that he check back occasionally. He tried again in March. This time she informed him, “They will not be available anytime soon.”

Last September, Liebert tried one more time. He sent an e-mail message directly to Gilligan, but Bertsch replied.

None of the *In a Different Voice* studies have been published. We are in the process of donating the college student study to the Murray Research Center at Radcliffe, but that will not be completed for another year, probably. At this point Professor Gilligan has no immediate plans of donating the abortion or the rights and responsibilities studies. Sorry that none of what you are interested in is available.

Brendan Maher is a professor emeritus at Harvard University and a former chairman of the psychology department. I told him about the inaccessibility of Gilligan’s data and the explanation that their sensitive nature precluded public dis-

semination. He laughed and said, “It would be extraordinary to say [that one’s data] are too sensitive for others to see.” He pointed out that there are standard methods for handling confidential materials in research. Names are left out but raw scores are reported, “so others can see if they can replicate your study.” A researcher must also disclose how subjects were chosen, how interviews were recorded, and the method by which meaning was derived from the data.

“Politics Dressed Up as Science”

GILLIGAN’S ideas about demoralized teenage girls had a special resonance with women’s groups that were already committed to the proposition that our society is unsympathetic to women. The interest of the venerable and politically influential American Association of University Women, in particular, was piqued. Its officers were reported to be “intrigued and alarmed” by Gilligan’s research. They wanted to know more.

In 1990 *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* published an admiring profile of Gilligan that heralded the discovery of a hidden crisis among the nation’s girls. Soon after,

Saab vs. Saab

The Saab Viggen supersonic fighter. The new Saab 9-3 Viggen Coupe. In both, human-centered design places controls and instruments where they are intuitively accessible. Reaction times are shortened. Whether engaging the turbocharger or the afterburner, car and driver, like pilot and plane, perform as one.

www.saabusa.com
1 800 SAAB USA



SAAB



Saab automobiles and Saab aircraft are *not* resold by licensed corporate entities. © 2000 SAAB CARS USA, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the AAUW commissioned a study from the polling firm Greenberg-Lake. The pollsters asked 3,000 children (2,400 girls and 600 boys in grades four through ten) about their self-perceptions. In 1991 the association announced the disturbing results, in a report titled *Shortchanging Girls, Shortchanging America*: "Girls aged eight and nine are confident, assertive, and feel authoritative about themselves. Yet most emerge from adolescence with a poor self-image, constrained views of their future and their place in society, and much less confidence about themselves and their abilities." Anne Bryant, the executive director of the AAUW and an expert in public relations, organized a media campaign to spread the word that "an unacknowledged American tragedy" had been uncovered. Newspapers and magazines around the country carried reports that girls were being adversely affected by gender bias that eroded their self-esteem. Sharon Schuster, at the time the president of the AAUW, candidly explained to *The New York Times* why the association had undertaken the research in the first place: "We wanted to put some factual data behind our belief that girls are getting shortchanged in the classroom."

As the AAUW's self-esteem study was making headlines, a

little-known magazine called *Science News*, which has been supplying information on scientific and technical developments to interested newspapers since 1922, reported the skeptical reaction of leading specialists on adolescent development. The late Roberta Simmons, a professor of sociology at the University of Pittsburgh (described by *Science News* as "director of the most ambitious longitudinal study of adolescent self-esteem to date"), said that her research showed nothing like the substantial gender gap described by the AAUW. According to Simmons, "Most kids come through the years from 10 to 20 without major problems and with an increasing sense of self-esteem." But the doubts of Simmons and several other prominent experts were not reported in the hundreds of news stories that the Greenberg-Lake study generated.

The AAUW quickly commissioned a second study, *How Schools Shortchange Girls*. This one, conducted by the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women and released in 1992, focused on the alleged effects of sexism on girls' school performance. It asserted that schools deflate girls' self-esteem by "systematically cheating girls of classroom attention." Such bias leads to lower aspirations and impaired academic achievement. Carol Gilligan's crisis was being transformed into a civil-rights issue: girls were the victims of widespread sex discrimination. "The implications are clear," the AAUW said. "The system must change."

With great fanfare *How Schools Shortchange Girls* was released to the remarkably uncritical media. A 1992 article for *The New York Times* by Susan Chira was typical of coverage throughout the country. The headline read "BIAS AGAINST GIRLS IS FOUND RIFE IN SCHOOLS, WITH LASTING DAMAGE." The piece was later reproduced by the AAUW and sent out as part of a fundraising package. Chira had not interviewed a single critic of the study.

In March of last year I called Chira and asked about the way she had handled the AAUW study. I asked if she would write her article the same way today. No, she said, pointing out that we have since learned much more about boys' problems in school. Why had she not canvassed dissenting opinions? She explained that she had been traveling when the AAUW study came out, and was on a short deadline. Yes, perhaps she had relied too much on the AAUW's report. She had tried to reach Diane Ravitch, who had then been the former U.S. assistant secretary of education and was a known critic of women's-advocacy findings, but without success.

Six years after the release of *How Schools Shortchange Girls*, *The New York Times* ran a story that raised questions about its validity. This time the reporter, Tamar Lewin, did reach Diane Ravitch, who told her, "That [1992] AAUW report was just completely wrong. What was so bizarre is that it came out right at the time that girls had just overtaken boys in almost every area. It might have been the right story twenty years earlier, but coming out when it did, it was like calling a wedding a funeral. . . . There were all these special programs put in place for girls, and no one paid any attention to boys."

THE HAWK ABOVE THE HOUSE

The hawk hung low above the house. Its eyes,
appraising, passed over me—prey or not prey?—
then it swung up, veered eastward, gone. That moment
I too ached to arc against the sun's arc,
reversing it and following its bright track
back through the dawn and then the darkness till
I soared in sunlight above the stucco box
I sat on as a boy watching for hawks,
and then I'd fold my wings, plummet, flap twice
against my plummet, grasp the roof's rough apex,
and there I'd watch the boy who watched for me.
Oh, he'd have given anything to fly,
either the hawk exploding on the sparrow
or the sparrow, frantic, threading through the cedars.
He'd have given anything to fly, the rapt
boy staring at the sky, imagining
if he could imagine being a hawk, deciding no,
then knowing it impossible, a mere
extension of himself to wings and cold
predation. He did it anyway and failed,
and here I am at last to tell him he was right.

—ANDREW HUDGINS



At American Express, we measure the quality of financial advice we provide our clients. And we work hard to ensure that the financial plan we prepare meets your approval. We deliver clear recommendations that can be acted upon and regular reviews that show progress toward your goals. So you can enjoy the confidence and satisfaction that come from working with a company that has over 100 years of investment experience. At American Express, our financial advisors are dedicated to helping you do more.

How do you know
you're getting the
right financial advice?

One of the many things about which the report was wrong was the famous "call-out" gap. According to the AAUW, "In a study conducted by the Sadkers, boys in elementary and middle school called out answers eight times more often than girls. When boys called out, teachers listened. But when girls called out, they were told 'raise your hand if you want to speak.'"

But the Sadker study turns out to be missing—and meaningless, to boot. In 1994 Amy Saltzman, of *U.S. News & World Report*, asked David Sadker for a copy of the research backing up the eight-to-one call-out claim. Sadker said that he had presented the findings in an unpublished paper at a symposium sponsored by the American Educational Research Association; neither he nor the AERA had a copy. Sadker conceded to Saltzman that the ratio may have been inaccurate. Indeed, Saltzman cited an independent study by Gail Jones, an associate professor of education at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, which found that boys called out only twice as often as girls. Whatever the accurate number is, no one has shown that permitting a student to call out answers in the classroom confers any kind of academic advantage. What does confer advantage is a student's attentiveness. Boys are less attentive—which could explain why some teachers might call on them more or be more tolerant of call-outs.

Despite the errors, the campaign to persuade the public that girls were being diminished personally and academically was a spectacular success. The Sadkers described an exultant Anne Bryant, of the AAUW, telling her friends, "I remember going to bed the night our report was issued, totally exhilarated. When

The Myth Unraveling

BY the late 1990s the myth of the downtrodden girl was showing some signs of unraveling, and concern over boys was growing. In 1997 the Public Education Network (PEN) announced at its annual conference the results of a new teacher-student survey titled *The American Teacher 1997: Examining Gender Issues in Public Schools*. The survey was funded by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and conducted by Louis Harris and Associates.

During a three-month period in 1997 various questions about gender equity were asked of 1,306 students and 1,035 teachers in grades seven through twelve. The MetLife study had no doctrinal ax to grind. What it found contradicted most of the findings of the AAUW, the Sadkers, and the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women: "Contrary to the commonly held view that boys are at an advantage over girls in school, girls appear to have an advantage over boys in terms of their future plans, teachers' expectations, everyday experiences at school and interactions in the classroom."

Some other conclusions from the MetLife study: Girls are more likely than boys to see themselves as college-bound and more likely to want a good education. Furthermore, more boys (31 percent) than girls (19 percent) feel that teachers do not listen to what they have to say.

At the PEN conference, Nancy Leffert, a child psychologist then at the Search Institute, in Minneapolis, reported the results of a survey that she and colleagues had recently completed of more than 99,000 children in grades six through twelve. The children were asked about what the researchers call "developmental assets."

The Search Institute has identified forty critical assets—"building blocks for healthy development." Half of these are external, such as a supportive family and adult role models, and half are internal, such as motivation to achieve, a sense of purpose in life, and interpersonal confidence. Leffert explained, somewhat apologetically, that girls were ahead of boys with respect to thirty-seven out of forty assets. By almost every significant measure of well-

being girls had the better of boys: they felt closer to their families; they had higher aspirations, stronger connections to school, and even superior assertiveness skills. Leffert concluded her talk by saying that in the past she had referred to girls as fragile or vulnerable, but that the survey "tells me that girls have very powerful assets."

The Horatio Alger Association, a fifty-year-old organization devoted to promoting and affirming individual initiative and "the American dream," releases annual back-to-school surveys. Its survey for 1998 contrasted two groups of students: the "highly successful" (approximately 18 percent of American students) and the "disillusioned" (approximately 15 percent). The successful students work hard, choose challenging

The gender rift in college admissions is growing: by 2007, 9.2 million women but only 6.9 million men will be enrolled.

I woke up the next morning, the first thought in my mind was, 'Oh, my God, what do we do next?'" Political action came next, and here, too, girls' advocates were successful.

Categorizing girls as an "under-served population" on a par with other discriminated-against minorities, Congress passed the Gender Equity in Education Act in 1994. Millions of dollars in grants were awarded to study the plight of girls and to learn how to counter bias against them. At the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women, in Beijing in 1995, U.S. delegates presented the educational and psychological deficits of American girls as a human-rights issue.

"I'll give you my \$30 Car Vac
absolutely free just for
trying my 8-lb. Oreck XL[®]"



David Oreck

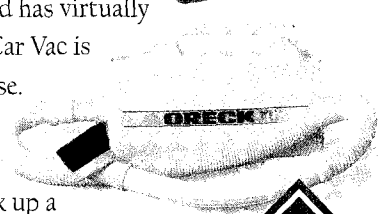
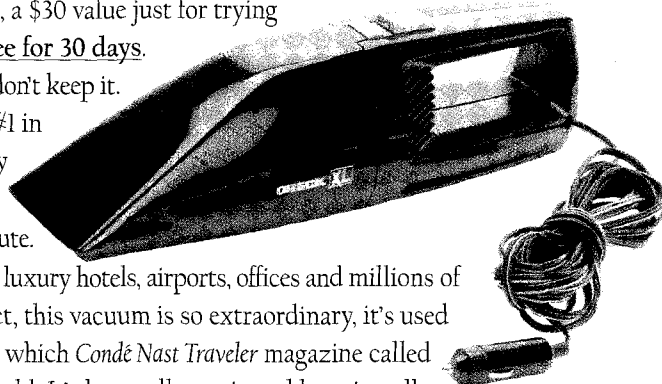
Hi, I'm David Oreck. I'm so confident that my 50% more powerful, 8-lb. Oreck XL is pound for pound, the best vacuum in the world that I'll give you my Oreck XL 1200 Car Vac just for taking The Oreck Challenge. That's right—you get to keep the Car Vac, a \$30 value just for trying my 8-lb. marvel risk-free for 30 days.

If you don't love it, you don't keep it.

The Oreck XL is rated #1 in pick-up performance by a leading international consumer testing institute.

It's used in thousands of luxury hotels, airports, offices and millions of homes like yours. In fact, this vacuum is so extraordinary, it's used at The Windsor Court, which *Condé Nast Traveler* magazine called the best hotel in the world. It's hypo-allergenic and has virtually every feature you could ask for in a vacuum. The Car Vac is rated #1 for superior cleaning ability and ease of use.

Decide to keep the 8-lb. Oreck XL and I'll also give you my super-powerful 5-lb. Compact Vacuum, as a gift. It's the one you've seen on TV pick up a bowling ball. So take The 30-Day Oreck Challenge and get your home and your car Oreck clean.



Call toll free

1-800-471-1437 ext. BC540

Visit us at www.oreck.com/acf

Or mail in this coupon today.

BC540

- ☐ Yes, please send me a free information kit. I understand I will receive absolutely free, an Oreck Super Compact vacuum with purchase of the Oreck XL.
- ☐ Yes, please call me to arrange a free 30-day home trial of the 8-lb. Oreck XL and send me my free Oreck XL 1200 car vac just for taking The Oreck Challenge.
- ☐ Also include details of Oreck's 12-month Payment Plan. No Interest or Finance Charge.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____

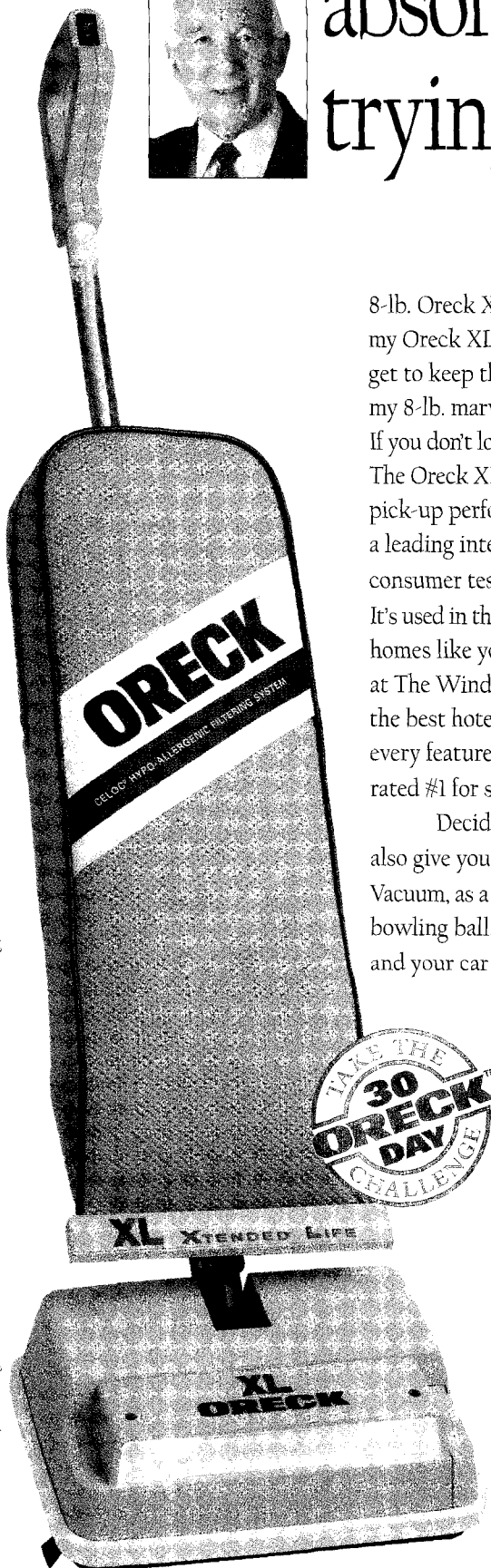
State _____ Zip _____ Tel (____) _____

ORECK
Nothing gets by an Oreck.[®]

BBB-2R

Oreck Direct, LLC 100 Plantation Road, New Orleans, LA 70123

©1999 ORECK HOLDINGS, LLC. All Rights Reserved. All trademarks are owned and used under the authorization of Oreck Holdings, LLC.



classes, make schoolwork a top priority, get good grades, participate in extracurricular activities, and feel that teachers and administrators care about them and listen to them. According to the association, the successful group in the 1998 survey is 63 percent female and 37 percent male. The disillusioned students are pessimistic about their future, get low grades, and have little contact with teachers. The disillusioned group could accurately be characterized as demoralized. According to the Alger Association, "Nearly seven out of ten are male."

In the spring of 1998 Judith Kleinfeld, a psy-

No real evidence supports the myth that teenage girls have been silenced, tortured, and otherwise personally diminished.

chologist at the University of Alaska, published a thorough critique of the research on schoolgirls titled "The Myth That Schools Short-change Girls: Social Science in the Service of Deception." Kleinfeld exposed a number of errors in the AAUW/Wellesley Center study, concluding that it was "politics dressed up as science." Kleinfeld's report prompted several publications, including *The New York Times* and *Education Week*, to take a second look at claims that girls were in a tragic state.

The AAUW did not adequately respond to any of Kleinfeld's substantive objections; instead its current president, Maggie Ford, complained in the *New York Times* letters column that Kleinfeld was "reducing the problems of our children to this petty 'who is worse off, boys or girls?' [which] gets us nowhere." From the leader of an organization that spent nearly a decade ceaselessly promoting the proposition that American girls are being "shortchanged," this comment is rather remarkable.

Boys and Their Mothers

GROWING evidence that the scales are tipped not against girls but against boys is beginning to inspire a quiet revisionism. Some educators will admit that boys are on the wrong side of the gender gap. In 1998 I met the president of the Board of Education of Atlanta. Who is faring better in Atlanta's schools, boys or girls? I asked. "Girls," he replied, without hesitation. In what areas? I asked. "Just about any area you mention." A high school principal from

Pennsylvania says of his school, "Students who dominate the dropout list, the suspension list, the failure list, and other negative indices of nonachievement in school are males by a wide margin."

Carol Gilligan, too, has begun to give boys some attention. In 1995 she and her colleagues at the Harvard University School of Education inaugurated "The Harvard Project on Women's Psychology, Boys' Development and the Culture of Manhood." Within a year Gilligan was announcing the existence of a crisis among boys that was as bad as or worse than the one afflicting girls. "Girls' psychological development in patriarchy involves a process of eclipse that is even more total for boys," she wrote in a 1996 article titled "The Centrality of Relationship in Human Development."

Gilligan claimed to have discovered "a startling pattern of developmental asymmetry": girls undergo trauma as they enter adolescence, whereas for boys the period of crisis is early childhood. Boys aged three to seven are pressured to "take into themselves the structure or moral order of a patriarchal civilization: to internalize a patriarchal voice."

This masculinizing process is traumatic and damaging. "At this age," Gilligan told *The Boston Globe* in 1996, "boys show a high incidence of depression, out-of-control behavior, learning disorders, even allergies and stuttering."

One can welcome Gilligan's acceptance of the fact that boys, too, have problems while remaining deeply skeptical of her ideas about their source. Gilligan's theory about boys' development includes three hypothetical claims: 1) Boys are being deformed and made sick by a traumatic, forced separation from their mothers. 2) Seemingly healthy boys are cut off from their own feelings and damaged in their capacity to develop healthy relationships. 3) The well-being of society may depend on freeing boys from "cultures that value or valorize heroism, honor, war, and competition—the culture of warriors, the economy of capitalism." Let us consider each proposition in turn.

According to Gilligan, boys are at special risk in early childhood; they suffer "more stuttering, more bedwetting, more learning problems . . . when cultural norms pressure them to separate from their mothers." (Sometimes she adds allergies, attention-deficit disorder, and attempted suicide to the list.) She does not cite any pediatric research to support her theory about the origins of these various early-childhood disorders. Does a study exist, for example, showing that boys who remain intimately bonded with their mothers are less likely to develop allergies or wet their beds?

Gilligan's assertion that the "pressure of cultural norms" causes boys to separate from their mothers and thus generates a host of early disorders has not been tested empirically. Nor does Gilligan offer any indication of how it *could* be tested. She does not seem to feel that her assertions need empirical

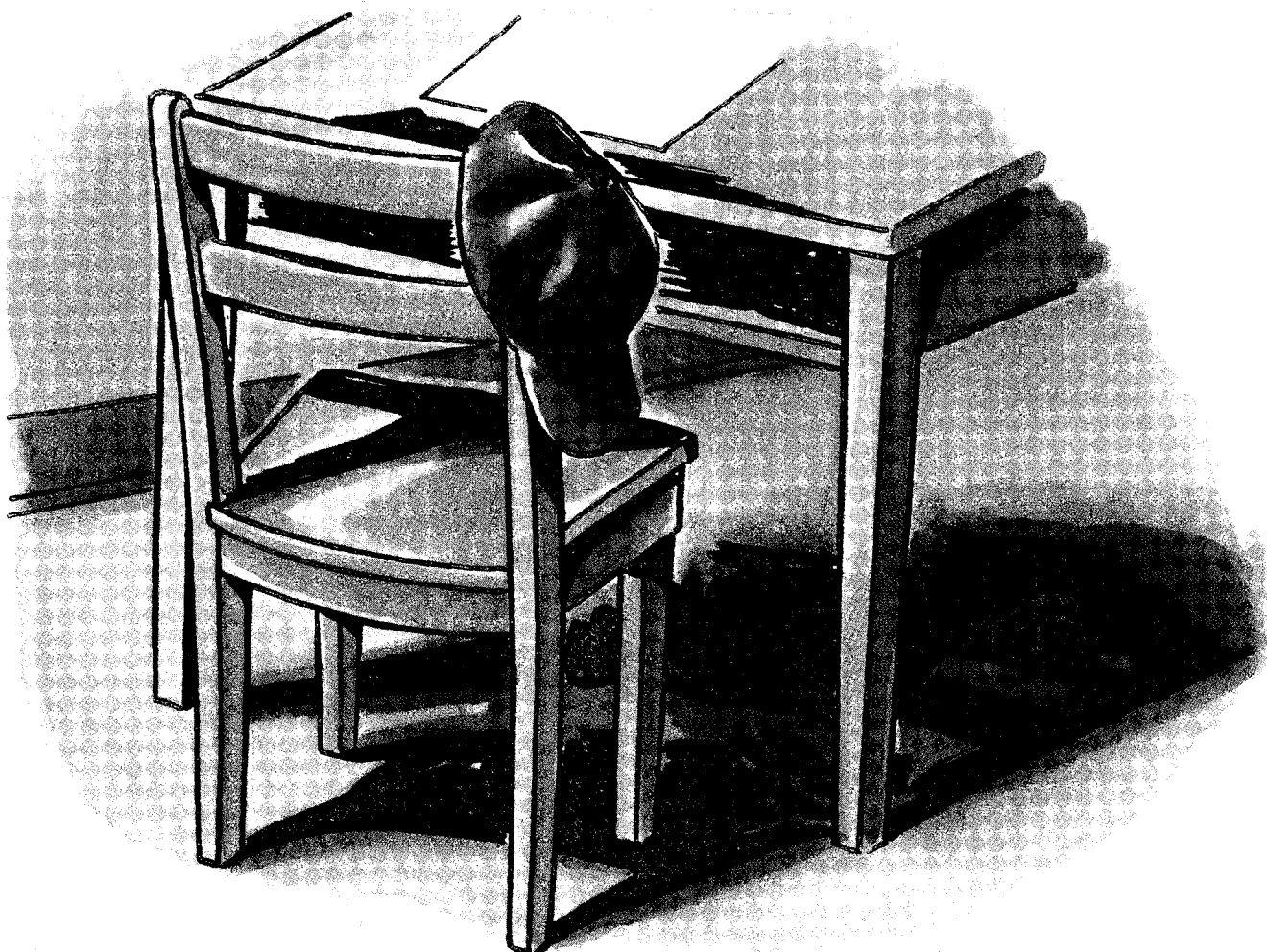
confirmation. She is confident that boys need to be protected from the culture—a culture in which manhood valorizes war and the economy of capitalism, a culture that desensitizes boys and, by submerging their humanity, is the root cause of “out-of-control and out-of-touch behavior” and is the ultimate source of war and other violence committed by men.

But are boys aggressive and violent because they are psychically separated from their mothers? Thirty years of research suggests that the absence of the male parent is more likely to be the problem. The boys who are most at risk for juvenile delinquency and violence are boys who are *physically* separated from their fathers. The U.S. Bureau of the Census reports that in 1960 children living with their mother but not their father numbered 5.1 million; by 1996 the number was more than 16 million. As the phenomenon of fatherlessness has increased, so has violence. As far back as 1965 Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan called attention to the social dangers of raising boys without benefit of a paternal presence. He wrote in a 1965 study for the Labor Department, “A community that allows a large number of young men to grow up in broken families, dominated by women, never acquiring any stable relationship to male authority, never acquiring any ra-

tional expectations about the future—that community asks for and gets chaos.”

The sociologist David Blankenhorn, in *Fatherless America* (1995), wrote, “Despite the difficulty of proving causation in the social sciences, the weight of evidence increasingly supports the conclusion that fatherlessness is a primary generator of violence among young men.” William Galston, a former domestic-policy adviser in the Clinton Administration who is now at the University of Maryland, and his colleague Elaine Kamarck, now at Harvard, concur. Commenting on the relationship between crime and one-parent families, they wrote in a 1990 institute report, “The relationship is so strong that controlling for family configuration erases the relationship between race and crime and between low income and crime. This conclusion shows up time and again in the literature.”

Oblivious of all the factual evidence that paternal separation causes aberrant behavior in boys, Carol Gilligan calls for a fundamental change in child rearing that would keep boys in a more sensitive relationship with their feminine side. We need to free young men from a destructive culture of manhood that “impedes their capacity to feel their own and other people’s hurt, to know their own and other’s sadness,” she writes. Since



the pathology, as she has diagnosed it, is presumably universal, the cure must be radical. We must change the very nature of childhood: we must find ways to keep boys bonded to their mothers. We must undercut the system of socialization that is so "essential to the perpetuation of patriarchal societies."

Gilligan's views are attractive to many of those who believe that boys could profit by being more sensitive and empathetic. But anyone thinking to enlist in Gilligan's project of getting boys in touch with their inner nurturer would do well to note that her central thesis—that boys are being imprisoned by conventional ideas of masculinity—is not a scientific hypothesis. Nor, it seems, does Gilligan regard it in this light, for she presents no data to support it. It is, in fact, an extravagant piece of speculation of the kind that would not be taken seriously in most professional departments of psychology.

On a less academic plane Gilligan's proposed reformation seems to challenge common sense. It is obvious that a boy wants a father to help him become a young man, and belonging to the culture of manhood is important to almost every boy. To impugn his desire to become "one of the boys" is to deny that a boy's biology determines much of what he prefers and is attracted to. Unfortunately, by denying the nature of boys, education theorists can cause them much misery.

Gilligan talks of radically reforming "the fundamental structure of authority" by making changes that will free boys from the stereotypes that bind them. But in what sense are American boys unfree? Was the young Mark Twain or the young Teddy Roosevelt enslaved by conventional modes of boyhood? Is the average Little Leaguer or Cub Scout defective in the ways Gilligan suggests? In practice, getting boys to be more like girls means getting them to stop segregating themselves into all-male groups. That's the darker, coercive side of the project to "free" boys from their masculine straitjackets.

It is certainly true that a small subset of male children are, as Gilligan argues, desensitized and cut off from feelings of tenderness and care. But these boys are not representative of their sex. Gilligan speaks of boys in general as "hiding their humanity," showing a capacity to "hurt without feeling hurt." This, she maintains, is a more or less universal condition that exists because the vast majority of boys are forced into separation from their nurturers. But the idea that boys are abnormally insensitive flies in the face of everyday experience. Boys are competitive and often aggressive, yes; but anyone in close contact with them—parents, grandparents, teachers, coaches, friends—gets daily proof of their humanity, loyalty, and compassion.

Gilligan appears to be making the same mistake with boys that she made with girls—she observes a few children and interprets their problems as indicative of a deep and general malaise caused by the way our society imposes gender stereotypes. The pressure to conform to these stereotypes, she believes, has impaired, distressed, and deformed the members of both sexes by the time they are adolescents. In fact—with the important exception of boys whose fathers are absent and

who get their concept of maleness from peer groups—most boys are not violent. Most are not unfeeling or antisocial. They are just boys—and being a boy is not in itself a failing.

Does Gilligan actually understand boys? Does she empathize with them? Is she free of the misandry that infects so many gender theorists who never stop blaming the "male culture" for all social and psychological ills? Nothing we have seen or heard offers the slightest reassurance that Gilligan and her followers are wise enough or objective enough to be trusted with devising new ways of socializing boys.

Every society confronts the problem of civilizing its young males. The traditional approach is through character education: Develop the young man's sense of honor. Help him become a considerate, conscientious human being. Turn him into a gentleman. This approach respects boys' masculine nature; it is time-tested, and it works. Even today, despite several decades of moral confusion, most young men understand the term "gentleman" and approve of the ideals it connotes.

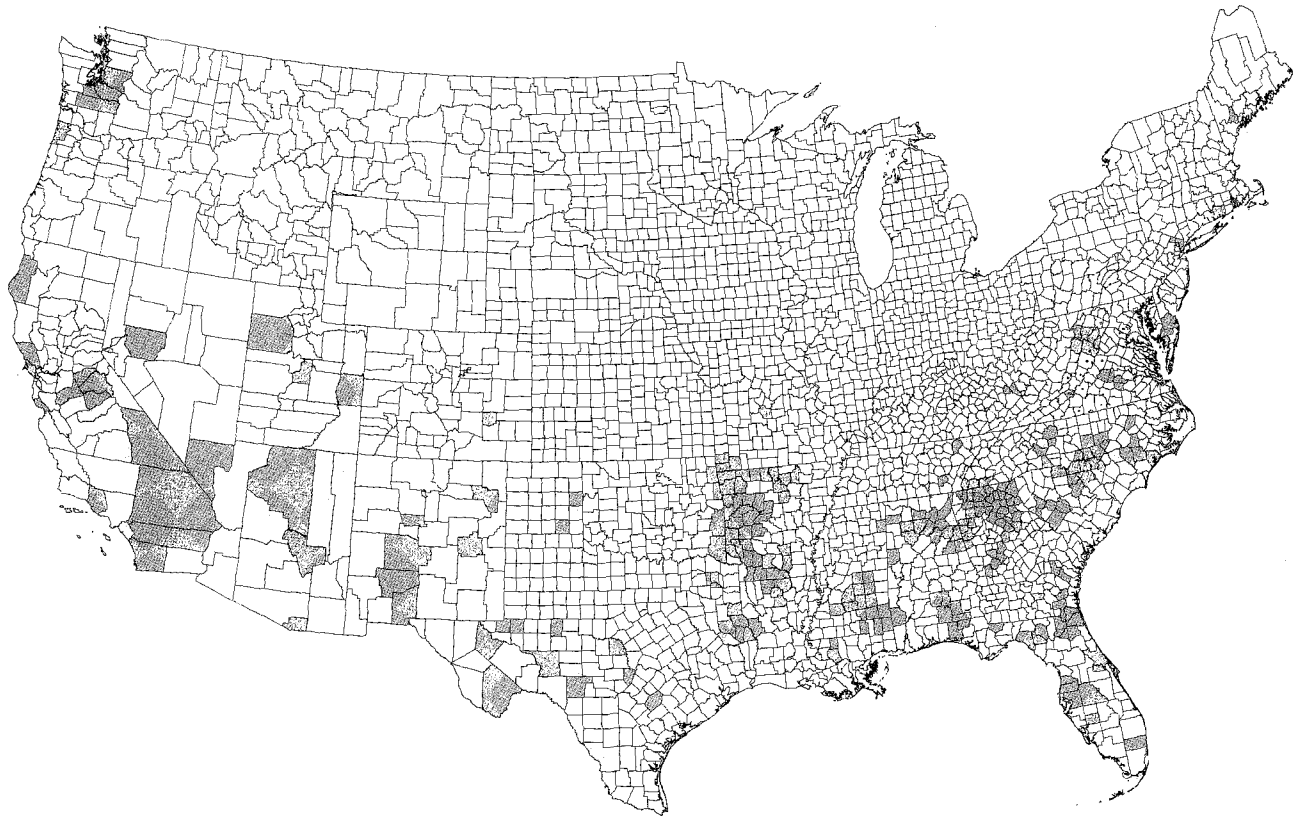
What Gilligan and her followers are proposing is quite different: civilize boys by diminishing their masculinity. "Raise boys like we raise girls" is Gloria Steinem's advice. This approach is deeply disrespectful of boys. It is meddlesome, abusive, and quite beyond what educators in a free society are mandated to do.

DID anything of value come out of the manufactured crisis of diminished girls? Yes, a bit. Parents, teachers, and administrators now pay more attention to girls' deficits in math and science, and they offer more support for girls' participation in sports. But do these benefits outweigh the disservice done by promulgating the myth of the victimized girl or by presenting boys as the unfairly favored sex?

A boy today, through no fault of his own, finds himself implicated in the social crime of shortchanging girls. Yet the allegedly silenced and neglected girl sitting next to him is likely to be the superior student. She is probably more articulate, more mature, more engaged, and more well-balanced. The boy may be aware that she is more likely to go on to college. He may believe that teachers prefer to be around girls and pay more attention to them. At the same time, he is uncomfortably aware that he is considered to be a member of the favored and dominant gender.

The widening gender gap in academic achievement is real. It threatens the future of millions of American boys. Boys do not need to be rescued from their masculinity. But they are not getting the help they need. In the climate of disapproval in which boys now exist, programs designed to aid them have a very low priority. This must change. We should repudiate the partisanship that currently clouds the issues surrounding sex differences in the schools. We should call for balance, objective information, fair treatment, and a concerted national effort to get boys back on track. That means we can no longer allow the partisans of girls to shape the discussion and to write the rules. ☼

The Manure Menace

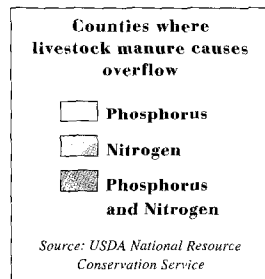


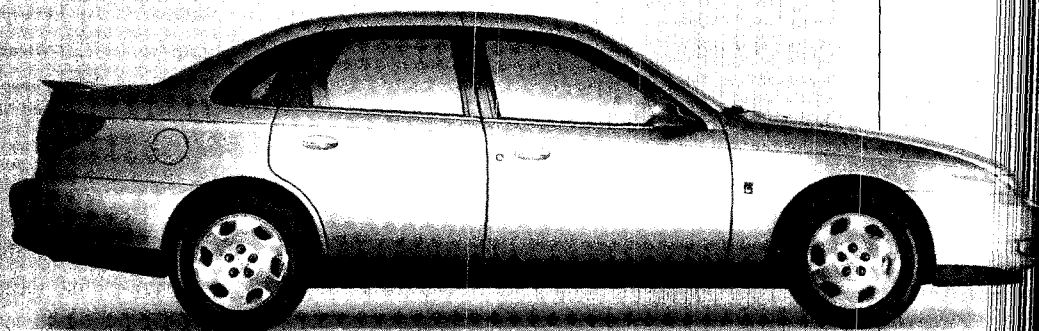
LITTLE of the 2.7 trillion pounds of manure—about five tons for each American—generated by livestock in this country each year is treated, and a large amount of it is spread on nearby fields. The map above shows the counties where, it is estimated, more phosphorus and nitrogen from animal manure, two major contributors to water pollution, exist than can be removed from soil by crops. Many highlighted counties contain huge corporate meat- and milk-production operations that import tremendous amounts of phosphorous and nitrogen in the form of animal feed.

Last September, in North Carolina (where a fourfold increase in the number of hogs from 1986 to 1996 means that swine now outnumber people), an ocean of nitrogen-rich hog manure flowed into local estuaries after back-to-back hurricanes caused waste lagoons to flood. The ecological effects of the spill will not be fully known until this summer, when warmer temperatures could result in large-scale algae blooms that kill fish. It is more commonly smaller mistakes that cause contamination: whenever farmers apply more manure or chemical fertilizer to their fields than their crops need, the excess seeps into groundwater or is carried by rain into waterways. In Delaware and Maryland, where about 600 million chickens a year are raised

on poultry farms, the runoff of excess nutrients into rivers feeding the Chesapeake Bay is believed to have triggered an outbreak of the microbe *Pfiesteria* that killed tens of thousands of fish in 1997. Waste seepage from dairies in the Chino Basin of southern California has for years contributed to the contamination of groundwater under thousands of acres of land.

Efforts are under way at several levels to address these hazards. New federal regulations for large-animal farms were imposed last year, and a number of states have tightened their laws governing manure management. At the local level, some farms avoid excess runoff by selling manure. The Tyson Foods mill in Harrisonburg, Virginia, adds an enzyme to feed that reduces the phosphorus content of chicken droppings. Meanwhile, the scale of the problem grows. The ultimate effect of excess phosphorus and nitrogen is to reduce the amount of dissolved oxygen in water. Agricultural runoff may be a cause of marine “dead zones” like the one at the mouth of the Mississippi River, which is as big as New Jersey, and growing. —Brad Edmondson

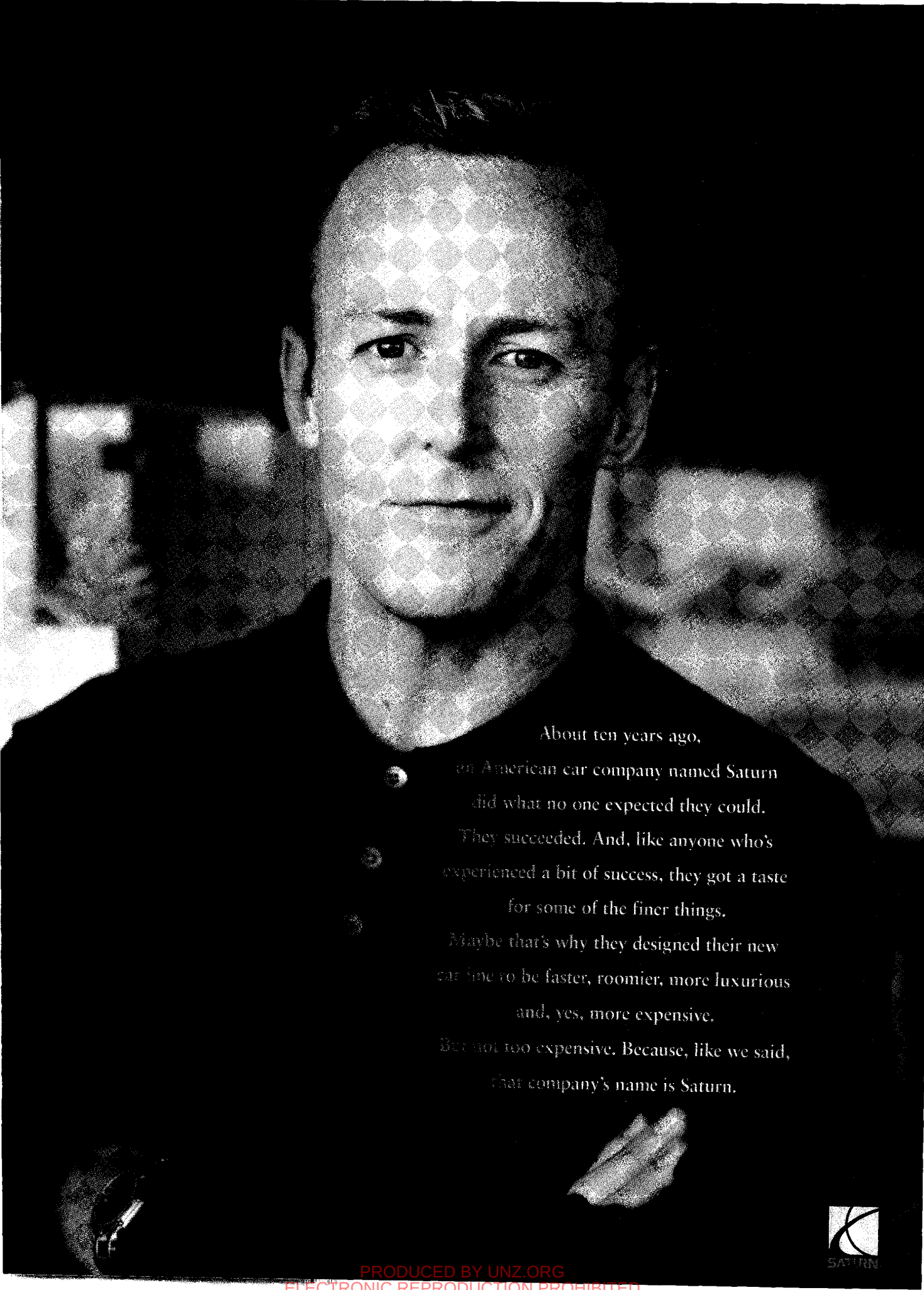




ny.

Other options, tax and license are extra. 1-800-522-5000 ©2000

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



About ten years ago,
an American car company named Saturn
did what no one expected they could.
They succeeded. And, like anyone who's
experienced a bit of success, they got a taste
for some of the finer things.
Maybe that's why they designed their new
car line to be faster, roomier, more luxurious
and, yes, more expensive.
But not too expensive. Because, like we said,
that company's name is Saturn.



Keeping Lincoln's Secrets

by DOUGLAS L. WILSON



William H. Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner and biographer, made a record of "secreat and private things" about Lincoln in two memorandum books that long ago disappeared. Now diary entries have materialized, written by a woman who saw the memorandum books in 1866, and who recorded her shocked reactions to accounts of "profligacy" and "debauchery." A distinguished Lincoln scholar describes the discovery, and considers anew the collision of privacy and history

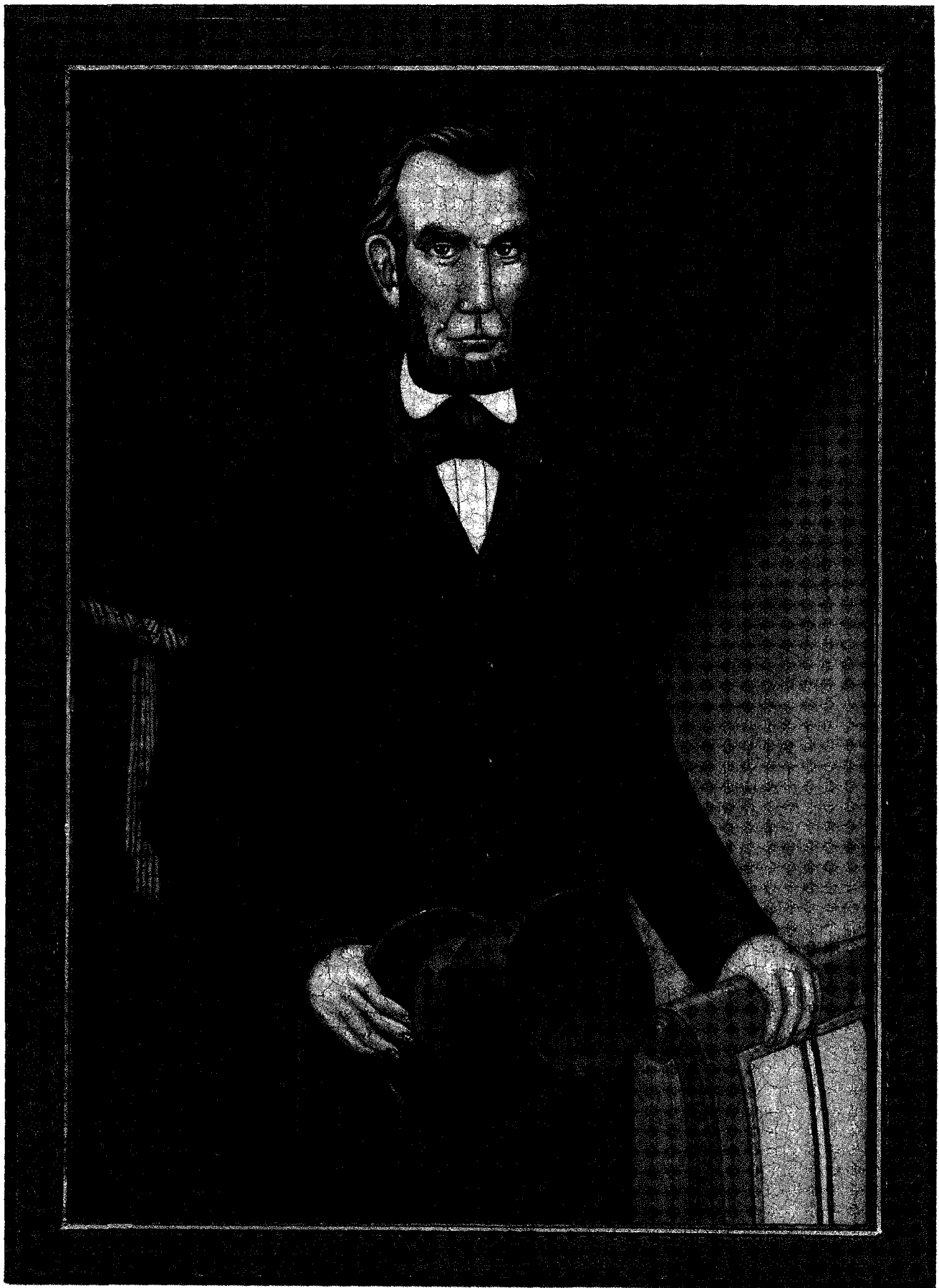
EVERY age needs its own biographies of the great historical figures. The questions each new age asks, the things it urgently wants to know—and, one might add, wants to believe—are expressions of its own views of the world and are usually different from those of previous ages and generations. The case of Thomas Jefferson presents an instructive example. Until fairly recently Jefferson's best and most conscientious biographers duly reported, but gave little or no credence to, the claims that he had had a sexual relationship with one of his slaves, Sally Hemings. In 1970 the great Jefferson biographer Dumas Malone addressed this matter in the fourth volume of his magisterial biography by soberly reviewing the charges, which he found unsubstantiated, in a brief appendix. Only four years later the historian Fawn Brodie published a biography that treated the relationship with Sally Hemings as a central fact in Jefferson's life. To the dismay of Malone and most other authorities on Jefferson's life, Brodie's treatment was not only seriously entertained but enthusiastically embraced by a large proportion of the American public. As a consequence, even before the much heralded release in 1998 of DNA evidence that lends significant (though not conclusive) support to Brodie's thesis, there were two things that most Americans claimed to know about Thomas Jefferson: that he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and that he fathered several children by one of his slaves. In what must surely be a measure of our times, it is the first of these accepted truths, not the second, that is currently being challenged.

Although Abraham Lincoln's intellectual interests were not nearly so broad, or his public activities so varied, as Jeffer-

son's, the American public's fascination with Lincoln's life and political career is sufficiently intense to sustain the exploration of virtually anything that purports to be new or newly interpreted information. Because Lincoln is widely regarded as the greatest of all Americans, and is thus part of our national identity, a substantial audience exists for the revelation of even the smallest anecdotes and bits of incidental information. It seems we can never know enough about Abraham Lincoln.

No one has had more of an impact on how we view Lincoln's pre-presidential life and character than William H. Herndon, his law partner and biographer. And no biographer has paid a higher price for his services to posterity. For reasons that have been widely discussed by Lincoln scholars in the past few years, Herndon and his biographical efforts have been under a cloud of suspicion for a good portion of the twentieth century, but we are coming to see how much of the criticism aimed at him has been misguided or misplaced and needs to be reconsidered. It now appears that beginning about midcentury, Lincoln scholarship became so preoccupied with Herndon's supposed weaknesses and shortcomings that it lost sight of the magnitude of his contribution. Although Herndon was far from an ideal biographer, he was an honest and a conscientious one, and the biographical resources he gathered and developed are simply indispensable to our knowledge of Lincoln.

William Herndon was very different from his partner. Outgoing and exuberant by nature, he was as communicative and unbuttoned as Abraham Lincoln was guarded and reserved. An avid reader, and very much caught up in the philosophical currents of his time (particularly transcendentalism), Herndon was fervently idealistic and took readily to the role of re-



former. In these respects he was certainly Lincoln's opposite. He was also, by comparison with Lincoln, something of a radical. Thus Herndon sided with the abolitionists well before Lincoln could see his way clear to stand with them politically in the newly formed Republican Party.

Herndon thought that by virtue of having been Lincoln's partner for sixteen years, and having been in a prime position during that time to observe his behavior and habits of mind, he had known Lincoln better than anyone else. Lincoln's other friends did not so much dispute this fact as regret it, for they did not regard Herndon as a suitable person to write the life of Abraham Lincoln. It was not that Herndon wasn't truthful and honest, for he was; it was not that he was spiteful or envious toward Lincoln, for he was not. It was more that because of his guileless and uninhibited nature, Herndon could not be trusted to present Lincoln's life tactfully, with due regard for the propriety and decorum that the situation called for.

One gets a sense of this from reports of the tribute paid to Lincoln by the Springfield, Illinois, bar shortly after his assassination. As Lincoln's former partner, Herndon was designated to voice the sentiments of his fellow lawyers and to acknowledge Lincoln's qualities at the bar. After praising Lincoln's "uprightness, integrity, cordiality and kindness of heart, amenity of manner and his strict attention not only to the rights, but to the feelings of all," Herndon allowed in passing that Lincoln "was not as broadminded as some other men." This candid admission caused Stephen T. Logan, Lincoln's previous partner and the leader of the Springfield bar, to rise and contradict Herndon. Herndon's audience must have known that he was not wrong; it was clearly the appropriateness rather than the substance of his remark that was at issue.

There were, admittedly, other factors. Those of Lincoln's Springfield friends who had known him the longest—John T. Stuart, James H. Matheny, Milton Hay, William Butler, Ninian W. Edwards—had in varying degrees drifted away from Lincoln, both personally and politically, in the years leading up to his nomination. They had all been Whigs together, but the breakup of their party in the 1850s put them on divergent paths. In spite of their doubts about the soundness of Lincoln's politics and their private jealousies and resentments, after his assassination they suddenly found themselves, willy-nilly, the guardians of his memory. They all had great regard for Lincoln's astuteness, as both a lawyer and a politician, but much of what they knew about the pre-presidential life of the martyred President was in these circumstances problematic: his disreputable family background, his compulsion for dirty stories, his often messy domestic life and less than exemplary

(some thought loveless) marriage, his relative lack of interest in civic or humanitarian causes, and his long-standing religious skepticism. These things were seriously at odds with what the public wanted to believe, and it now became the solemn duty of Lincoln's oldest friends to minimize or remain silent on such embarrassing subjects, at least for the time being. Herndon frequently came up against this situation in his efforts to gather information about Lincoln. He told his collaborator, Jesse W. Weik,

You know that the People in this city do *not* like to talk much about Lincoln: they have no disposition to tell good things about him & when cornered the people here *in private* will willingly tell you Lincoln's weak points—and damaging facts as they look at it. Lincoln outstript them and they *in secret* hate him.

In contrast, Herndon had always idolized and revered his law partner, and had urged his transition from the Whig to the Republican Party. His admiration only grew during Lincoln's presidency. He believed emphatically that by emancipating the slaves and saving the Union, Lincoln had risen to a position as one of the world's greatest men. But unlike his more conventional townsmen, Herndon argued that Lincoln's greatness could not be diminished by the truth, whatever it might prove to be. In fact, after investigating Lincoln's life for a year and a half, he came to the conclusion that certain truths that would ordinarily be explained away or suppressed by a sympathetic nineteenth-century biographer were *necessary* to the understanding of Lincoln's greatness.

The prime example of Herndon's doctrine of "necessary truth" is the issue of illegitimacy. From what Lincoln had told him directly, Herndon knew that his partner believed that his own mother, Nancy Hanks, was illegitimate. Herndon corresponded with informants from Kentucky, where Lincoln was born, who led him to believe that Lincoln himself was probably illegitimate, and Herndon began to see these circumstances as important to Lincoln's development and character. Having to grow up ashamed of his origins was, Herndon speculated to a correspondent, the "fiery furnace" in which Lincoln's character had been formed, and was in fact directly responsible for some of his finest human qualities. Herndon also believed that the near atheism that was evident in Lincoln's years in New Salem, Illinois, was caused by his despair over the death of Ann Rutledge, an ordeal that Herndon believed had produced lasting effects on Lincoln's mind and spirit. These were matters that might not ordinarily be touched on in the biography of a great national hero, but Herndon thought of

Herndon appears to have kept a separate set of books for the more sensitive and potentially scandalous allegations he had collected about Lincoln.

them as indispensable to understanding Lincoln's greatness. In a characteristic passage on this theme he wrote, "Mr. Lincoln can stand unstaggeringly up beneath all *necessary* or other truths. Timid men would rob Mr. Lincoln of his crown and cross . . . through a suggestion of falsehood or the suppression of the *necessary* facts of a great man's history."

Herndon's readiness to theorize, of which this is a prime example, is one of the things about him that give scholars pause and that have helped to cloud his reputation. But to his credit, Herndon recognized that such disclosures, if they were to carry biographical weight, needed to be founded on very solid evidence, whereas what he had, at least in the matter of Lincoln's questionable paternity, was little more than rumor, and rumor from informants he had never met. He was inclined to believe that there was some measure of truth behind such persistent reports, and to resolve his doubts he decided he must go to Kentucky, where he could look his informants in the eye. He told a correspondent, "I am going to Ky myself in the Spring. I want to see men's & women's faces when they talk about these matters. I want to read their motives &c." His inability to make the journey seems to have been an important reason why Herndon could not get his biography launched in 1867, as planned.

BUT he apparently had more than just the Kentucky testimony to contend with. He was conducting the first oral history of a great American hero, and was finding out firsthand the difficulties of interpreting what people told him. He wrote to a correspondent in June of 1866, "The trouble is very, very great, I assure you. Thousands of floating rumors—assertions and theories, etc., etc., have to be hunted down—dug out—inspected—criticized, etc., etc., before I can write." Herndon often spoke and wrote in exaggerated terms, but it seems very doubtful that this remark referred exclusively to the reports about Lincoln's paternity. Even allowing for Herndonian hyperbole, such exasperation would seem to go well beyond the tangle of stories coming out of Kentucky. What, we may ask, could Herndon be referring to?

The most obvious subject of "rumors" running through Herndon's extant informant testimony is a slim thread of anecdote and insinuation relating to Lincoln's sexual behavior. Some of his New Salem friends implied that he had been sexually involved with women there, even suggesting that he was the father of certain women's children. Such gossip about

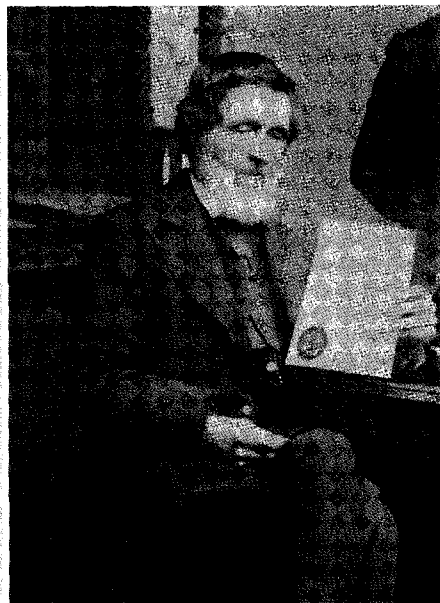
a bachelor in a pioneer village is hardly surprising, and may be no more significant than his rowdy friend Jack Armstrong's standing joke that Lincoln had fathered one of his children. Armstrong's idea of fun, according to a mutual acquaintance, was to "plague" his friend relentlessly on this subject, which may simply have been Jack's way of acknowledging Lincoln's fondness for his wife, Hannah. A few examples

survive of Lincoln's own stories of overnight encounters on the road with young women; although probably based on real incidents, these may have been colored by the familiar genre of stories about "the farmer's daughter."

Given the time and place of Lincoln's young manhood, this all seems rather predictable, and may tell us little beyond the fact that the young Lincoln was regarded as having, and no doubt did have, sexual appetites. Herndon made a point of telling Jesse Weik that Lincoln had "strong passions" for women—a judgment confirmed by Judge David Davis, who rode the circuit with Lincoln for more than ten years. But both Herndon and Davis testified that Lincoln had scruples about seduction, and that his conscience "saved" many a

woman. Though he believed, with good reason, that Lincoln visited prostitutes as a bachelor, Herndon seems firm in his contention that he avoided illicit sexual contact after marriage. All these things appear in Herndon's own correspondence and in the archive of letters and interviews he called his "Lincoln Record." But except for the stories about Lincoln's doubtful paternity, the record contains little evidence of really sensational gossip or serious speculation that needed sorting out. Where, if not in his collection of letters and interviews, were these "floating rumors" that Herndon was so concerned about?

It has long been known that Herndon did not put everything he was told into his Lincoln Record, whose contents he had duplicated by a copyist in 1866 and stored in a bank vault for safekeeping. Some things Herndon recorded in two little memorandum books. The first mention we have of them is from late 1869, in Herndon's letters to Ward Hill Lamon, a close associate of Lincoln's, to whom he had just sold the copy he had made of his Lincoln Record. Lamon was planning to use Herndon's material in a biography of Lincoln, but after he had a chance to look at the copy, he wrote to Herndon and complained bitterly that he couldn't be sure it was accurate without comparing it with the original. In spite of Herndon's earnest assurances that the copy was strictly accurate, Lamon harshly accused Herndon of bad faith. Herndon was in



William H. Herndon

desperate financial straits and could not afford to have this lucrative transaction fall through. To placate Lamon, Herndon sent him a number of additional documents, including some in Lincoln's own hand, and he sweetened the deal by including something special: "I likewise send you two note books Containing some *secreat* and *private* things which I would let no other man have Even a sight at. These are not copied in your Record. Nor any part of them. Look over them and use what you wish." Perhaps having second thoughts about his suggestion that Lamon actually use these sensitive materials, he wrote another letter two days later, referring to the "2 little memorandum books" and saying that they were to be held "secret & sacredly private."

What was in the little books? Certainly they must have contained information that Herndon considered highly confidential, though sending the notebooks to Lamon scarcely seems consistent with his concern. Herndon eventually told Weik something about the books, and referred to them in a letter many years later: "The little book of which you speak is now in Lamon's hands: he will not give it back to me: it was only loaned to him. I'll tell you all about it when I see you—can't risk the substance in a letter—too long and too much of it." Here it is clear that the material in the book or books was too sensitive or sensational to write about in a letter.

As far as I have been able to discover, Herndon revealed only two items that were in the notebooks. The first reference is quite elliptical. In discussing testimony about Lincoln's so-called "crazy spell" at the time of his breakup with Mary Todd, nearly two years before their marriage, Herndon advised Lamon, "see Judge Logan's—in a little book I last sent you." The other item we know more about, because Herndon described its substance to Weik in a letter shortly before his death.

When I was in Greencastle in '87 I said to you that Lincoln had, *when a mere boy*, the syphilis and now let me Explain the Matter in full which I have never done before. About the year 1835-6 Mr. Lincoln went to Beardstown and during a devilish passion had Connection with a girl and Caught the disease. Lincoln told me this and in a moment of folly, I made a note of it in my mind and afterwards I transferred it, as it were, to a little memorandum book which I loaned to Lamon, not, as I should have done, erasing that note.

Lamon, of course, had not put this episode into his biography, but Herndon went on to say that he was passing this information on to Weik because he was fearful that the memorandum book containing this note would turn up after his death and that the story would get out in a form suggesting that the incident had occurred after Lincoln's marriage. Herndon confessed to Weik, "The note spoken of in the memoran-

THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF THE TULIP MANIA

At the peak of a fever like none other,
A good burgher whose thrift was his repute
Might part with two hogsheads of vintage port,
Twelve stout ewes and eight fat swine,
A silver chalice and a suit of clothes,
And brick after wheel after brick of cheese
For a single bulb, and fancy himself shrewd.
The logs disclose another who swapped a mill,
And one a brewery, for their fabled specimens.

Clouds of golden pollen. The pages crackle.
All Holland's in thrall—the tulips have souls.

Cultivated by sultans, "turbans" from the Persians,
Imported for the delectation of the courts
And the jaded palates of the capitals:
Laced with oil and vinegar in London,
And in Dresden powdered with sugar.
But the Dutchman's taste ran to *tulpenwoede*—

Florid euphoria, epidemic ardor.
In the smoky taverns of Haarlem and Utrecht,
Flame-tongued goblets fed a blaze of speculation.

A fever like none other. The pages smolder.
The souls of tulips are mulched with Holland's gold.

Before the bottom fell out, before the bubble burst,
There were fortunes to be made from the mutations
That engendered hybrids by the hundredfold.
Pleats and ruffles, scarlet wicks and creamy swatches,
The ruby-veined undercup of the *Semper Augustus*,
From tightfisted roots the treasured clusters breaking open—
Behold the veritable bounty of beauty!
In vain the pastors thundered from their pulpits.
Once optimism blossoms, only ruin can stem the delirium.

The tulips had souls—all Holland said so.
A spiked dust flares above the gilded pages.

—DAVID BARBER

Just think.

For provocative ideas about the forces that shape our lives, turn to the authors of remarkable new books from W.H. Freeman

photo © Diane Zucker



Jill S. Schneiderman

"The Earth Around Us is the worthy sequel to Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*.

It is destined to motivate this generation of human beings to work toward assuring an Earth on which succeeding generations can live and prosper."

—Victor John Yannacone, Jr.,
co-founder of The Environmental
Defense Fund

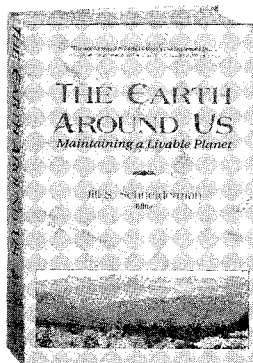


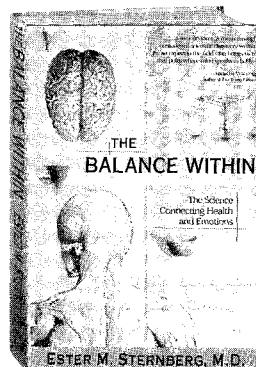
photo © Steve Barrett



Esther M. Sternberg, M.D.

"This is a tour de force, a romp through centuries of scientific discovery written by an expert in the field who brings us to that point where mind speaks to body. *The Balance Within* is elegant, entertaining, and beautifully written."

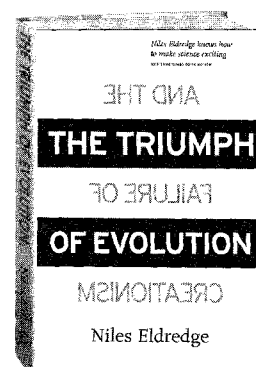
—Abraham Verghese, author of *The Tennis Partner* and *My Own Country*



Niles Eldredge

"I can't imagine a better book by a finer scientist and writer on a more vital and contemporary subject. Eldredge refutes creationism with the best tools of scientific facts and logic but then shows how all good science cannot debase, but can only complement, our search to find ethical values and to grasp the meaning of our existence."

— Stephen Jay Gould



At bookstores everywhere

W.H. FREEMAN
www.whfreeman.com



dum book was a loose affair, and I never intended that the world should see or hear of it. I now wish and for years have wished that the note was blotted out or burned to ashes."

BUT Lamon, it turns out, was not Herndon's only worry. In the fall of 1866, just about the time he was preparing his famous lecture announcing Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge, Herndon offered the hospitality of his home to Caroline Healey Dall, a traveling journalist and women's-rights crusader from Boston. Dall had corresponded with Herndon years earlier, and she claimed to have earned Lincoln's gratitude by supporting him in his bid for re-election in 1864, when he was being opposed by other women reformers. A strong-minded and forthright woman, Dall had a sharp tongue and a crisp prose style, and she earned her living by preaching, lecturing, and writing. She had come to Springfield to deliver a lecture on Lincoln, whom she idolized. Because of this, she evinced a great interest in the information about Lincoln that Herndon had collected. When Dall stayed in Herndon's home, he apparently allowed her to peruse his Lincoln Record. In the letter to Weik cited above he wrote, "Mrs. Dall did, I think, one day go to my private drawer and read part of the book, as I am informed—" In fact, he admitted, "It is probable that I let her see the book."

Caroline Dall regularly kept a journal, which is currently being edited by the literary scholar Helen R. Deese, but the portion of it relating to her trip to Springfield has long been missing. When she gave her papers to the Massachusetts Historical Society, she held back that portion, along with some letters about the Springfield episode that she had written to others and later retrieved. Deese has located the letters, and also some journal entries about the Springfield visit, in the Bryn Mawr College Library, where they were deposited a few years ago by Dall's descendants. She has determined that the journal entries are not contemporary but were reconstructed some thirty years later from journal notes made at the time, which are still missing. The reconstructed entry for Dall's first day in Springfield begins,

In the house with all the most precious relics of Abraham Lincoln. Just before breakfast Mr Herndon's son said to me, "I hear you are going to lecture on Abraham Lincoln. You wouldn't if you knew him as well as I do—Good people didn't think much of him before he went to Washington." When Mr Herndon came down—he showed me two bureaus—one filled with political—the other with private

papers—"You may read all you choose—" he said as he went out—I came here to read a lecture on Lincoln, invited or authorised by Governor Ogleby—and it was to be given in the Legislative Hall.

When Mr Herndon came home to dinner—I had read enough to know that I could not give my lecture. I was reading slowly through the private and personal papers, and until the morning of the thirty first of Oct. [that is, two days later] I continued to read, never stopping—save for a little walk about town and my daily bath. Excitement forbade sleep. . . . When I told Mr Herndon—that I had written to the Governor, that the posters must be taken down—& the advertisements withdrawn—he was startled. "I cannot stop you now" he said "but if I had known what would come of it, you should never have seen those papers."

Even though this has been reconstituted partly from memory, one can hardly doubt that Caroline Dall had seen things in Herndon's materials that greatly shocked her, and she went on to describe some of them from her notes.

Among the papers I examined . . . are affidavits—from prostitutes, prize fighters and the very lowest human beings of all sorts. Herndon's object in gathering these together—has been to show Lincoln's essential integrity—in every—even the foulest circumstance of his life—but Good Heavens—rather than publish these, I would allow it to be doubted.

Those of Herndon's letters and interviews that are known to us contain no affidavits or testimony of any kind from prostitutes or prizefighters, and it is possible that these characterizations are simply a function of Dall's overheated imagination or faulty memory. There is no doubt that she got other things wrong. Some of her assertions are simply not credible on their face—such as her claim to have read Lincoln's letters pleading for a release from his engagement to Mary Todd and Todd's letters of refusal. How Herndon could have obtained such letters and why such a communicative man would observe total silence about them are impossible to imagine. Dall also claimed to have read a letter from Mary Owens re-

jecting Lincoln's proposal of marriage—a letter that Herndon could scarcely have acquired and certainly never claimed to have. In such cases it seems clear that Dall's notes and memory must have misled her.

One of the strongest impressions that Dall took away from Springfield was that she had seen papers indicating that Lincoln had retained lawyers in Virginia and Kentucky to find out who his father really was. She wrote in her journal,



Caroline Healey Dall

What truly shocked Dall was reading what she took to be evidence that Lincoln had been unchaste before his marriage and unfaithful afterward.

When he was elected—he was determined if possible not to enter the White House—in the name of Lincoln—and saw no legal obstacle to another, if he could establish his right to it. He wrote to lawyers in Kentucky and Western Virginia—and told them what he wanted. . . . The legal investigation showed that Lincoln was probably the son of a more educated man named Bloomfield.

The notion that Lincoln wanted to change his name after he was elected is utterly bizarre, and the business of corresponding about his forebears is almost certainly a mishmash of what Dall read in the letters of Herndon's Kentucky informants and what Herndon told her about Lincoln's correspondence with a Kentucky historian, Samuel Haycraft. Several years later, in response to a letter from Dall, Herndon wrote,

You are a little Mistaken in what you say in reference to Mr L's writing to any one wishing to Know who his Father was. Mr Haycraft of Ky wrote to Mr L wanting to Know who his—L's Mother was, suggesting that her name was So & So. Mr Lincoln wrote to Haycraft this—"You are mistaken in My Mother"—

But Dall stubbornly refused to accept this. The following year, when she told Herndon that she was going to Virginia and Kentucky to investigate for herself, Herndon applauded her effort, saying, "I am in great hopes you will find much new, & startling information." But he warned,

You are mistaken—friend—about one thing, and it is this—you seem to think that Mr Lincoln wrote to *Haycraft* for information about his birth—relations &c &c. *Haycraft* wrote to *Mr Lincoln*. Lincoln replied, saying—"You are mistaken in my mother." . . . Lincoln Knew his parentage, birth-relations &c &c, and needed no information.

Dall's journal shows that she garbled or got wrong many other things, and this casts doubt over all her reports about Herndon's materials. It seems clear, however, from the tenor of her account, that what truly shocked Caroline Dall, and probably caused her to cancel her lecture, was reading what she took to be evidence that Lincoln had been, as she would have put it, unchaste before his marriage and unfaithful afterward. In a letter written to her confidant the Reverend James Freeman Clarke the day after she left Springfield, she said, "All the lawyers on circuit, and more dissolute women than I could count, know A. L's profligacy—as regards women to be greater, than is common to married men, even here." She added, "I remember that when I read Aristophanes, I was thankful that there were vices for which the English language had no name. I had not been in Springfield then!"

Nothing in Herndon's known letters and interviews would give rise to or remotely justify any such conclusions about the private life of Abraham Lincoln. That Dall must have gotten this extraordinary impression from notations in Herndon's memorandum books would seem to be confirmed by Herndon's cautionary letter to her a few weeks after her visit.

My wife tells me you read some of my memoranda, 'which is all right,' and yet I wish to say a word about it for your sake. Some facts in those little books need explanation—others are false—perverted & maliciously colored. Again—some of my conclusions, made at an Early day when I Commenced gathering facts, have since then changed, or been modified—: So if you want any particular idea you got from those memoranda Explained, denied &c, you had better write to me, Saying what you wish &c. &c; and if it is possible to do so I will Explain. You must remember that I am not responsible for what others say, and which I note down.

What does all of this mean? Well, one thing it means is that Herndon was far more discreet than his townsmen supposed, for he appears to have kept a separate set of books for the more sensitive and potentially scandalous allegations about Lincoln. His letter to Dall suggests that his memorandum books were a mixed bag of material. It seems altogether likely that they contained some of the stories about Lincoln's "weak points" that Herndon said he had been offered in private by Lincoln's acquaintances. But he made clear to Dall that the material in the books would need judicious sorting and qualification, indicating that it could not be reliably evaluated or used by someone who did not know the people and situations involved. This is almost certainly why he did not have these memoranda copied, and it may also be why he decided, albeit under pressure and against his better judgment, to lend them to Ward Hill Lamon, who after all knew and was devoted to Lincoln, and would presumably be able to judge such things. Dall's reaction showed dramatically what could result from the indiscriminate acceptance of such "floating rumors" and "*secreat and private things*," for she wrote confidently in her journal a few months later that she had definite knowledge of "the debauchery that stained all [Lincoln's] life from Ann R[utledge]'s death—to the hour of his starting for Washington."

Herndon's cautious treatment of such "floating rumors" does him credit, but it does not mean that the reports he had collected were false. Herndon admitted that he simply ignored many things he was told that he didn't think credible—which could be taken as an indication that he regarded the things he did write down as possible or probable truths. Thus we cannot

simply write off the possibility that Herndon had evidence of a sort that Lincoln had engaged in illicit sexual behavior. On the contrary, this episode seems to tell us that there are some sensational reports about Lincoln's private life that we have never seen. Since it is impossible to evaluate such reports without seeing them, we have no alternative but to reserve judgment.

DO we really want to know all these things, and do we need to know them? Are not such things private matters that have little or nothing to do with the historical role played by a national hero? Theodore Roosevelt, in castigating the investigative reporters of his day, said, "The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck." To appreciate our great men and women, do we really need to know everything? Herndon, who was an ardent theorist, argued that at least in the case of a great hero, we do. In a characteristically bold statement he wrote Weik in 1887,

The purposes . . . of writing the biography of a hero are to make him fully known to the reading world. . . all the facts of the hero should be told—the whole of his life should be stated, including the smallest facts—and including feelings—thoughts, determinations and deeds . . . it is the religious duty of the biographer to state all the facts.

This sweeping remark was cited by Herndon's biographer, David Herbert Donald, who observed, "Judging from his practice, Herndon meant that any reminiscence, idea or inference which he or anyone else might make was suitable material for a biography. Everything was grist for his mill." Donald goes on to list examples from Herndon's letters of the heterogeneous collection of things Herndon told various correspondents about Lincoln. Donald shows Herndon reporting on the activity of Lincoln's bowels, his being an ideal for America, his contracting syphilis, his "terrible passion" for women, his flawless character, the vulgarity and nastiness of his anecdotes, and his Christlike nobility. This hodgepodge of the noble and the unedifying helps us to see that contrary to what one might infer, the undifferentiated use of such details was not Herndon's practice as a biographer. In a comparison of this list with the biography he published, it becomes clear that Herndon omitted the

earthier details and included only those that reflected positively on Lincoln. As a collector of information he may have made everything grist for his mill, and he may have been willing to pass on embarrassing and unflattering details privately to selected correspondents, but Herndon used great discrimination when it came to his published biography.

Herndon had propounded a theory of biography that he couldn't live up to; he thought he wanted to tell the whole truth about Abraham Lincoln but he couldn't find a way to do it. His philosophical conception of truth suggested that since Lincoln's greatness consisted of the sum total of his experience, it must be possible to "state all the facts" in such a way that even embarrassing and ordinarily discreditable information would help to reveal Lincoln's transcendent nobility. But how to do this without doing more harm than good to his friend's reputation? Before he began writing, Herndon seemed confident that he could manage it, as when he wrote Dall, in 1866, "I know all and what is best for Mr L. & the great Ever living universal head & heart. I shall do no one wrong but in the End literal & Enlarged Justice." But twenty years later, with the biography still waiting to be written, he admitted, "To tell the truth—the exact truth as you see it is a

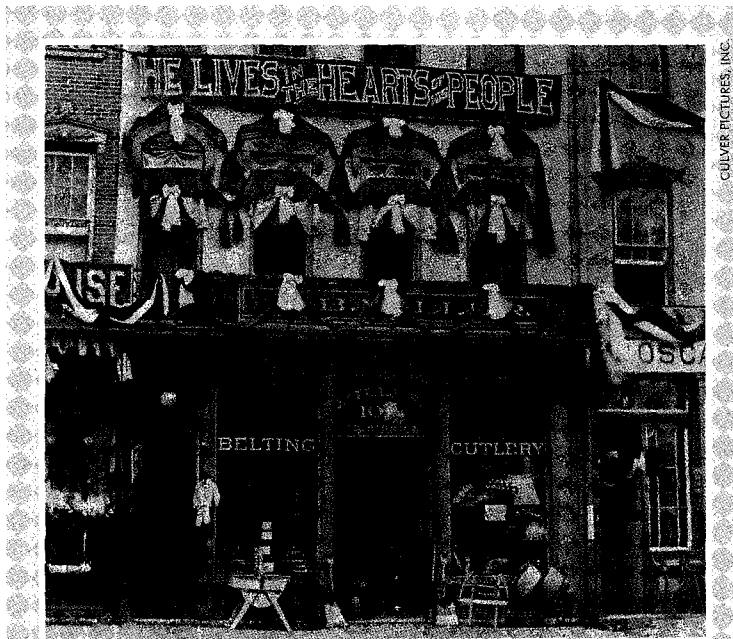
hard road to travel in this world when that truth runs square up against our ideas of what we think it *ought* to be."

Caroline Healey Dall was in some ways the perfect audience for Herndon's theorizing, for she understood and actually embraced his aspirations. Even before she was over the shock of reading his secret memoranda, she found herself admiring Lincoln all the more. In her letter to Clarke she wrote,

I shall when I recover poise continue to think his life—the

greatest miracle: God's own way—of stating the extremest republicanism. I have racked my brain in vain, for a single instance in History like it. And that he could ultimately rise to self conquest, ought to forbid the lowest wretch to despair. It is a better help in one sense than the life of Christ, for all his endowments were towards holiness.

Dall's hope that others would take inspiration from Lincoln's "self conquest" assumed, of course, that his moral failings would be told as part of his story.



Second floor: Lincoln-Herndon offices, 1860

inter action

connect directly with these
advertisers online in
the atlantic store at

1. Air Mauritius

For information on tours to Mauritius, South Africa, and the islands of the Indian Ocean, or for our colorful brochure, contact us at 800-537-1182 or www.airmauritiususa.com

2. Amelia Tours

Amelia Tours: Sicily, Tunisia, Malta, and beyond. Exquisite collection of escorted, independent, and culinary holidays. 800-742-4591; e-mail: ameliainternational.com; www.ameliainternational.com

3. Ameritrade

Take control of your financial future. Invest online with Ameritrade. Visit us at www.ameritrade.com to open your account today.

4. Atlantic Unbound

Atlantic Unbound is not only *The Atlantic Monthly's* home on the Internet—it's an online publication offering a weekly assortment of Web-exclusive features. Visit the site at www.theatlantic.com and sign up for TransAtlantic, our free weekly e-mail newsletter, to see what's new.

5. Audio-Forum

103 languages! Self-instructional audio-cassette courses in languages from Afrikaans to Zulu, including fourteen Native American languages. Short courses and long courses. Easy and in-depth. Call toll-free 800-243-1234 or visit our Web site: www.audioforum.com

6. Endless Pools

Swim at home in an 8' x 15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Call 800-233-0741,

or 1-800-233-0741 for a FREE brochure or visit www.endlesspools.com

Eureka Globes

Fine world globes for home and office in ten styles. The perfect gift—visit our Web site or call 888-473-9505 for a free catalogue. www.maps-eureka.com

Isuzu

We don't build cars, we build trucks. Isuzu SUVs can go anywhere your life wants to go. For more information visit www.isuzu.com or call 800-726-2700.

7. KD River Cruises

Rhine and Main River Cruise. This leisurely eight-day KD river cruise meanders along the Rhine and Main Rivers of Germany. KD has thirty-four different cruise itineraries with more than 300 sailings. For a free brochure call 800-RIVER-KD (748-3753) or visit our Web site: www.rivercruises.com

10. Lotus Development Corporation

Find out how super.human.software helps e-business people work together. Visit www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware to learn more.

11. Phillips Petroleum Company

For a copy of our annual report call 918-661-3700 or visit us at www.phillips66.com

12. Regents College

America's first virtual university helps you access traditional and non-traditional educational avenues to reach your college-degree goal. www.regents.edu/mls

13. Shell Oil Company

Visit Shell's Web site at countonshell.com for more information on safety booklets.

Sorice Solid Wood Storage Systems

Modular solid hardwood cabinets, bookcases, and racks for stereo/video, media, and components as well as collectibles and books. Free catalogue: 800-895-5241. www.sorice.com

Subaru

Subaru Outback. The world's first sport-utility wagon. For more information please call 800-WANT-AWD (926-8293) or visit www.subaru.com

14. Thos. Moser Cabinetmakers

Thos. Moser furniture is inspired by the untutored aesthetics of the American Shakers, the sentimentality of Arts & Crafts, classic Japanese joinery, and the styling of Art Deco. Call for our free catalogue: 800-708-9703. www.thosmoser.com

17. TIAA-CREF

TIAA-CREF is a leading national financial-services organization, offering high-quality, low-cost mutual funds, annuities, IRAs, insurance, and trust services. TIAA-CREF also manages several state-sponsored college-financing programs. Call 800-223-1200 or visit our Web site at www.tiaa-cref.org

18. Tough Traveler

Best gear for baby, toddler, teen, college student, adult. USA-made unique child carriers, backpacks, bags. Extreme comfort. 800-GO-TOUGH. www.toughtraveler.com

19. Toyota and the Environment

Find out about Toyota's environmental breakthroughs, such as electric vehicles, fuel cells, and hybrid technology. www.toyota.com/ecologic

This assumption explains her doubt, expressed in her journal, that Herndon was the right person for so difficult a task, and her ultimate disappointment with his biography. Herndon did not include anything about what she called Lincoln's "debauchery," and he touched only briefly on the ambiguity of Lincoln's origins. When the biography appeared, Dall wrote to complain that Herndon had not told the truth about Lincoln's paternity. He replied, "In your letter you state that Lincoln was an illegitimate and that I should have so stated. I did not think that the Conflicting Evidences before me justified the bold assertion in a book whatever my private opinion was. Had I been certain of the supposed fact I should have so asserted." Herndon went on to admit that he "may have softened Some things," but added, "you will please remember that 20 or 25 years change our opinions of men—measures and policies." Here, then, is at least a partial explanation for the discrepancy between Herndon's bold theory and his temporizing performance—that he had moderated his earlier views of what were necessary truths about Lincoln's life, and that he had come to insist on a higher standard of proof for his published biography than for his private opinions.

Was Herndon merely rationalizing his practice, or had he perhaps shown restraint out of respect for the privacy of the

tion about Lincoln, what does this say about his vaunted reputation for truthfulness? Actually, it says very little. As far as we know, he never wittingly published a falsehood about Lincoln. Donald, who was quite critical of Herndon, wrote, "There is not, to the present writer's knowledge, a single letter or other manuscript of Herndon's that reveals a desire or willingness to tell an untruth about Lincoln." There is no doubt that Herndon suppressed information that he believed to be true but that would have been scandalous, even if only hinted at, in a nineteenth-century biography. But we should note that in doing so, Herndon was simply doing what nearly everyone at that time regarded as his duty as Lincoln's friend and biographer.

A modern historian, even a friendly and admiring one, is of course obliged to take a very different view of his subject's privacy, a right that is scarcely recognized by the rules of his profession. Even a biographer who doesn't believe certain allegations or thinks them unimportant would nowadays still have to deal with them. They could not simply be ignored.

In a real sense it is not the historian but history itself that is the enemy of privacy. History, considered as the irrepressible urge of the human imagination to engage the past, by definition poses a constant threat to personal privacy. No better illustration of this unpleasant truth could be found than the fa-

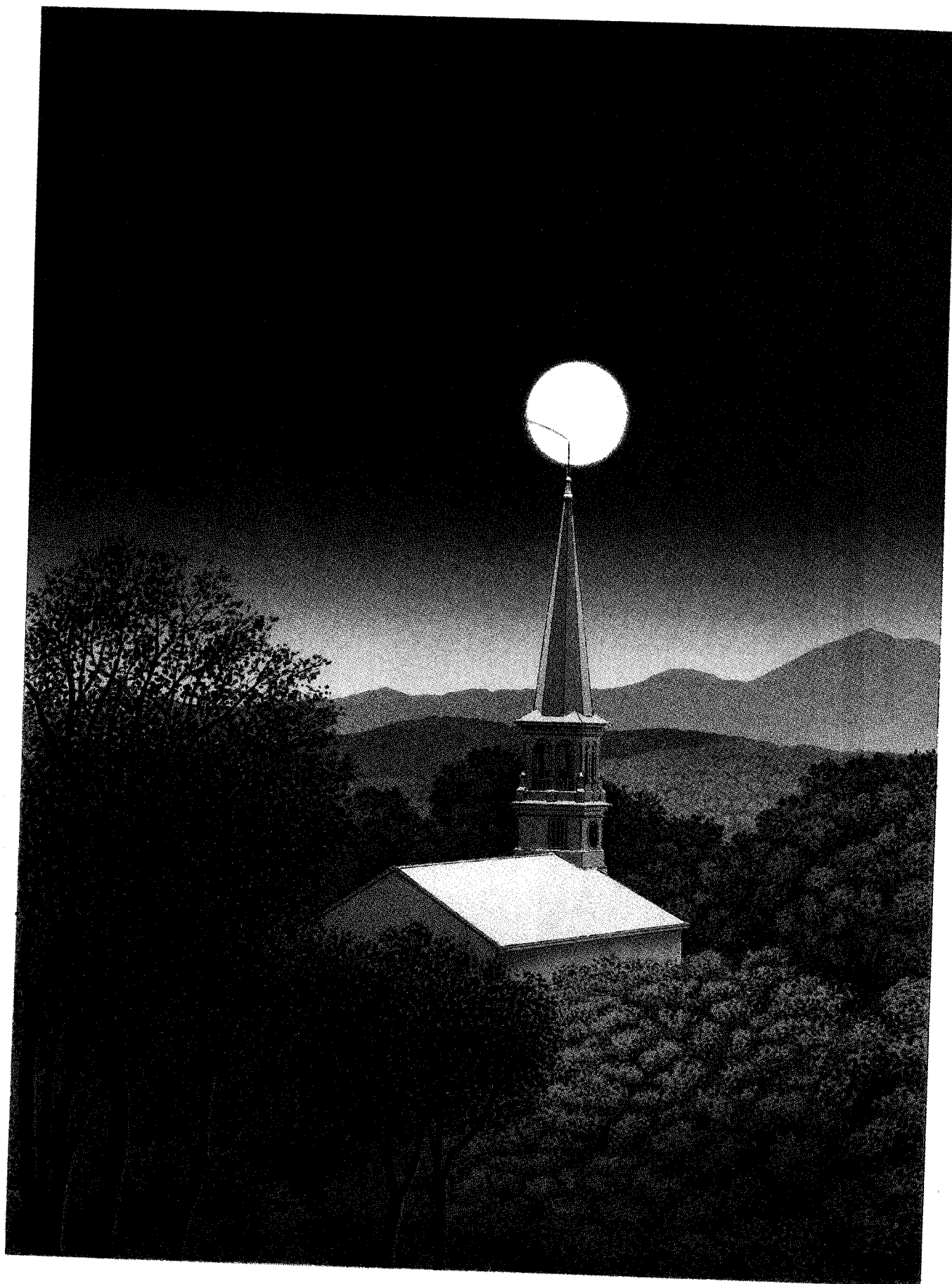
All who are fascinated by Lincoln face Herndon's dilemma. We want to know everything about Lincoln, but we don't want his image to be tarnished.

people involved? Or both? He certainly withheld from his biography many embarrassing details that he believed to be true, as his letters and informant materials show. Though it seems doubtful that he ever contemplated using things that he didn't think were well founded, this could hardly be the reason for leaving out the sexual material about Lincoln, for he himself was the source of some of it. He repeated none of the stories touching on Lincoln's sexual behavior, and although he has been roundly criticized for portraying Mary Todd Lincoln unfavorably, he could easily have repeated stories that put her in an even more unflattering light. In fact, if Dall may be believed, he had collected stories about Mary Lincoln's own infidelity, which he also presumably suppressed.

It seems to me likely that privacy was an important issue for Herndon, probably more so than propriety, of which he was no great champion. Finding no efficacious way to incorporate sensitive matters, he probably felt an obligation, as Lincoln's close friend, not to reveal things that showed him in an embarrassing light—or, as another close friend, Leonard Swett, had put it, not to "[develop] his weaknesses." But if Herndon was more discreet than his contemporaries feared, and deliberately withheld unseemly or embarrassing informa-

tion about President Harry S. Truman's wife, Bess, who was discovered by her husband burning some letters he had written her. The alarmed President is supposed to have pleaded, "Think of history." The wise Bess is said to have answered, "I have."

All who are fascinated by Abraham Lincoln face Herndon's dilemma. We want to know everything about him, but we don't want his image to be tarnished or his stature diminished. The experienced historian knows that these two wishes are basically in conflict: heroes and heroines are defined by their deeds, and the more we know about their nonheroic doings, the less heroic they seem. The reappearance of Herndon's memorandum books is, to use a Jeffersonian phrase, "among possible events." But even if the books were found to contain allegations of the kind that singed Caroline Dall's sensitivities, and even if these carried the ring of truth, it seems doubtful that they would substantially affect our judgment of the historical Abraham Lincoln and his standing as a great national hero. He was what he was, and he did what he did. The compromising stories Herndon collected did nothing to change his own view of Lincoln, and it seems highly unlikely that they would do much to alter ours. ☞



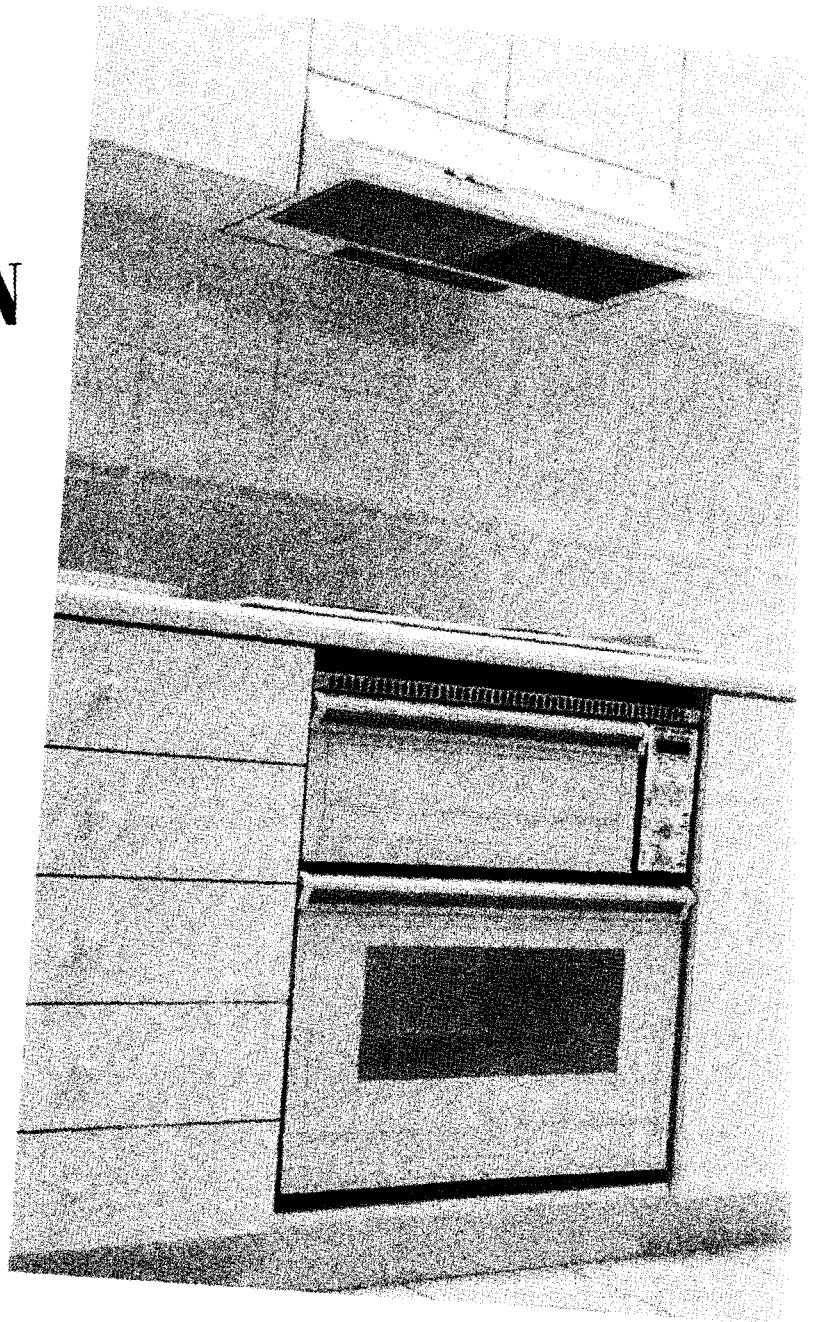
DOES CIVILIZATION CAUSE ASTHMA?

by ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

*Asthma is growing at
an alarming and puzzling rate in
industrialized countries,
and the answer to the mystery
of its origins may lie in
our very attempts to prevent
childhood disease*

SCOTT Schroeder, a pediatrician and an associate professor at Montefiore Medical Center, in the Bronx, is a rugged-looking man in his mid-forties who was good enough at basketball to have played in college but not, he says, for the pros. He has furnished his cramped office clubhouse-style, with sports paraphernalia and souvenirs. Its only window is an ersatz one, with curtains that Schroeder sketched on the cinder block in colored marker. When we met recently, his phone rang constantly with questions from anxious patients, and he answered each call with a jaunty mixture of benevolence and locker-room sarcasm. For Schroeder, who specializes in the treatment of asthma, taking on a patient means taking on a long-term relationship. His appointment book is full.

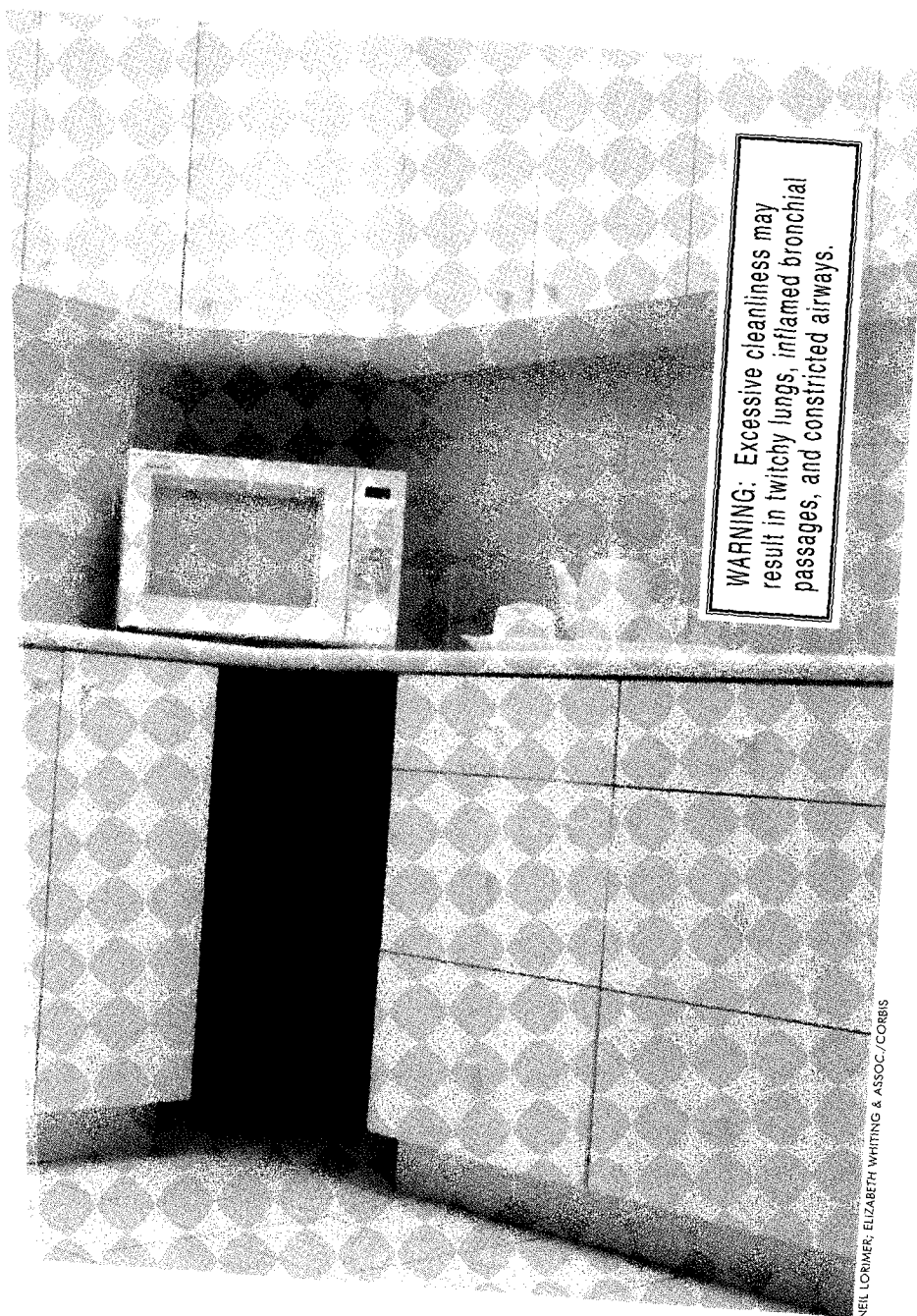
The Bronx is the U.S. epicenter of asthma. Rates of death from the disease are three times as high here as they are in the United States as a whole, and hospitalization rates are almost five times as high. In some Bronx neighborhoods 20 percent of the children have asthma, and so do a goodly number of



adults. A local rap group wrote a song titled "Ventolin," named for a popular asthma reliever.

The Bronx may serve as a harbinger for the world. Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Singapore, Hong Kong, parts of South America, and much of Western Europe struggle mightily with the disease. In the United States 15 million people have asthma, five to six million of them children—more than double the number in 1980.

Asthma kills at least 5,000 Americans annually—not a terribly large number compared with the toll other diseases take. But what the condition lacks in lethality, it more than makes up for in morbidity: it wears people down, crushes their spirits, and threatens their livelihoods. Asthma is the most common chronic disorder among children and the leading cause of both childhood hospitalizations and school absenteeism, rob-



NEIL LORIMER, ELIZABETH WHITING & ASSOC./CORBIS

bing children of 10 million school days a year and their parents of an untold number of work days. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, health-care costs associated with asthma will reach \$14.5 billion this year.

Just why asthma is more prevalent and more damaging than ever before is under investigation by hundreds if not thousands of scientists around the world. Scott Schroeder is not one of these. His job is to treat and contain the disease, which in the Bronx seems a Sisyphean task. I asked him where he begins, and he reached under his desk for a battered canvas sack printed with the logo of the American Lung Association. He unzipped the bag and showed me an assortment of sprays and pills and what looked like the sort of paraphernalia a drug ad-

dict might find useful. It was an incredible, almost frightening array. Schroeder explained that children with severe asthma have treatment regimens approaching those of AIDS patients. Some take as many as eight different medications a day. Assorted plastic bellows and glass and cardboard tubes are each designed to help deliver medication, which is aerated for even dispersal in the lungs, more effectively. But inhalers are seldom used with such devices. Schroeder put his lips directly over the nozzle of an inhaler, squirted, and snorted deeply. Misused this way, he said, his voice squeaking as if he had inhaled helium, the inhaler dumps medication into the mouth before it can reach the lungs. And patients tend to misuse it.

"When I first meet a patient, I spend an hour with him," Schroeder told me. "I can do this because I'm an academic physician who gets paid by the year, not by the patient. A general pediatrician working under managed care has to see four to six patients an hour—he doesn't have the time to talk about diet, exercise, the kid's environment. And that's why these kids keep ending up in the ER. I was shocked when I first came here, because so many kids had been hospitalized fifteen or twenty times with asthma and had never seen a specialist."

Schroeder had to see a patient across town, so he offered me a lift and a quick tour of some of the region's asthma-ridden neighborhoods. The Bronx is the only one of the five New York City boroughs, he reminded me, that is part of the mainland, and for this reason it has long been a hub for trains and

trucks delivering cargo. Whereas freight bound for Manhattan must be barged across the Hudson, trains can travel overland directly to the Bronx. When truck traffic largely supplanted train traffic, several decades ago, the trucks came roaring through too. Interstate 95, the major truck route from Florida to Maine, cuts straight through the Bronx, where it becomes the Cross Bronx Expressway and merges with a snarl of other full-throttle routes. Trucks make up a quarter of the traffic; among them are tractor-trailers headed for Hunts Point, a boisterous neighborhood surrounded by body shops and junkyards and crowned by the city's largest wholesale produce and flower market. A couple of thousand trucks roll into the sprawling Hunts Point Terminal Market each week,

many standing with their engines humming as drivers wait their turn to unload. The wait can be hours or even days, but the drivers stay close to their rigs—sleeping in them and rarely venturing into the market. As the trucks idle, they churn out diesel fumes, which meld with the fumes from incoming traffic into a smog that blankets Hunts Point and the bordering low-income communities of Port Morris and Longwood. Dart Westphal, a Bronx community-development activist with a special interest in the borough's history, points out that the

**Asthma wears people down, crushes their
spirits, and threatens their livelihoods.
It is the leading cause of childhood
hospitalizations. And it has become more
prevalent than ever before. Why?**

Bronx is built on a slope (with Hunts Point in the lowest part), causing what he calls a "mini-inversion" over the East River that further deteriorates air quality. "The basic purpose of the Bronx Expressway is to carry the trucks of America," he says. "What the Bronx gets out of this is dirt and noise."

Schroeder can't be sure that the diesel fumes spewing from those eighteen-wheelers are in any way responsible for the poor health of his patients. But he thinks they are, and so do other clinicians I spoke with. Scientists are equivocal. Studies done in the 1990s found that the former East Germany, with its heavy pollution from industry and domestic coal burning, had far less asthma than the ostensibly cleaner West Germany. Likewise, asthma is more common on the pristine, factory-free Isle of Skye, off the west coast of Scotland, than in Cardiff, the relatively gritty capital city of Wales. Douglas Dockery, a professor of environmental epidemiology at the Harvard School of Public Health, says that even if air pollution does not cause asthma, it can and does provoke symptoms in asthmatics. "It's very clear that in the United States asthma is worst in poor areas, and that we're seeing an increase of the disease in these areas," he says. "This makes us think that there must be environmental characteristics involved." Some scientists believe that diesel fumes are particularly potent asthma irritants, but most seem to agree with Dockery that symptoms are provoked by any number of pollutants, and that substances found indoors are often more irritating than auto and truck emissions.

Schroeder took a call from a patient on his cell phone as he pulled off the expressway and into one of Hunts Point's residential neighborhoods, a row of five-story walk-ups. "This is

where a lot of my patients live," he said. "Asthma Central." We passed a schoolyard whose playground, a concrete island splattered with graffiti and broken glass, was padlocked. The basketball backboards had been ripped from their stems, leaving only concrete supports. A few blocks down was a public swimming pool; the day was hot and humid, but the pool was deserted. "Kids here spend their time indoors," Schroeder said. His patients spend even less time outside than other neighborhood children, because they are afraid that their lungs will go into spasm and their airways will shut down and no one will be nearby to save them. He told me that mothers sleep in the beds of some of his young patients every night.

We passed few chain stores and no pharmacies but quite a few "botánicas"—shops specializing in herbal remedies and potions, many of which are for the treatment of asthma. Not all are worthless. Several contain ephedrine, the active ingredient in a widely advertised over-the-counter asthma remedy. Ephedrine is not recommended as the first line of treatment for asthma attacks, but many people here make ample use of it rather than seeking conventional medical care.

"It's tough to get a cab in the Bronx, and a lot of people don't have cars," Schroeder said. "So access is a problem. When kids have an asthma attack, their mothers call 911 and get an ambulance, which takes them to the emergency room. The kid is hospitalized and stabilized and given some medicine and released. A few months later the kid is back."

ROACHES AND DUST MITES

SCHROEDER dropped me off at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, where I was to meet David Rosenstreich, a professor of medicine, the director of the division of allergy and immunology, and one of the country's leading experts on asthma allergens. Rosenstreich had just returned from a meeting in Colorado, where he had delivered a lecture on cockroaches and asthma symptoms; he published what is widely regarded as the definitive study on the subject in a 1997 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. He showed me slides of three of the 300 known cockroach species. Under magnification they appeared monstrous. "Wherever people go, from the Arctic to Antarctica, there are roaches," Rosenstreich told me. "They are really difficult to get rid of, particularly in multiple-family dwellings, because when you clean out one apartment, they simply move on to the next one, and then, when the coast is clear, they return." Children in infested homes are much likelier to show an allergic reaction to cockroaches than children who grow up without them, and are much likelier to have asthma attacks triggered by exposure to them. Rosenstreich said that roaches are by no means the only culprit. Fecal material produced by dust mites is also extremely allergenic, and given that dust mites require only heat, humidity, and dust (the major component of which is shed human skin) to survive, they are just as hard to get rid of as cockroaches. "Every square meter of mat-

The Atlantic Monthly *is pleased to announce
the winners of its 1999 Student Writer's Competition.
Prizes: 1st \$1,000, 2nd \$500, 3rd \$250, and
one-year subscriptions to The Atlantic Monthly for
honorable mention in each category.*

nonfiction

Winners

1st Heather E. Heying
University of Michigan
2nd Ira Sukrungruang
Ohio State University
3rd Aisha D. Gayle
Yale University

Honorable Mention

Jada Yuan
Yale University
Elizabeth R. Lehr
University of Massachusetts,
Dartmouth
Sonya M. Barclay
Carnegie Mellon University
Clemma Dawsen
Bennington College
Robert Isaacs
Columbia University
Robin M. Caudell
Goddard College
Aimee Nezhukumathil
Ohio State University

poetry

Winners

1st Leah Nielsen
University of Alabama
2nd Lauren Wilcox
University of Florida
3rd Nancy A. Hewitt
Norwich University

Honorable Mention

Heather Phillips
University of California,
Davis
Sandra Liu
University of Oregon
Chris Dombrowski
University of Montana
Peter Swanson
Emerson College
Kimberly Johnson
University of California,
Berkeley
Virginia Whitney Weigand
University of California,
Davis
Alison Pelegrin
University of Arkansas

fiction

Winners

1st Jason Ockert
Syracuse University
2nd Arnie Niekamp
University of Arizona
3rd Jonathan Liebson
New York University

Honorable Mention

Peter Kessler
University of Arkansas
Emily Rapp
Harvard University
Divinity School
Aaron Hamburger
Columbia University
Owen King
Columbia University
Jason Quinn Malott
Naropa University
Elisabeth Cohen
Johns Hopkins
University

trex has twenty-four dust mites, and each dust mite produces seven fecal particles a day,” Rosenstreich told me. “There’s a quarter of a million fecal particles in every ounce of mattress dust. So you can see the difficulty.”

Many homes in and around Hunts Point and other inner-city neighborhoods have all the qualities associated with high asthma rates: poor ventilation, uncontrollable heating systems, and water damage that leads to the growth of molds, which are another important allergen. Carpets, Rosenstreich said, are breeding grounds for all sorts of nasty things, as are upholstered furniture and the piles of clothes that tend to accumulate when many people crowd into tight quarters without sufficient storage space. “Five or more might share an apartment with a single bedroom,” he said. “When you have so many crowded into such a tight space, you have lots of people showering, cooking, boiling water. That adds to the humidity, which of course is great for roaches.”

Given the association of cockroaches and dust mites and mold with asthma, it may seem paradoxical that outside the United States asthma is a disease of affluence. There is, for example, almost no asthma in rural China or sub-Saharan Africa (apart from South Africa), yet it is rampant in Sweden and New Zealand and Australia. One possible explanation is that rugs and upholstery and other items in which insects might want to nest are still luxuries in the developing world. This theory begins to break down, however, when one considers that there are plenty of dust mites and cockroaches in rural China, and that Australians are not notably partial to upholstery or wall-to-wall carpeting. More likely, cockroaches

Given the association of cockroaches and dust mites and mold with asthma, it may seem paradoxical that outside the United States, asthma is a disease of affluence. There is almost no asthma in rural China.

and dust mites and diesel fumes and tobacco smoke and dog hair and mold and any number of other things are triggers of asthma—but they do not cause it. Spending nearly all of one’s time in a poorly ventilated home, as many inner-city American children do—will surely aggravate asthma, but will probably not bring on the disease in someone not prone to it. What will bring it on? That, says Louise Cohen, the director of the New York City Childhood Asthma Initiative, is “the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question.”

IMMUNITY AND GENES

ONLY recently have we understood what asthma is, let alone what causes it. Asthma was traditionally considered a simple allergic reaction that provoked spasms and constriction of the bronchial passages, resulting in wheezing and shortness of breath. But over the past twenty years it has become clear that although asthma attacks are episodic, the inflammation associated with them is chronic, and requires long-term management with anti-inflammatory medication—in some cases for life. Scientists now believe that this chronic state is brought on by something that prevents the immune system from developing properly in the first months of life.

Starting out life with a naive immune system is not a bad thing. Were a fetus to have a mature immune system, it would almost certainly regard the mother as a foreign invader and reject her. A baby is protected for some time by antibodies passed to it through the placenta and, later, in breast milk. At about three months the immune system begins to mature in most infants. But in people who go on to develop asthma, the immune system seems to mature too slowly to be able to differentiate between annoying and serious irritants. As a result, the infant’s system musters an armada of antibodies to fight cockroaches or dust mites as though they were deadly microbes. This results in an allergic reaction that constricts the airways and leads to hyper-responsive, or “twitchy,” lungs (*asthma* means “panting” in Greek). Not all infants with twitchy lungs show symptoms to the same degree; it is thought that the minority of asthmatics who develop the disease later in life may actually have had mild, undetected asthma from early infancy. In severe asthmatic episodes a minor irritant can set off an immune response that shuts down the airways completely, resulting in respiratory arrest and, in extreme cases, death. Richard Green, the chancellor of the New York City school system, died in such an episode eleven years ago.

Fernando Martinez, the director of respiratory sciences at the University of Arizona, trained in Italy as a pediatrician but decided to do research on asthma when he realized how many of his patients had it. “It was extraordinary, a huge problem,” he told me recently. “Like most people, I assumed tobacco smoke and pollution were the problem—this was the politically correct way to think. But these factors turned out not to play a major role. In high-pollution areas, in low-pollution areas, among all ethnic groups, there was asthma. Clearly, something else was involved.”

Martinez, who came to the United States after launching his career in asthma research, is one of a number of specialists who believe that modern life may be responsible for the developed world’s asthma rates—but in a very unexpected way. It is not tobacco smoke or pollution that is at the heart of the problem, these specialists believe, but modern hygiene practices and antibiotics that foreclose the need for the young immune system to tackle microbial and parasitic challenges. “Just as you need to use your eyes to develop sight and your legs to de-



MEET AAGE KRISTIANSEN: This Swedish scientist, trained at the renowned Gothenburg Technical Institute, joined Tempur-Pedic in 1989 at a critical time—when building the first weightless sleep system (with promising but unperfected aerospace materials) seemed impossible. Aage discovered the formula that saved the company's Tempur project from abandonment. His colleagues were euphoric! He was hailed as the "father" of the Tempur-Pedic revolution, which has fundamentally changed the way people sleep. Aage now lives in Sarö, a small coastal village 20 kilometers south of Gothenburg.

You've read about it, heard about it, wondered about it.

Now here's an opportunity to find out about it: the miracle bed that will energize your life with the magic of weightless sleep!

Our advanced technology is recognized by NASA, the U.S. Space Foundation, and certified by the Space Awareness Alliance.



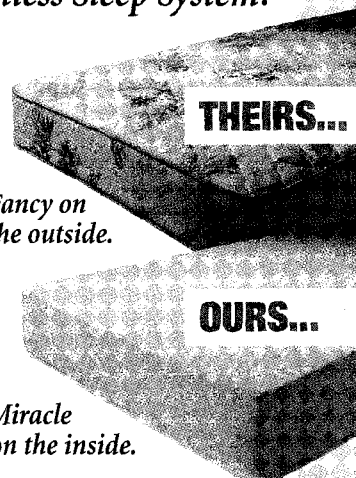
Matching Pillows

Custom sizes made to order

The miracle is on the inside!



Tempur material molds to your body!



Fancy on the outside.

Miracle on the inside.

Now millions can enjoy a new kind of sleep because

THIS SWEDISH SCIENTIST WENT UNDERCOVER AND MADE YOUR MATTRESS OBSOLETE.

He used NASA research to invent our Weightless Sleep System!

AAGE KRISTIANSEN is the scientist who turned NASA's experimental anti-G-force cushioning into a sleep-science breakthrough: the Tempur-Pedic Swedish Sleep System.

Still sleeping on a dinosaur?

Our bed is the *future*. Conventional beds are obsolete. Others are fancy on the outside. Ours is a **MIRACLE ON THE INSIDE**. Trillions of viscoelastic memory cells act as molecular springs (see cut-away photo) to cuddle your body—pressure free.

Enjoy up to 83% better sleep. The thick padding that covers other mattresses keeps the steel springs inside but creates a hammock effect outside—which causes pressure points. Tests show that Tempur-Pedic cuts nighttime tossing and turning by up to 83%!

Fits both you and your spouse. Our extraordinary Tempur material uses body mass and temperature to adjust to your shape and weight yet gives total support. Its micro-

poroscopic structure self-ventilates to dissipate heat. Also, our new AirFlow system assures even greater comfort.

Only one moving part—you.

The Tempur-Pedic bed uses no electricity, no compressed air, no heated water. Natural principles of physics give you the indescribable "lift" of weightless sleep. No settings or controls to adjust...no heaters, motors,

FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT is now yours for the asking

or air pumps to break. You do absolutely nothing but lie down on it!

Rave reviews in the press!

TV, radio, magazines, newspapers...our bed wins wide acclaim. DATELINE NBC told all America about Tempur-Pedic. Ditto CNN's BUSINESS UNUSUAL, CNBC's POWER LUNCH, Discovery Channel, Newsweek, Business Week, Associated Press, and many others.

Health professionals say 'Yes!' Our owners love weightless sleep

and the way it eases aches, pains, and back problems. Thousands of sleep clinics and health professionals recommend Tempur-Pedic!

Try it for 13 long weeks.

We'll set up a brand new bed in your bedroom (even remove the old bedding). Sleep on it for 3 FULL MONTHS. If you don't love it, we'll pick it up and take it back—entirely at our expense!

...This bed makes all others obsolete!

- Free setup/removal
- Direct-import prices
- Shipped duty-free

Viscoelastic memory cells conform to every curve and angle of your body, ventilating windows dissipate heat.



FREE SAMPLE/FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO
1-888-238-3091

OR SEND FAX TO 1-606-259-9843

Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511

velop the muscles to walk," Martinez said, "your immune system develops through its experience. By legitimately protecting our kids from dangerous infections we may have kept parts of their immune systems from maturing."

This could explain why children in the developing world, who are repeatedly infected by bacteria and parasites, are unlikely to contract asthma, whereas children in the developed world, who are inoculated against infectious diseases and frequently given antibiotics, are contracting asthma in ever greater numbers. (Martinez quoted estimates that an astonishing 40 percent of children in the United States are given antibiotics for a period of a month or more in their first year of life.)

Yet most children in the United States do not get asthma, probably because most do not have the genetic constitution for it. It is well known that African-Americans and Hispanic Americans have a significantly higher rate of asthma than Caucasian Americans, and that this is at least in part a consequence of genetic predisposition. African-Americans on average have a smaller lung capacity than Caucasians, for example; some scientists think this increases their asthma risk. It is very difficult to determine which factors in these groups may have a genetic underpinning and which are caused by something other than genes. Hispanics and African-Americans tend to have relatively high rates of premature birth, for example, which might predispose infants toward asthma.

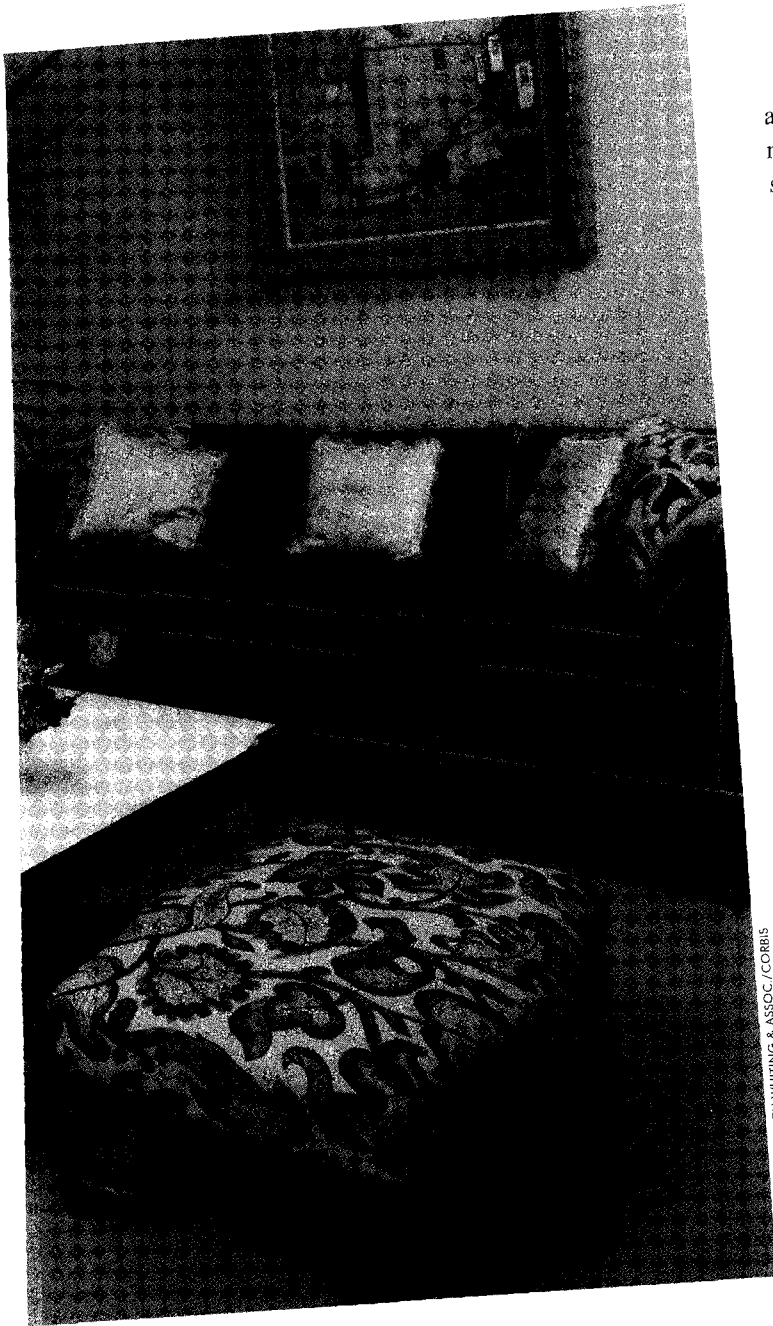
Carole Ober, a professor of human genetics at the University of Chicago, has made a relatively homogeneous group, the Hutterites of South Dakota, a focus of her asthma work. The Hutterites are members of a religious sect that began in the Tyrolean Alps in the 1500s. In the 1870s a group emigrated to what is now South Dakota. For the past fifteen years Ober has studied 1,500 of their descendants, all of whom can trace their heritage to sixty-four ancestors. Of the 750 with whom her asthma work is concerned, all live on nine communal farms, nearly all eat a high-fat diet, and none smoke. Most mothers in this group breast-feed their newborns for at least nine months. None of this is surprising in a religious sect with Western European roots. What is perhaps surprising is that roughly 15



WARNING: Plush, comfortable upholstery and wall-to-wall pile carpeting may be hazardous to your health.

percent of these Hutterites have asthma—the same rate found in poor inner-city children in a related study in Chicago.

Because the Hutterites are genetically homogeneous, Ober and her team have been able to compare the genetic material of those who have asthma with material from those who don't, and to distinguish several genes associated with the disease. Ober has studied the genetic material of her Chicago population for similarities. So far, the genes linked to asthma in the Hutterites appear also to be associated with asthma in the Chicago population. The disease differs greatly between the two groups, however, in terms of symptoms. Asthma in the Hutterites is mild—so mild that before Ober's study it often went unnoticed and undiagnosed. Very few Hutterites require



"The data in support of a protective effect [of farm animals] are looking increasingly good," says Patrick Holt, an immunologist who specializes in asthma at the TVW Telethon Institute for Child Health Research, in West Perth, Australia. "Such stimuli may aid in the normal postnatal maturation of the immune system and help it to correctly program immune responses against other agents, such as environmental allergens." This is perhaps why the Hutterites, who rely on farm animals for their livelihood, do not have life-threatening asthma despite their genetic predisposition to the disease. Although members of the sect do take antibiotics and are inoculated against childhood infections, their immune systems may benefit from early and frequent exposure to the parasites and microbes associated with farm animals. Evolutionarily speaking, this seems ideal: an immune system so vigilant that it is poised to overreact but whose responses are tempered by gentle exposure to the everyday grunge of the natural world.

Such exposure is certainly not what most Western parents desire for their children. "If there is one thing that characterizes American culture, it's obsessive cleanliness," says Scott Weiss, a pulmonary epidemiologist and the chief of environmental and respiratory epidemiology at Harvard University's Channing Laboratory. "There may be some optimal timing when exposure to infection should occur, but because parasitic infection is so uncommon in the Western world, and other infections are prevented with vaccines or squashed by antibiotics, we're essentially preventing children from getting that exposure."

A concurrent rise in allergies, including food allergies, Weiss says, suggests that the Western diet may also play a role in rising asthma rates. Several preliminary studies have shown that the children of mothers who eat fatty fish and leafy green vegetables have less asthma than do other children. Weiss is currently doing a study of 6,000 pregnant women to test this finding. He says, "One thing we do know: as the Western diet spreads around the world, so does asthma."

steroids, a fairly routine treatment for moderate to severe cases elsewhere. And even fewer are hospitalized for the disease.

Ober and her colleagues have tried to tease out what it is about the Hutterites' lives that makes their experience of asthma so much less traumatic than that of urban dwellers. The ways of life differ dramatically, of course, but what stands out is that Hutterites live close to nature and far from the stresses of the modern world. It has long been observed that stress can bring on asthma attacks. Perhaps even more important is that although Hutterite homes are typically immaculate, Hutterite living compounds are not. They are full of the sort of dirt one finds in other places not covered by concrete and asphalt. Recent research suggests that living close to the soil and to the animals associated with farm life is protective against asthma attacks.

Another hallmark of the Western urban lifestyle is a markedly low level of physical activity. Watching television is by far the most frequent childhood pastime, and cyber-play is beginning to take up the rest of what might be outdoor playtime. Thomas Platts-Mills, a professor of medicine in the division of allergy and immunology at the University of Virginia Medical Center, says that this trend may be making its own contribution to the asthma epidemic. "The question is," he says, "what is it about children running around for hours that might protect them from asthma?" Platts-Mills says that studies have shown that lungs are more likely to become twitchy if people go a half hour or more without taking deep breaths. Taking deep breaths, he says, is what children used to do when they scurried around the playground or chased their siblings. It seems that the fruits of progress—inoculation against microbes, protec-

Another hallmark of the Western urban lifestyle is a markedly low level of physical activity. Watching television is by far the most frequent childhood pastime, and cyber-play is beginning to take up the rest of what might be outdoor playtime. Thomas Platts-Mills, a professor of medicine in the division of allergy and immunology at the University of Virginia Medical Center, says that this trend may be making its own contribution to the asthma epidemic. "The question is," he says, "what is it about children running around for hours that might protect them from asthma?" Platts-Mills says that studies have shown that lungs are more likely to become twitchy if people go a half hour or more without taking deep breaths. Taking deep breaths, he says, is what children used to do when they scurried around the playground or chased their siblings. It seems that the fruits of progress—inoculation against microbes, protec-

tion from parasites, and a life of leisure spent in climate-controlled comfort—have had the unfelicitous and certainly unanticipated side effect of making us more vulnerable to a chronic lung disease.

TREATMENT AND PREVENTION

THERE is no comprehensive surveillance of trends in asthma at the state or local level, although the National Center for Health Statistics conducts annual surveys that determine, among other things, asthma prevalence. It is hard to know for sure which lifestyle or environmental factors might be important in spreading the disease. At the International Conference of the American Lung Association and American Thoracic Society held last year, Surgeon General David Satcher singled out asthma as a condition for which current public-health measures were clearly not effective. “We’re moving in the wrong direction, especially among minority children in the urban communities,” he said, adding that the federal government is now making a major financial commitment to support research and programs aimed at intervention and prevention.

The toll of asthma continues to increase, despite important advances in diagnosis and treatment. Michael Rich, a pediatrician and a child-health researcher at Harvard Medical School, says this is no mystery, given how little we know about the causes of asthma and how to prevent it. “Billions of dollars are being spent on this disease, and we know a lot about it, yet it’s getting worse, because we’re not asking the right questions,”

**The fruits of progress—inoculation
against microbes, protection from
parasites, and a life of climate-controlled
comfort—have apparently had an
unanticipated side effect.**

Rich told me recently. “The real question is, what stands in the way of knowledge being translated into behavior?”

Before earning his medical degree, Rich worked in the film industry. He assisted the director Akira Kurosawa in the making of the epic *Kagemusha*, the story of a petty thief in feudal Japan who is spared the death sentence so that he may impersonate a recently killed warlord. The thief is transformed by this experience. Like Kurosawa, Rich is a firm believer in the transforming power of experience. He has also retained a film-

maker’s knack for narrative, and has devoted himself to helping his patients chronicle their experience with the disease, by giving them camcorders and asking them to make video diaries. In one a boy about nine years old confesses that he thinks his best friend may die at any moment from an asthma attack. In another, as terrifying as any horror film, a teenager gasps desperately for breath in a long car ride to the emergency room. The ride goes on and on, with death in hot pursuit.

It’s clear that these young patients are extremely well informed. They know that spasmodic constriction of the bronchial passages and swelling of the mucous lining can cause obstruction of their airways, and that when this happens, breathing will be difficult—at times impossible—and they will feel as if they are drowning. They know that taking anti-inflammatory medication regularly will help to ward off these attacks and make their lives easier. But for many of these young people the treatment is worse than the disease.

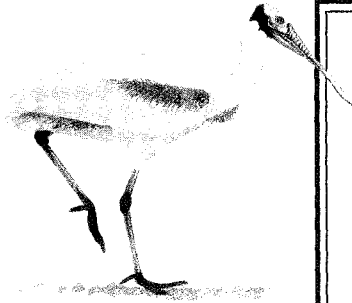
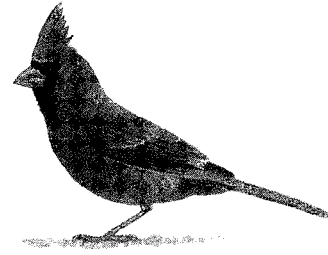
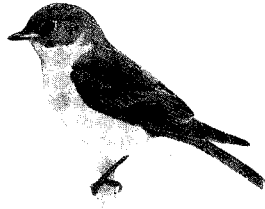
This is made clear in a tape by Melinda Emmanuel, one of Rich’s older patients. Rich first met Emmanuel four years ago, when she was eighteen and in respiratory arrest—not for the first time. “Her reality,” Rich told me, “is that medical care is malignant and has messed up her life.” Emmanuel was the sort of patient physicians dread—the kind they call “noncompliant.”

Emmanuel taped herself for hours, goofing around, talking on the phone, hanging out. In one unguarded scene she sprawls across a bed in a darkened room, bloated and exhausted. She complains that her asthma medication—an oral corticosteroid prescribed to reduce inflammation in severe cases—has made her moody and miserable, and added ninety-five pounds to her normally petite frame. An excellent student, she says she would have been the valedictorian of her high school class had asthma not forced her to miss so many days of school. She looks disgusted and hopeless.

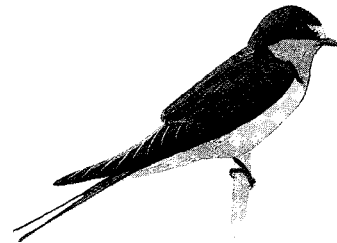
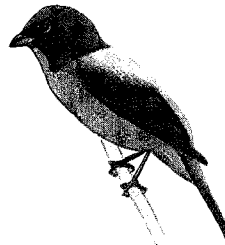
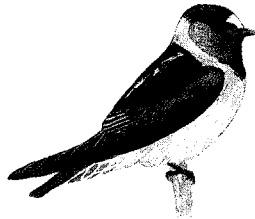
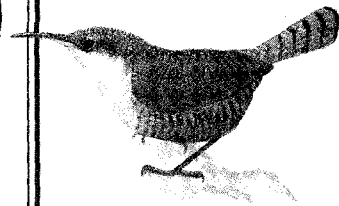
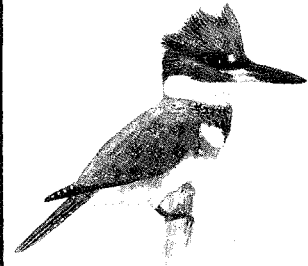
On another tape, made months later, Emmanuel is slim and vigorous and is arguing with her allergist in his office. The doctor has his head in his hands. Emmanuel has just told him that she will no longer take any corticosteroids. He tells her she might well die. Later, Rich says, the allergist “fires” her.

“Compliance implies a power hierarchy rather than a partnership,” Rich told me. “It’s not uncommon for an asthma patient to get fired for noncompliance. With a chronic disease like asthma, there has to be collaboration between physician and patient to develop a treatment plan. Asthma is not the number-one issue in Melinda’s life, or in the lives of a lot of my patients. They’ve got other concerns.”

I met Emmanuel recently in the hospital, where she was recuperating after surviving yet another respiratory arrest. She is twenty-two and the mother of two, struggling to squeeze in college classes while taking care of her children and holding down a job. She had a photo of her boyfriend next to her hospital bed, and a tube up her nose. She told me that although she knew the steroids had been necessary when she was younger, she quit them cold turkey. The withdrawal was awful. “I had pathological dreams, night sweats, headaches, and



Calling all participants for the 2000 Birdathon.



Can you count the birds on this page? Then you too can join in the National Audubon Society's Birdathon! It's easy – and if you can't tell a goose from a grouse, we can teach you how, or simply sign you up as a sponsor. Most participants choose the spring or early summer to do their Birdathons, lining up sponsors in advance who pledge donations based on the number of species counted.

Thanks to thousands of participants in communities across the country, Birdathon is Audubon's largest annual fundraising event,

helping to advance our mission of conservation, environmental education and advocacy. Last year we raised over \$1 million in support of Audubon's local and national programs.

For more information about joining Birdathon, please contact us at 1-800-647-BIRD, birdathon@audubon.org or visit our website at www.audubon.org/bird/birdathon. It's the most fun you'll ever have saving the planet!

National  Audubon Society
BIRDATHON!
1-800-647-BIRD

Bird illustrations by David Sibley from the forthcoming book: *National Audubon Society Sibley Master Guide to Birds* published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

PMS to the twentieth power," she said. "But no one was going to make me take those pills anymore."

Emmanuel described her life as having been dominated by asthma even before she knew she had it: "My teacher said I was out of shape and lazy. Then I had an attack. It's been a main focus ever since." Theoretically, even severe asthma like Emmanuel's can be controlled, but many patients have neither the will nor the way to deal with it. The biggest problem is that many patients do not take the daily doses of anti-inflammatory agents that prevent flare-ups, although most are more than willing to use an inhaler in times of crisis.

"Everyone abuses it," Thomas Platts-Mills says. On one of Rich's tapes a young girl takes several deep breaths from her inhaler (exceeding the prescribed dose) and, looking dreamy, says, "I love this stuff."

Even some physicians are unaware that asthma is a chronic disease requiring constant vigilance. David Rosenstreich says that doctors should prescribe on average one course of anti-inflammatory medication to control the disease for every course

of Albuterol or other broncho-dilator used to treat the symptoms. In Hunts Point and other low-income neighborhoods in the Bronx the ratio is closer to four doses of broncho-dilator for every dose of anti-inflammatory. Many doctors seem to be prescribing drugs to curtail asthma episodes rather than caring for the patient who suffers them.

In the subways of New York there are posters that read I HAVE ASTHMA BUT ASTHMA DOESN'T HAVE ME. Louise Cohen, the director of the New York City Childhood Asthma Initiative, is in part responsible for these. She says that many children with asthma have very low expectations for themselves, and show it. Some think they will die young, so they see no virtue in ambition. Others see no reason to attend school. But the asthma epidemic, Cohen says, would have much less impact on children's lives if it were properly managed. Studies show that individual case management can make an enormous difference. For example, by being constantly available to his patients, Schroeder claims, he has cut their emergency-room visits by 90 percent. With as many as 20 percent of children in some areas needing care, however, Cohen doesn't expect that individual case management can ever be the norm for asthma patients. "The current health-care system was designed for kids to see docs only for acute visits and once a year for check-ups," she says. "It was not designed for chronic disease."

While scientists are scrambling to find the underlying reason for the explosion in asthma, and federal health agencies are devoting tens of millions of dollars to these efforts, society is exploring a means by which to contain the disease. The Department of Housing and Urban Development and the Centers for Disease Control have made public their deep concern about asthma. Earlier this year HUD awarded \$4.5 million in grants to help inner-city residents clean, repair, and maintain their homes in order to reduce asthma triggers. Whether this will dramatically reduce asthma symptoms is unclear, but it is doubtless a good first step. And more needs to be done. A study published last September in the *Journal of Pediatrics* found that severe asthma symptoms and hospitalizations are significantly reduced when families are given regular access to specially trained social workers. Though of great benefit, such farsighted grassroots efforts have so far been scarce and sporadic, because of costs in time and money. "This is a chronic disease that requires comprehensive management," says Virginia Taggart, the health-science administrator with the division of lung diseases at the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute. "If anything, our patients are getting less time. Our health-care system is working against us."

As chronic diseases become an ever-greater part of the health-care burden, a change in emphasis from emergency treatment to long-term care seems an obvious step. Yet the American health-care system is designed to treat people as quickly and expediently as possible, not necessarily to care for them. Until the system is reconfigured to deliver more than palliative care, asthma will continue to take a tragic toll. ☼

JEREZ AT EASTER

Please tell me why the lamb is in love with the wolf
And why the child's finger calls the hammer down
And why at dusk Alexander walks toward his enemies.

Tell me why the gazelle grazes so close to the lion
And why the rat makes up games on the snake's tail
And why the student bends his head when he's attacked.

One meadow in the redwoods can contain a thousand ferns.
By this we deduce we are living in the serpent's home.
Each curly fern is his tongue unfolding.

The poet makes a meadow from each leaf.
Each curve of language turns into a lamb's ear,
Because a genius is a child in the house of suffering.

None of us is free from a certain bend in the knee.
The caws from the oak-bound ravens in the trees
Around our house guide Alexander toward the night.

The old man's voice breaks as he sings at Easter.
In between the clapping, there's always a voice breaking.
Last night in Jerez some people lived, some people died.

—ROBERT BLY

TIDY TOWN PARALYZED BY PROMISCUOUS TOURIST

THREE-TIME first-prize winner in Ireland's Tidy Towns competition, the drowsy seaside town of Ballymullet may never again be a tourists' paradise. In the midst of this idyllic landscape of thatched roofs and quaint pubs set against a backdrop of green hills dotted with sheep, a silent killer lurks. Or so says Father Brendan Lenehan, the priest who shocked parishioners at the Mary Magdalene Church in Ballymullet last Sunday, when he announced that a female tourist from England had infected several local men with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS.

The residents of Ballymullet, long accustomed to the presence of tourists in their pubs and shops, have until now welcomed outsiders. Yet in an interview this week Father Lenehan speculated that the moral backwardness tourists bring with them is threatening the way of life enjoyed by locals in this tiny hamlet. "The end of our innocence is being ushered in with an event of near-biblical proportions," Father Lenehan declared. "Sex and drugs can only lead to plague and pestilence."

I'm From Ballymullet

by WENDY MAI RAWLINGS

Jimmy Faye

Afterward I went for one at Mangan's, like I do on a Sunday. The Rose of Tralee pageant was on, with your man Derek Davis hosting, because Gay Byrne's in hospital. Too many pub lunches and iffy egg mayonnaise, if you ask me. That fella would eat his own arm if you buttered it. So we're all watching the Aussie Rose sing "Waltzing Matilda" in a getup that looks

like the drapes in the Wellington Court Hotel, and Mary McGarry starts giving out to Tiny about didn't she see him one night chatting up a Brit in a tight jumper and buying her a Ritz, and wasn't it that same Brit that Father Lenehan had warned us about that very morning? So Tiny, who wasn't half a minute from buying his round, sits and takes it from her all the way

This is my parish, the priest said, and my people must be warned of what dangers from beyond the borders of Ireland now travel in their midst

Illustrations by Mark Gagnon

through the Dublin Rose and the Boston Rose, and in the middle of the adverts he says, "At least I could get a word in edgewise with the girl," and out he goes. "Oh, Jaysus, I'm afflicted with the AIDS, sure I am," Mary starts in, so I took her next door to the fish-and-chips shop for a snack box and then we went back to Mangan's just for a quick pint. The two of us were having a chat when who shows up but Nuala, who tells me I was to get dinner for the girls hours ago and I'm in desperate trouble.



All that night my stomach was very bad. Now a week's gone by and it's worse than ever. I had to drink the milk delivery this morning before it ever saw the inside of the icebox. Sure I'll catch hell from Nuala. Is it only sores you get when it's AIDS, or can it start in the stomach? Last month, after Ireland beat Italy in the World Cup, we were all up at Mangan's, the whole town it must have been, and Mary and I went round back, just for some air, and one thing led to another, as it can. It was just a ride. I was sorry for it afterward, and went with Nuala and her Aunt Molly, with her feet so swollen she has to have them up all the time, to the Wellington Court for dinner three Sundays in a row, but now my stomach's so bad I can't even manage a pint. What if Tiny got it from the Brit and gave it to Mary and she gave it to me?

Father Brendan Lenehan

I never said the woman *intentionally* infected the lads she seduced. I gave the facts. All of this can be found in Deuteronomy, the stranger from a far land who brings plagues. This is my parish. If there is one among us who is the source of harm or evil, I am he who will, who *must*, spread the word. Have I any choice but to warn the people of this village of

what travels in their midst? We are a small and by some standards sheltered nation. We do not know the dangerous ways of the world. Our citizens know nothing of slayings on commuter trains, the gays in their parades walking down Fifth Avenue in wigs and frocks. This is a country where a lad can still hold a door open for a girl. We have no killers dressed as little old ladies, lurking in the back seats of cars. These are people, you see, who must be warned of what dangers lie beyond the borders of Ireland. These are innocent people, who will buy you a pint with their last pound and give you the shirts off their very backs.

I had her permission to speak at mass on Sunday. She feels great remorse for what she has done, and has entrusted me to speak on her behalf. I should be the one to carry her message to all of Ireland.

Molly Hogan

All this week my legs have been a desperate red, with pains running through the middle of them. Jimmy Faye hasn't been up to take out the rubbish or bring me my tablets. "Useless" was the word for Jimmy Faye when Nuala married him, twenty-one years ago, and "useless" is the word I'd use now. He's not a stable sort. It's a wandering eye he has, and he's been more on than off the dole as long as I've known him. Now Nuala goes out to work at Superquinn six days a week, and all Jimmy Faye has to do is get the little ones up and give them their porridge in the morning. Most mornings he can't do even that.

I have lived in Ballymullet since I was a little girl. We moved here from Athboy before I could talk. I can remember when the Unionists would parade through the town, and the shopkeepers closed down for the day. The people in this town have always had a good dose of sympathy for the Unionists. That is until now, when the young ones care more about the price of a pint than the dream of a united Ireland. Certainly no one's planning a hunger strike, unless you count my grandniece's craze with slimming pills. She's saving her money for a trip to a salon in Dublin where you can go for an artificial suntan. It's a sort of cooker you sit in—but only for a moment, or you'll be cooked inside as well as out. Can you imagine a girl with lovely Irish skin wanting a tan? Is it one of the colored girls you want to look like? I asked her.

It's not the Ireland where I grew up. My own children sleep through Sunday mass, we'll be voting on divorce next month, and the country is filling up with coloreds and Brits. My sister Rosie, in Galway, says you can't walk down the street without running into an Irish girl with a man who's colored or British, sometimes both. I hear my grandchildren go on about dying their hair purple—even the lads! And in the lounge at Mangan's I hear all manner of conversation about girls taking the ferry to England for a termination. Termination! Over pints they discuss terminations and birth-control devices, as if it's the bad weather they're talking about. Do they think old women are deaf and blind?

Tiny McGarry

Two fellas came into Mangan's one afternoon hauling a cigarette machine, I thought it was, and lugged it into the corner beside the Gents. What do you know, it's condoms they have for sale. You should have seen the look on the ladies' faces when they went for a pack of smokes. Jimmy Faye bought one, just for laughs, tossed it over to me, and said, "Where were these before Nollaig and Maureen?"—his fourth and fifth. Nollaig's a big girl; she likes a third helping whenever she can get it. It's not easy when you're on the dole and have five mouths to feed.

We're in for a quick one the Saturday following, and Tim Mangan and me are just after breaking up a row out back when what do we see but the same two fellas with the machine, this time in reverse.

"What's the idea, lads?" Tim Mangan says. "Business is booming!"

"We're on orders," the fella who looks to be in charge says.

Now, Tim doesn't like the sound of this at all, because the machine's been a big draw all week. Everyone knows the pints are dear at Mangan's, a good 20p more than at the Priory or the Haggard Inn, but word got out, and everyone was coming into Mangan's for a look. You'd think Tim had put the Blessed Virgin herself beside the Gents, and she was forgiving the wicked their trespasses.

They've been back once since, but a fella came in with a notice telling them to remove the machine from the premises before they even got it down the hall.

"Just set it down outside the chipper, next to the postbox," I said. Everybody liked that one. Then Tim sees the fellas are serious about taking the machine back up to Dublin, and he starts shouting that if British girls with social diseases are going to be taking their holidays in Ballymullet, then what we need is a condom machine in every pub in town. You'd think he was the priest himself, the way he's yelling about fire and brimstone and the great plague upon the city. Tommy MacIntyre over in his corner looks up from the *Independent* and says the famine already cut our numbers in half, and how many each year go to America for good on Donnelly visas? This country will empty out altogether if it's condoms we're using.

I'm thinking it must be a miracle if that Brit shagged a bunch of men in this town and has nothing to show for it. Our wives with the teething babbies screaming to wake the dead would wish their odds were half that good.

Mary McGarry

I heard that in America if you don't like your wife's jumpers, say, or she's put on four stone since the day you married her, you can go to an office in the center of town, and ten minutes later you've your divorce papers in your hand, just like that. A friend of my sister's in Queens did that to his wife and then just disappeared—left her with three mouths to feed, and she

never saw or heard from him again. Now, here, that's not the way it is at all. You can have as many reasons as you've fingers on both hands, and I do, and you'll be getting the fella his dinner and ironing his work clothes till you're eighty, if he's even got steady work, which Tiny never does.

One night in April, Tiny came home from Mangan's full of drink, a bottle of Jameson's in his side pocket, and hit me square in the face when I wouldn't give him a ride. I didn't go out for days. I listen to Gerry Ryan on the radio every morning while I'm doing the washing, and last week he was interviewing women with mean husbands.

I am sure Tiny was up to no good with that Brit. He's the sort, and he can blame me for not giving him a ride like a wife should. I didn't for three months, not since the night he hit me. I wrote the date on a slip of paper, and each evening I marked down another day I'd kept him off me. Plenty of times I've passed Mangan's and seen him chattin' up one of the girls. I saw him with a girl after the Ireland-Italy match who I know was the Brit. She had that manky hair and dark pencil around the eyes, the way they wear it in London. I was blind that night—Jimmy Faye kept putting another bottle of Ritz in front of me, and port and brandies later, when he said his stomach was gone and wouldn't take another pint.



The morning after the World Cup match I woke up and Tiny and I were beside each other in the bed without a stitch of clothing. I found my knickers on the floor. I dressed before he woke, and neither of us said a word about it. Ever since the night he hit me, I have been sleeping in my flannels, except for that night.

I don't regret what I did with Jimmy Faye. He's a lovely man, couldn't hurt a woman if he tried, though his hands are as big as hams and he had to steady himself against the door

when we were out behind Mangan's. Now Father Lenehan says this Brit with AIDS has gone and given some of the men in town a ride.

I am not up the pole, which is a good sign, because I usually get pregnant when Tiny looks at me sideways. But if Tiny got a ride off the Brit that night, I've far more than a babby to worry about.

On my slip of paper I am still marking the days. I am not sure why.

Nollaig Faye

The first time I heard it was in the Boot, at the Friday disco. My cousin Ciáran and his band were playing, so my mum said we could go. They know Nirvana and Green Day and Oasis, all the bands. They're brilliant. The guitarist, Paddy Riordan, was the one who told me. It happened to a friend of his second cousin. His name is Brendan, but they call him Bunny. So Bunny was in the Banner Arms, out by the Dublin Road, after the hurling one Sunday, and a couple of Yanks were there. Two girls, with rucksacks and tie-dyed T-shirts. They had a cardboard sign they made that said *RIDE NEEDED*, and Bunny just about cracked a rib he was laughing so hard.

"Where're you girls from?" he asks. From California, they say. Bunny gets chatting with one of them, the lovely one—



blonde hair, very slim, and she's drinking pints like she doesn't care that ladies drink glasses. They've just come over from Dublin, and they're looking for the nearest hostel. "The nearest one's in Donegal," Bunny tells them, which they'll never make by nightfall. The other girl gets talking to one of the Mangans, and this one takes a fancy to Bunny, and you know what American girls are like.

On the way out they pick up some Guinness at the off-license, and they head for home. The next morning Bunny wakes up and she's not in the bed with him. He goes into the bathroom and sees, written on the mirror in bright-red lipstick, "Welcome to the World of AIDS." Paddy says his second cousin told him no one's seen or heard from Bunny since. Anything could have happened. Some think he went to Dublin and threw himself in the Liffey, but I don't know if I believe that.

Tina Johnston

To be honest, I wasn't even that crazy about going. I've always wanted to go to Greece or Hawaii, some sunny place. But my friend Denise's mother works for Calvin Klein, and Aer Lingus was running a promotion at one of her fashion shows. I won a drawing, and the prize was an all-expense-paid trip to Ireland. The only thing I knew about Ireland was that it rains all the time and everyone drinks a lot. Both of these things are true. But the guys are really nice, much nicer than Americans. In Dublin I met this one guy, and he wanted to bring me home to meet his parents. I said, "Look, we're in a *bar*, we're having a *drink*." Some kind of big sports event was on that weekend, and everyone was walking around with scarves on and these little hats with pompons on the top. Everyone was hammered. Guys kept coming up to me and telling me I was beautiful and could they marry me. Not just guys my age, but old guys.

I let the one I met at the Harp, Ciáran, take me back to the hotel where he was staying. It was cute, because once he got my shirt off, he didn't know what to do. They talk like they know what's going on, but when it actually comes down to fooling around, they're lost. It's like they need a cigarette in one hand and a Guinness in the other or they lose their bearings. The only way those boys know how to use a tongue is to talk, which is just the opposite of American men.

This guy, he plays the drums. His specialty is the Irish one, which is called a bodhrán. You don't pronounce the d. He tried to show me how to play it, but I couldn't get a rhythm going. Then he pulled out a little bottle of whiskey, and we drank that for a while. I think he was pretty sure he was going to nail me. He had his fingers in my underwear and was feeling around, and I said, "Do you have a condom?"

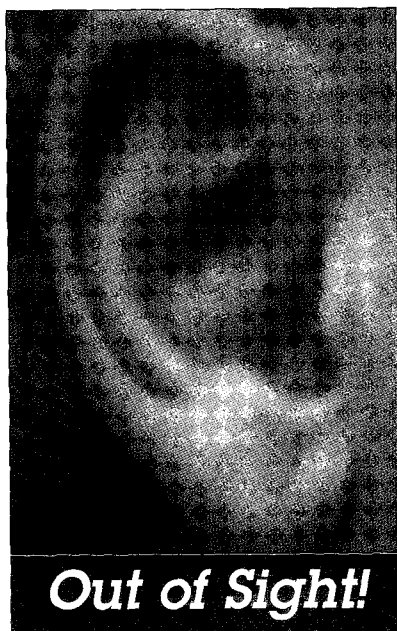
He says no.

This part is priceless. "I always pull out," he says. "I've done it plenty of times, and the girl has never gotten pregnant." "Is that so?" I say. Then I ask him if he's ever gotten a disease. "I'm an American," I say. I tell him I could have crabs. "Crabs?" he says, like I've told him I could have a horn growing out of my forehead. Then I tell him what Denise told me about her roommate Nicole's brother, who took a girl home from a bar in Valparaiso, and when he woke up in the morning, the girl was gone. He didn't even know her last name. There was a note on his pillow that said "Now you've got AIDS, sucker."

Of course, that kind of put a damper on the evening, but I wanted to scare him. He was a nice kid, tall and shy, with a

Revolutionary Soft Hearing Aid—Free Information

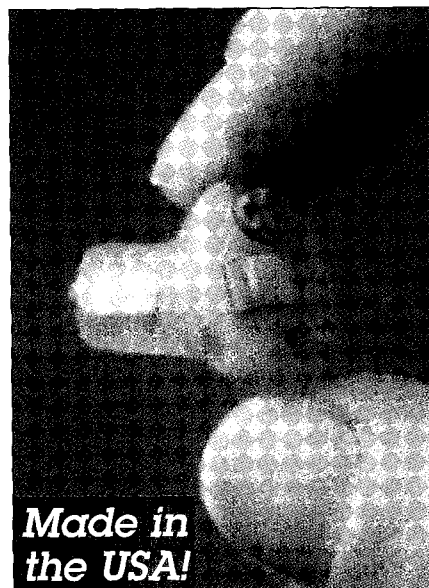
Try One of the World's Most Effective Hearing Aids...Risk Free!



Out of Sight!

Hear and Understand

You can get the best fit and the best sound possible from a ready-to-wear American made hearing aid. All for less than \$300 with our introductory offer! You get a great fit because this soft, flexible hearing aid conforms to your ear canal. Your superior sound quality comes from the Class-D receiver in the EarMate-63.



Made in the USA!

EarMate-63 enlarged.

- ✓ Outstanding value: Less than \$300!
- ✓ Compare to hearing aids over \$1,000
- ✓ Money-back guarantee
- ✓ 45-day home trial

You can order conveniently by mail from a family business with more than 100,000 satisfied customers and 20 years in business. You try the EarMate-63 risk-free with a 45-day home trial and money-back guarantee. Write today for free information.

"I received the EarMate-63 hearing aid about three weeks ago and I love the thing very much. I would like you to send me one for my other ear."

M.K., Clarkson, NE

"I sincerely appreciate your prompt and professional service. The aids are very high quality and reasonably priced. I have and will continue to recommend others to you. Thanks."

W.R., Bloomington, IN

Hearing Help Guarantee 45-Day Risk-Free Offer!

Use your EarMate-63 hearing aid(s) for 45 days and you will rediscover the better hearing you once took for granted. If you are not completely satisfied, return your EarMate-63(s) for a full refund of your purchase price.

Hearing Help Warranty

We warranty hearing aids for one year against defects in materials or workmanship.

FREE information!
No salesperson will call.

Hearing Help Express

105 North First St., Dept 02-119
DeKalb, IL 60115-0586

☒ **YES!** Please rush me details on the EarMate-63 introductory offer. I understand there is no obligation and no salesperson will call.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

© Hearing Help Express, Inc. 105 N. First St., DeKalb, IL 60115

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good sense of humor and glasses that kept slipping down his nose. He was a good kisser, but you could tell he was not a seasoned professional. I was thinking, What if I sleep with this kid and he starts hanging out in bars like the Harp, scoping out American girls? He *could* end up with a disease someday. I'd feel bad if I didn't at least try to warn him. He seemed so clueless.

Ciáran Faye

What's the worst chat-up line in Ireland? "I'm from Ballymullet."

Brendan "Bunny" O'Hanlon

If I'm going out on the town at the weekend, Ballymullet is just where I pass through on the way to Donegal. Don't let anyone tell you the disco is worth it. As far as I can see, this AIDS scandal puts Ballymullet on the map. But allow me to make a logical point that seems to have been overlooked in the hysteria. If an English girl wanted to come to Ireland and infect a bunch of lads, what would she be doing in Ballymullet? I've been in the pubs there at the weekend. Even at Mangan's all you see is old fellas with their teeth as brown as the Guinness, and day laborers trying to get away from their wives. I was there when Ireland beat Italy in the World Cup. I was bustin' for a pee, and the Gents was full, so I went out back and what do I see but these two old enough to be my mum and dad goin' for it up against a wall. They didn't even notice me.

Now I laugh whenever I turn on the TV and Father Lenehan is saying parents should tell their children to be responsible. Talk about the blind leading the blind. Besides, only the gay boys and drug pushers get AIDS.

Tiny McGarry

They brought it back again. Tim got them to, and sure enough, not five minutes after the boys installed it, Father Lenehan appeared like the Holy Spirit himself, with Molly Hogan on two legs that are only good for complaining about. Molly says they'll have an order for the removal of that purveyor of evil within twenty-four hours. Then she has the nerve to ask Tim Mangan for a pub lunch and a glass of Guinness and black-currant, if you please. She sets herself up next to me and goes on about how if not for the generosity of Father Lenehan, she'd perish in her sitting room waiting for Jimmy Faye to fetch her into town.

"What's next?" she asks. "Soon will Ballymullet be like Amsterdam, with the ladies selling themselves from behind glass?"

"I'm taking this action as part of a public-health initiative," Tim Mangan says. The bollocks has got the lingo down so convincingly you'd think he was the chief executive of the Health Board himself.

Nollaig Faye

I looked lovely with my suntan, I did. Every mirror I passed I'd steal a glimpse of my new skin. In Grafton Street I bought a halter to show my shoulders, which had gone brown, not so pink as the rest of me. That night I went with Maureen and her mates to the clubs in Leeson Street. The fella who bought me the first drink was a Yank. His accent was brilliant. He said he played American football with a team in Saint Louie. In my purse I had a lipstick and the package I'd bought from the



machine in Mangan's when no one was looking. "Fernando," by Abba, began playing, and he asked for a slow dance. Our pints were almost full, and he wanted to put them on a ledge.

"If we put them down, someone will drink them," I said. He said that at decent clubs in America no one stole your drink. "But this is Ireland," I said. We danced holding our pints over each other's shoulders, like the other couples. By the end of it we all had wet brown spots on our backs.

Then we were on a bed, and I didn't have my halter anymore, just my purse and my suntan. I'd had Ritz and cider and big filthy pints I wouldn't touch at the Boot or Mangan's. I had the little package in my hand and then I didn't. "It's your first time, isn't it?" he said. I nodded in the dark. "You're safe your first time," he said.

It hurt. "Nothing's easy the first time," he said. In the morning he said he had a plane to catch and left. He left a key chain with the arch in Saint Louie on it for me. I met Maureen at the Bus Eireann station at nine, like we'd planned. We made up a story that Mum believed. I have nothing to worry about, but sometimes in the morning my stomach pains me. "You must have inherited the ulcers from your father," Mum says when he's within earshot. My suntan is starting to fade. ☘

WATERBORNE

by Linda Gregerson

1. 

The river is largely implicit here, but part
of what
becomes it runs from east to west beside

our acre of buckthorn and elm.
(And part
of that, which rather weighs on Steven's mind,

appears to have found its way to the basement. Water
will outwit
a wall.) It spawns real toads, our little

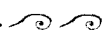
creek, and widens to a wetland just
across
the road, where shelter the newborn

fawns in May. So west among the trafficked fields,
then south, then
east, to join the ample Huron on its

curve beneath a one-lane bridge. This bridge
lacks every
grace but one, and that a sort of throwback

space for courteous digression:
your turn,
mine, no matter how late we are, even

the county engineers were forced to take their road
off plumb. It's heartening
to think a river makes some difference.

2. 

Apart from all the difference in the world,
that is.
We found my uncle Gordon on the marsh

one day, surveying his new ditch and raining
innovative
curses on the DNR. That's Damn Near

Russia, since you ask. Apparently
my uncle
and the state had had a mild dispute, his

drainage scheme offending some considered
larger
view. His view was that the state could come

and plant the corn itself if it so loved
spring mud. The river
takes its own back, we can barely

reckon fast and slow. When Gordon was a boy
they used to load
the frozen river on a sledge here and

in August eat the heavenly reward—sweet
cream—
of winter's work. A piece of moonlight saved

against the day, he thought. And this is where
the Muir boy
drowned. And this is where I didn't.

3. 

Look: the river lifts to its lover the sun
in eddying
layers of mist as though

we hadn't irreparably fouled the planet
after all.
My neighbor's favorite spot for bass is just

below the sign that makes his fishing
rod illegal,
you might almost say the sign is half

the point. The vapors draft their languorous ex-
curses on
a liquid page. Better than the moment is

the one it has in mind.

GIRL, Seeming to Disappear

by PETER DAVISON

*Francesca Woodman's work
presents femaleness
without satire or an agenda*

IN 1986 at Wellesley College I took in a large posthumous exhibit of the photographs of Francesca Woodman, whom I had once known. Sometimes memory ages its flavors as slowly as wine does. Those Wellesley photographs (and those I had seen in 1981, in a booklet published just before Woodman's death, under the title "Some Disordered Interior Geometries") embodied what I lately have come to regard as Woodman's cool experiment with life, for they depicted a series of games with the female body—posed nude against a crumbling plaster wall or curled in a corner near some debris; flitting across the path of the camera from left to right or glimpsed through a windowpane darkly.

Some of those photographs were bold, some painfully regressive. The often nude body—usually, it seemed, that of Woodman herself—sometimes served as a mannequin for flea-market dresses, sometimes draped itself in flowers, old wallpaper, birch bark. One striking fact was common to nearly all the photographs: the body seemed associated with no face. Either the face blurred in motion while the body stood or lay still, or the body was beheaded by the frame, or, most often, the head twisted away from the camera as though allowing the image to take form behind its back. One remarkable photograph showed a bare-backed woman holding up the skeleton of a flatfish as a sort of surrogate for her spine, while the bare wall that dominated the picture exposed its own inner skeleton of laths; the woman's body was draped in cheap cloth of yet another skeletal pattern. In regarding these shattering photographs, I was reminded of the way the young Francesca, in her parents' house, had seemed to see beyond me as though finding her focus somewhere else, off up the mountain, in the middle distance.

I GREW up in Boulder, Colorado, but seldom returned after my adolescence. In the mid-1970s I found a way of visiting the University of Colorado every spring by getting invited to a week-long saturnalia called the World Affairs Confer-

ence, which brought together four or five score invitees from all over the world to stay in homes with Boulder families and, by day, to argue in college classrooms with one another in a sort of intellectual catch-as-catch-can.

I didn't meet Francesca the first time I went to the conference, but I was assigned to board with an art professor named George Woodman. He and his wife, Betty, had requested a second poet after playing host to Howard Nemerov a couple of times. I found myself stashed in a comfortable guest room in the Woodmans' briskly contemporary one-story house, glass brick and white stucco, situated above Boulder on the lower slopes of Flagstaff Mountain. The interior walls of the house displayed a number of paintings, geometric and rational in their forms, yet supple and enticing in their subtle varieties of color. These were George's work; their shapes were mathematically calculated according to ineluctable rules, yet their surfaces swayed seductively.

In the corners of the house and ranked outside on terraces stood a large number of ceramic objects: jars and amphorae, huge serving dishes and glittering jugs, empty or full of flowers, bellied and pregnant in their shapes, glowing with a rich variety of glazes—the work of Betty Woodman, whose potter's wheel resided in a separate studio behind the house and whose kiln lay within a few steps of the kitchen door. The

kitchen itself was full of Betty's dishes—cups and saucers, pasta dishes and dinner plates, pitchers and ewers, casseroles and basins. Every meal in this hospitable house—George and Betty both cooked—was served on utensils that had been the subject of loving artistic attention, like the objects displayed on the walls or in the corners. Bookshelves held poetry and novels that the Woodmans relished and volumes of scholarship that George had found worth investigating. The house was often full of music as well, and the view, eastward over the roofs of Boulder toward the Great Plains, glistened in the spring, when daffodils pushed their way up outside the picture windows, buried to the neck on some mornings in snow.



Boulder still smelled like home to me, and I soon came to love this house and its inhabitants. I was back in a place where I belonged, among new friends, in the house where Francesca Woodman grew up.

I STAYED chez Woodman during four spring conferences. Once, during my visit in April of 1977, Francesca was on hand, on spring break from the Rhode Island School of Design, sleeping youthfully late in her bedroom and drifting about during the daylight hours, making *caffè latte* in the

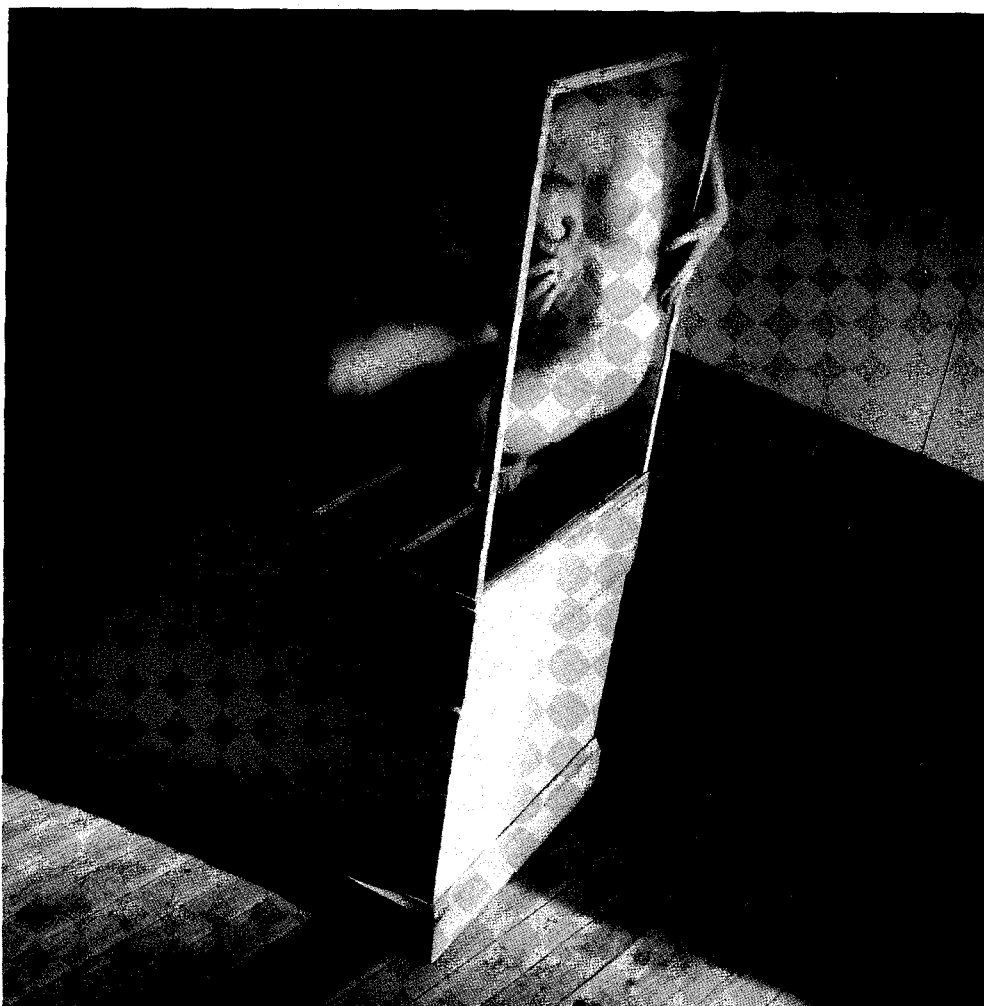
kitchen in the mornings, curling up in a sling chair amid the pottery, reading Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* or listening to Brahms's *Requiem*, just drifting, listening, breathing, resting. She didn't say much. She didn't seem to be paying me or anyone else much attention, but I was aware of a distinct and wary presence, of someone who drank in her surroundings. She and her father talked quietly from time to time, sometimes about money, and as I recall, she helped her mother unload the kiln after a firing.

At the end of my week the Woodmans drove me and Francesca to the Denver airport, and we flew together across the country toward Boston and Providence. She sounded as

though she was relishing her schooling, in a distant sort of way, but she was not particularly communicative about the work she was doing. Had I been a little more curious, I might have discovered more, but I was content to sit in an adjacent seat, keeping an eye on her the way one watches a cat, while she read and slept her way across the continent.

This was my only encounter with Francesca. In subsequent visits to Boulder I heard more about her work at RISD and in Rome, at the MacDowell Colony and elsewhere. In early 1981 I received through the mail, unexplained, a copy of "Some Disordered Interior Geometries," which was a very peculiar little book indeed, consisting of fragments of diary entries and poetry along with small photographs printed on reproductions

of an ancient set of Italian geometric tables. The photos revealed portions of a nude female body in a variety of positions, with no face showing. There was a strangely ironic distance between the soft intimacy of the bodies in the photographs and the angularity of the geometric rules that covered the pages, echoing the walls, the corners, the panes of glass. Soon afterward—or perhaps even before the arrival of her book—I heard that Francesca was dead, and when I spoke to her parents, they told me that there had been great trouble, things had been bad, there had been therapy, things had got-



ten better, guard had been let down, and Francesca had jumped from a window. She was a couple of months short of her twenty-third birthday.

ARTISTS have to engage with outrage and innocence as well as discipline: as artists, they have little choice, even if it stretches them beyond tolerable limits. Suicides tend not to crave piggish indifference or medicinal calm, and, Lord knows, Francesca Woodman's work partook of neither. I have for years now been thinking about her photographs and about their maker, and my interest was refreshed by a show last year of her photographs in New York, at the Marian Goodman Gallery, and by the appearance of *Francesca Woodman* (1998), a large album of her work. Her photos could perhaps not have been made in any stretch of American history other than the 1970s, when women became free to go naked in their own sight, when the clichés of surrealism had already been thoroughly absorbed into the artistic vocabulary, and before wave upon wave of feminist argument had hardened into a political and aesthetic orthodoxy. Like any artist, Woodman was a creature of her moment. The visual jokes that her photographs play on the viewer aren't much different from those in the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night*. And she had a remarkable her-

itage: there's something elemental about the ways in which Francesca, the daughter of artists, combined the softness of Betty Woodman's generous ceramic volumes with the mathematical stringencies of the pattern paintings George Woodman made during his daughter's adolescence. Typical of Francesca was this observation: "Me and Francis Bacon and all those Baroque are all concerned with making something soft wiggle and snake around a hard architectural outline."

In the years since Francesca Woodman's "discovery" art critics have reflected on the significance of her faceless nudes, her soft bodies and hard walls, her juxtaposition of glass or plaster with breasts and thighs. In recent years her work has been exhibited all over this continent and Western Europe, and books

and more books have appeared; the most recent English-language album of her work was published in 1998 in France. Another has just come out in Italian, in connection with a show of 150 of her photographs in Rome, many of them not previously exhibited. I have examined a number of critical utterances about Woodman's work, wondering at their efforts to shoehorn her into some rationale that would suit the history of photography as construed by historians and critics who change their vocabulary once or twice a generation.

Francesca Woodman's art, like any art, takes account of the viewer. Hers particularly offers her body and her imagination for us to share. She experimented with the appearance of the female body—as men see it, as women see it, as the camera sees it—but did not often concentrate her attention on our social or cultural expectations of the nude. To this young artist it was still an amazing and delicious apparition, no matter what its inner urgencies or society's conventions. In a very early photograph Woodman and another girl open their dresses to display their breasts with a cheerful but unassuming pride in what they have to show. A late series of photographs shows views of her arm with a ball rolling along its surfaces by way of exploring its dimensions. Another series, with a male model, exposes him and the viewer to various attitudes to-

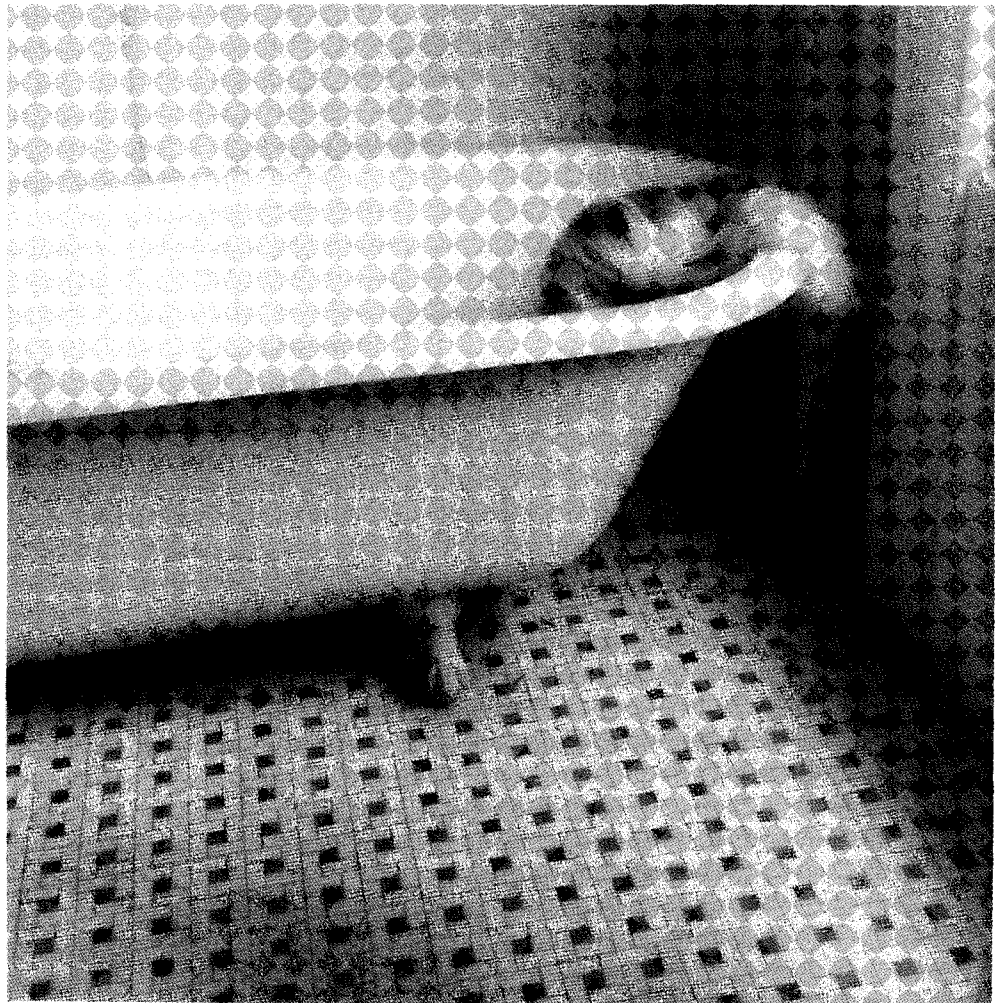
ward his nudity, her nudity, and their nudity, with no exploitative or doctrinal purpose that I can see. Yet another image shows us a porcelain bathtub above whose edge we see an unidentified woman's head. Woodman's photography seems to me to partake of some of the quality of "negative capability," of which John Keats wrote, admiring Shakespeare's way of "being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason."

FOR comparison with Woodman's work I went last summer to see a show of the most recent photographs of the famed Cindy Sherman, another artist who has utilized her own body in hundreds of photographs—though always, it would seem, with a social purpose, an insistence on context. Some of her best-known work puts her in imaginary movies, in one form of drag or another, wearing a wig or falsies or a snood, posing in attitudes that evoke the peculiar flavors of popular culture. In her show last year Sherman turned away from her own body and displayed human forms by photographing dolls and mannequins, nearly all nude, in obscene, agonized postures. Sherman's work, in contrast with Woodman's, seems manipulative. All is artificial: wiggy hair; polyester blankets; unfleshy hands, poses, and expressions. Art may of course flourish on agony as well as on mortality, in satire as well as in lyric; but Sherman's photographs cannot leave society alone, do not choose to let life take its course. Her work takes lust and freezes it, renders it inorganic.

I could not help contrasting the self-consciousness—and the "maturity"—of the aging Cindy Sherman with the relatively sprightly recklessness of the young Francesca Woodman, interrupted like a woman in a Vermeer painting. Woodman seems to say, *Take me as I am*. When asked why she used herself as a model, she replied, "It's a matter of convenience—I'm always available." The images she left us represent femaleness without a social or ethical agenda, a kaleidoscope of the body's adventures in a largely unpopulated landscape from

which the artist has chosen props that, like her, seem to offer themselves freely: the bark of a tree, the wall of a deserted room. It might be tempting to imagine that had Woodman lived, she would have "developed" into a full-blown satirical artist with attitudes and postures like Sherman's and others'. Perhaps, had she lived longer, she would, as it were, have found her face. We like to think we value maturity. I don't imagine for a moment that Woodman's oddity could have endured, covering her self-doubt with that cool bravery, with that capacity to look unblinking into the middle distance while quietly taking note of what was close by. I prefer to believe that Woodman might never have lost her negative capability, might never have enlisted her head in devising programs for her art, the way so many artists of this decade have tiresomely done. Two or three appraisals of her work suggest that had she lived, she might have moved out of still photography and into movies, in which her Ariel-like spirit might have been able to shift across a screen without being faced with the necessity of blurring or seeming to disappear. Maybe she would have found the true expression on her face. I wonder what it would have looked like. ☼

Photographs courtesy of Betty and George Woodman





ANDY GOLDSWORTHY

Someone There Is Who Loves a Wall

*Tighter, neater, faster—Steven Allen may be
the best wall builder in the world*

STEVEN Allen does not philosophize about stone walls. Plenty of other people do, but not Allen. He is generally a quiet person—a result, perhaps, of spending much of his time alone, in the countryside, sorting through piles of rock. About the closest he'll come to proffering large thoughts is to say something vaguely Zen-like, such as "A stone is a stone." As with many of the things Allen says, more can be read into this than is at first evident.

The majority of wall builders will tell you that a stone, professionally speaking, is not always a stone. Wallers tend to specialize in a single kind of rock, typically the one found in their home county. Slate might be a stone, and limestone might be a stone, but granite represents little more than a series of frustrations.

Allen, however, is a Cumbrian waller. People who are familiar with wall building in Great Britain know that Cumbria, a rural county in northwestern England, is something of a melting pot rockwise.

"There's slate where I live," Allen says. "Two miles that way is limestone. Ten miles this way it's all sandstone, and ten miles the other way it's nothing but granite. I don't differentiate. They all make fine walls."

Allen is thirty-nine years old. His hair is brown and curly and responsive to neither comb nor brush. He has a squarish jaw, thickly callused hands, and forearms apt to make an observer wonder whether Allen's diet consists chiefly of spinach. He is six feet three inches tall. He has never had so much as a day of formal training, and he can't recall a time

when he did not know how to build a wall. As a child, growing up on his family's sheep farm, Allen spent much of his playtime piling stones: "My father used to say to me, 'Put a few boulders on a wall if you want to do something useful.'" Allen attended school until age sixteen and then became a farmhand, working on his family's land and at larger operations. Wall repair was a never-finished task—one that most workers loathed but that he found strangely satisfying. He decided to specialize.

Since 1988 Allen has worked full-time as a dry-stone waller. He walls nine hours a day, six days a week, every week of the year. On Sundays, instead of resting, he often returns to the family farm and walls there, too. Allen can safely be described as the best dry-stone waller in Great Britain. By extension, he may well be the best wall builder in the world.

A dry-stone wall is constructed without cement or mortar. It is held together solely by its own weight. Such walls were being built prior to recorded history; in Ireland the remains of field walls have been dated to the late Neolithic period, about 1750 B.C. Construction methods have remained essentially unchanged for centuries.

Combining craft and art, Steven Allen built this sheepfold as part of a public arts project in 1996

A well-built dry-stone wall can stand intact, without needing repair, for 200 years or more—several times the lifespan of a cemented wall. Dry-stone walls shift and bend in order to conform to the natural movements of the land—the frost heaves, the sinkholes, the settlements in the rainy season. A dry wall that is distorted and bellied and yet still fairly sturdy has reached what Allen calls “old age.” Cement walls do not reach old age. Cement walls do not move. They crack, and then they fall. “Cement,” Allen says, “is a sin.”

On the other hand, a poorly built dry wall—a “cowboy wall”—sometimes does not last a single winter. The stones in a cowboy wall may not all tilt slightly downward, like roof tiles, so that water can drain out of the wall. The pebbles and rock chips placed in the wall’s center—the “hearting”—may not be packed tightly enough in a cowboy wall, robbing the structure of critical strength. Allen’s walls generate no such concern.

Wall building does not sound like an activity in which one can determine a best. Is there a best chimney sweep? A best horseshoer? Surely some in each of these fields are more skilled than others, but selecting a champion seems an exercise in arbitrary judgment. Walling, though, has had an unusual evolution compared with most other professions—one that has transformed it from an industry to a relic to an art form to a sport.

THE Parliamentary Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which were intended to promote more-efficient farming methods, sparked a wall-building frenzy in Great Britain. Scores of men (walling was, and still is, an almost exclusively male occupation) left farms and mines to become wallers. By 1850 virtually every field in the nation had been enclosed. Some 70,000 miles of stone walls were built in England alone.

Ironically, the exceptional durability of dry-stone walls almost killed the profession. Once all the walls had been finished, wallers had little to do. When the enclosure-era walls finally began to tumble, in the mid-1900s, almost no one alive was capable of expertly repairing them. Barbed wire became the fencing method of choice. At the time, some historians predicted that by the twenty-first century the famous walls of the British farmlands would have vanished forever.

This has not happened. Though it is es-

timated that only four percent of England’s walls are in pristine condition, and repairs to save the rest might cost as much as \$4.8 billion, the dry-stone walls of Great Britain will apparently endure. Two developments helped to save them. The first was the founding, in 1968, of the Dry Stone Walling Association of Great Britain, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the preservation of walls and the walling profession. Thirty years ago the association had scarcely a hundred members. Now it has more than a thousand, including 250 professionals—still a tiny number, considering the extent of needed repairs.

The second development was entirely unplanned. As in the United States, in Britain of recent years people have tended to move away from urban centers and into suburbs and smaller towns. One of the results of this population shift has been a renewed appreciation for the aesthetic appeal of dry-stone walls. Over the past decade walling has come to be regarded by those who have left the city as a kind of rural artistry—comparable, perhaps, to the way fly-fishing is regarded in the United States. Wall-building classes and even corporate wall-building retreats now exist. An environmental group has published a booklet that teaches weekend wall ecologists to identify the eleven species of lichens, fifteen species of birds, eighty-four species of vascular plants, ten species of snails, and six species of woodlice that live on walls. Not long ago Allen was commissioned to construct a stone wall in an art gallery at the University of Hertfordshire. Walling, in short, has become hip.

For many years county fairs in rural Britain have featured, amid the stock shows and bake-offs, wall-building contests. In these, wallers construct or repair sections of wall, and judges determine who displays the finest craftsmanship. Until recently these were low-key affairs, little more than social gatherings aimed at countering the solitary nature of the profession. Since 1991, though, the Dry Stone Walling Association has organized the better-established competitions into what it calls a Grand Prix. Grand Prix contests are held throughout the country, in regions with widely varying stone types and building styles. Participating wallers are awarded points according to finishing position. The person with the most points at the end of the summer is declared the

SUMMER CLASSICS
STUDY THE GREAT BOOKS
IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

JULY 16 - AUGUST 5, 2000

Three one-week sessions,
including:

Austen The Bear Brontë
Cosmology Dante Herodotus
Icons Mahabharata Mozart
Plato Rossini Shakespeare
Strauss Verdi Yourcenar

Summer Classics - AM
St. John's College
1160 Camino Cruz Blanca
Santa Fe, NM 87501-4599

P: 505-984-6104
F: 505-984-6003
classics@mail.sjcsf.edu
www.sjcsf.edu


ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
ANNAPOLIS • SANTA FE


SICILY • MALTA • CYPRUS
TUNISIA • SARDINIA

THE CONNOISSEURS' MEDITERRANEAN

- Small Group Escorted Tours
- Independent Arrangements
- Culinary Holidays

Call **1-800-742-4591** **AMELIA TOURS**
www.ameliainternational.com A Division of Amelia International

**Comfortable
ROCKERS**
CHAIRS • SOFAS • RECLINERS

Beautiful
furniture for
spaces you live
and work in

Free Catalog
(800) 451-7247
www.kleindesign.com

Adjustable
Lumbar Support

Klein Design Inc. 99 Sadler St., Gloucester, MA 01930

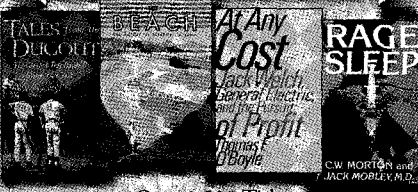
brigger® FURNITURE MADE
TO FIT YOUR BODY

Explore the Path from Research to Human Benefit

Free on-line articles
brought to you by the
NATIONAL ACADEMY
OF SCIENCES

BEYOND DISCOVERY™

Unabridged Audiobooks



Over 1,500 Titles
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
for a free catalogue, write or call
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, OR 97520
1-800-729-2665
<http://www.blackstoneaudio.com>
BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

DOCTORAL / MASTER'S DEGREES
Accredited one month residency. Business, Education,
Gov't., Int. Relations, Psych., Religion, Social Work,
Health Services. US Gov't Aid available if qualified.
Berne University, International Graduate School
35 Center St., Unit 18, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896
Call: (603) 569-8648 FAX: (603) 569-4052
E-MAIL: berne@berne.edu

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing
www.uptontea.com over 320 varieties of
garden-fresh, loose tea
231 South St. * Hopkinton, MA 01748

national champion, and is generally regarded as the top waller in Britain.

Allen has dominated these contests. He won the inaugural Grand Prix and has since won four more, including the past two. No one else has won more than two. As walling has increased in popularity, so, too, have the contests; they are now regularly covered in newspapers and on television. Allen's victories and burgeoning reputation have led to walling commissions in the United States and Europe. He has helped to construct several dry-stone installations for the sculptor Andy Goldsworthy. Once, for an advertising campaign, he built a thirteen-foot-high dry-stone rendering of a Johnny Walker Scotch bottle. A writer and part-time waller named David Griffiths recently published a biography of Allen. Within the British wall-building community Allen has become a celebrity.

LAST June, at the peak of the competitive wall-building season, Allen agreed to let me accompany him to a Grand Prix event. He lives with his wife, Susan, their twelve-year-old daughter, Hannah, and their infant daughter, Megan, in the Cumbrian village of Tebay, two hours' drive north of Manchester. Tebay, population 700, sits in the heart of British sheep-farming country. Allen's family has lived here for generations. Walls are everywhere, splotched with lichen, by turns twisted and plumb, bracketing the country roads and running like skipping stones over the dark-green fells direct to the feet of the mountains—the Cumbrians to the west, the Pennines to the east. Allen's home, a stuccoed townhouse, is modest—wall building is no path to riches—and constructed with nary a rock ("Thank goodness," he says).

Competitions are typically held on Saturdays. We left in Allen's car for the Yorkshire Open just after sunrise—or at least just after the sun was scheduled to appear. The skies over Cumbria, as far as I could tell, have two moods: mostly cloudy and entirely cloudy. "I work in the rain so often," Allen told me, "that I don't even notice anymore when it's raining." A few years ago, while building a wall on the Isle of Mull, he labored in a rainstorm that persisted without pause for a week.

For the Yorkshire Open, held in conjunction with a county fair in Honley, a small town on the east side of the Pennines, Allen was wearing clothing a half

step dressier than his usual work attire. Instead of muddied blue jeans he wore clean ones; for a tattered T-shirt he had substituted a bright polo shirt. His supplies and provisions were stuffed into a plastic bucket: gardening gloves, a bottle of sports drink, a few cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, and two well-worn hammers, one of which he'd kept in water overnight in order to tighten up the head.

We spent much of the ride in silence. Allen seemed to find this comfortable. One might almost say he is shy; certainly he is unprepossessing and free of pretense. The previous evening, when I'd insisted on taking him to dinner, he had chosen a fish-and-chips shop; we ate on a park bench and wiped our hands on our pants. He doesn't easily speak about himself, and when coerced into doing so he has a tendency to downplay his skills. "I don't want to be called an artist," he says. "I'm a dry-stone waller. It's a job."

Clearly, though, he is not only passionate about his work but also fiercely competitive. We had left at sunrise so that Allen could be the first to arrive at the contest site, as always, giving him maximum time to study the task at hand. Nearly every flat surface in his house supports a walling trophy. When I asked about his accomplishments, soon after I met him, he handed me four scrapbooks fat with newspaper clippings and then retired to the living room to watch soccer on television. Allen, I learned from the clippings, had entered his first contest in 1984—the Derbyshire Limestone Championships. He was awarded first prize in the amateur division. In 1991 he won six of the eight Grand Prix contests he entered; in 1994 he won six of nine and announced his retirement from competition. Like a number of sports celebrities, he promptly unretired at the start of the next season. Going into the Yorkshire Open, he had lost only one contest (he finished second at the 1998 Eden Valley competition) in the past two years.

The Yorkshire Open was staged on a bluff overlooking the rest of the fair. A length of decrepit wall had been roped off; the competitors would have to tear it down and then build a fresh wall in its place. Wooden stakes demarcated individual sections. Allen was indeed the first competitor there. He pulled on his leather work boots and paced the length of the wall, seemingly lost in thought. Soon a stocky man with a bristly red moustache, wearing

deeply stained overalls, arrived. He was David Griffiths—the author of Allen's biography. He had come from the nearby city of Leeds, where he worked as a playwright and a teacher. Griffiths was a classic wall-building philosopher. "I find walling therapeutic," he said. "It clears my mind of clutter; it's meditation to me. Walling and writing complement each other nicely. Walls tend to be in peaceful settings, in the country. Once I get a wall going, it sort of goes by itself, and it's then I'm able to do my best creative thinking."

I asked Griffiths if he considered wall building to be an art form. "In some cases, yes," he said. He lifted his chin in Allen's direction. "I think Steven has a particular eye for the way stone assembles, the way it looks. He is clearly the best waller in the land. No matter the stone, his walls are tighter, and neater. He works faster than anyone else, and at a higher level."

Fifteen wallers—fourteen men, one woman—eventually showed up, along with four judges, a referee, a chief steward, and a clutch of onlookers. Numbers were drawn from a hat, and the competitors moved to the corresponding segments of wall. A whistle was blown, and the contest began.

I SAW immediately that walling is hard physical labor. A standard four-and-a-half-foot-high stone wall weighs approximately 1.75 tons per yard of length; competitors in the professional class had to build two and a half yards—to lift more than four tons of rock in the eight hours of the competition. In his book, *Drystone Dyking* (Scottish walls are called dykes), the longtime waller Robert Cairns described an old wall builder as walking "half shut, bent from the hips with constant stooping." Cairns's conclusion about walling seemed apt: "This is art and brute force combined."

The day started with an exercise in brute force—the removal of the old wall, a process called stripping out. Everyone had a slightly different method. Some tore haphazardly at the wall, grabbing two or three rocks at a time and tossing them down. Others laid their stones in neat piles, one by one, organized by size. Allen worked more quickly than most, though he paused for an instant as he gripped each stone, as if memorizing its form, before tossing it behind him into a loose semicircle of larger rocks to his left, smaller to his right.

When the space before them was reduced to bare earth, the competitors began to build. In Great Britain there are as many walling styles as there are counties. These include Galloway dykes, Devon chip-and-blocks, Cornish hedges, Welsh cloddiau, Cotswolds cock-and-hens, Dartmoor singles, and Cornwall Jack-and-Jills. Walling aficionados can study a dozen books dense with technical specifications and confounding with regional vocabulary. An example: a small passage built into a wall to allow sheep but not cattle to pass through is called, depending on one's location, a cripple hole, a sheep creep, a hogg hole, a lunky, a lonky, a smout, a smoot, a smoose, a thirl, or a thawl.

At the Yorkshire Open the task was to build a common sort of wall, known as a double. Yorkshire double walls have two faces of stone with hearting packed between; halfway up is a layer of "throughs"—large, heavy rocks that bridge the two sides and help tie the wall together. The wall features a "batter," or taper, of 1:12—that is, it becomes an inch narrower for every foot it rises—and it is capped with a ridge of triangular stones, called copes. Judging takes account of, among other things, the soundness of one's foundation, the effectiveness of one's throughs, the tightness of one's copes, and the exactness of one's batter.

I watched Allen work. He'd stand stock-still for a moment and stare at his wall with a calculating look on his face. Then he would swiftly turn around and bend down and select a stone. He'd twist it and jiggle it and flip it over and back, as if fiddling with prayer beads. Then he'd pick up his hammer, hold the stone to his thigh, and chip off pieces with a few sharp taps. One of the qualities that sets Allen apart from other wallers is his feel for the hidden seams snaking through a rock. He can't quite explain how he knows where it will break; he just *knows*. When Allen hit a rock, it invariably fractured along a plane as smooth as a sail. He'd flip the rock one or two more times, perhaps tap it again with his hammer, and then place it on the wall with a pat from his palm. If he was setting it into a space between two others, the rock would literally click into place, wedged between its neighbors as tightly and neatly as if Allen were building with Lego bricks. He'd nod, reach down and sweep up the chips he'd broken off, and pack them into the

NEW FROM **PRINCETON**

Almost Home

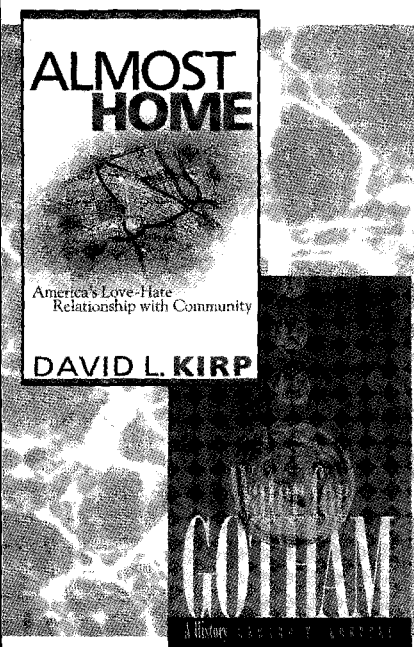
America's Love-Hate Relationship with Community

David L. Kirp

For David Kirp, "community" describes what happens when people make decisions that reshape one another's lives. He has collected a fascinating variety of such stories from across America.

Kirp is a regular contributor to *The Nation* and *The New York Times*. Some of the stories in *Almost Home* originally appeared in national magazines, including *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Cloth \$24.95 Due May



Water for Gotham

A History

Gerard T. Koeppe

Water for Gotham tells the spirited story of New York's evolution as a great city by examining its struggle for that vital and basic element—clean water.

"A vivid history of how Manhattan finally got reliable drinking water. . . . Koeppe's graceful history is written with wit and intelligence. . . ."

—*Publishers Weekly*

Cloth \$29.95 Due April

Princeton University Press

AT FINE BOOKSTORES OR CALL 800-777-4726
WWW.PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

Batdorf & Bronson

Coffee Roasters

**DEDICATED
TO ROASTING
EXCEPTIONAL
COFFEES**

Now appearing at Star Provisions in Atlanta

TUESDAY - SATURDAY 11AM TO 8PM • HUFF ROAD & HOWELL MILL ROAD



batdorf.com
800.955.5282

center of the wall. Then he'd study the next gap for a second or two, spin around, and pick up another stone.

Within an hour I could see that Allen faced only two real contenders for the trophy: a ponytailed, chain-smoking thirty-eight-year-old Welshman named Sean Adcock, who had been a runner-up for the 1997 Grand Prix; and a fifty-one-year-old from Derbyshire named Trevor Wragg, who had won the Grand Prix in 1996. Most of the other wallers were struggling with the stone, a sharp, coarse-grained variety called gritstone. "Horrible stone," one mumbled; "Pure rubbish," another said. Several competitors, unaccustomed to building Yorkshire-style walls, appeared bewildered at times, incapable of coaxing their stones into alignment. Judges paced back and forth, conferring and pointing and jotting notes. Allen worked like a machine, breaking his rhythm only to sip his sports drink, toiling in silence save for the clink of hammer against rock.

The crowd was small (walling is not much of a spectator sport), but those who watched seemed knowledgeable, muttering about weak-looking foundation stones and misaligned rows. "People will bicker for years over one stone placed in the wrong spot," said Bill Noble, an onlooker who was studying Allen's work. Noble described himself as a "folk-singing waller." He'd been building walls, he said, for twenty-seven years. In 1997 he was Grand Prix champion; today, though, he didn't feel like competing.

AS the event progressed, a drizzle stopping and starting, it became apparent that Allen was in for a challenge. It was not his best walling day. One rock low in his wall was slightly crooked; another had an annoying bulge. As his stock of remaining stones started to thin, Allen began having trouble finding the right one for the job. He'd pick up five, six, seven stones, and toss each one down, seemingly disgusted. For the first time all day he began to sweat. Noble pointed out a place where Allen had made a mistake: two rocks, one above the other, ended at the same point instead of overlapping, creating what is known as a running joint. Ideally, the gap between every pair of rocks in a wall is covered top and bottom. Both Sean Adcock and Trevor Wragg were keeping pace. "When the stone isn't going right," David Griffiths had told me,

"you look at the wall and your head is just screaming. You know that one stone wrongly placed changes the effect of the whole." The closest Allen came to airing his irritation, though, was when a spectator asked him what he thought of the Yorkshire stone. "I've seen better," he said, and continued building.

Eventually Allen worked through his problems and was back to building a superior wall. In competition each waller is responsible for making sure that his section ties securely into his neighbors' sections. The result, at the end of the day, is one unbroken stretch of wall, though of widely varying quality. Allen took his time with the cope stones, making sure the triangular tops formed an even line; then he cleaned up his site. His wall looked simple and beautiful and solid, worthy of a two-century run.

Soon the competition was over. The wallers, abruptly released from their labors, wandered about looking lost. I spoke with one of the judges, an elderly man named Bryan Hough, who was recently named the national president of the Dry Stone Walling Association. Hough let me in on a secret: Allen had won. "That running joint nearly did him in," he said. "Take that away and nobody else would be close. But Sean laid a poor foundation stone, and it showed throughout his wall. And Trevor had to hurry to beat the cutoff time, and his copes are loose."

Once the official announcement was made and Allen had collected his trophy and token prize money, he stuffed his belongings into the car and we swiftly departed. "You have to concentrate the whole time," he said, critiquing himself aloud. "One slip and it can be over. I slipped, and I'm lucky I won. If I were the judge, I'd have given it to Trevor."

As Allen spoke, we passed through the city of Huddersfield. The stone walls suddenly ended, and everything turned to brick. After staring at stone walls all day, I found that the brick seemed garish and artificial, like a cheap toy. I was reminded of one of Allen's sayings: "Everything is more or less in wall building," meaning that no matter how neat a wall appears, each stone is still in some small way slightly imperfect. I repeated his aphorism out loud.

Allen glanced at me and looked out the windshield and understood what I'd been thinking. "Laying bricks," he said, "is the most boring thing I can imagine." ☼



COURTESY OF BETSY WILLEFORD

The Unlikely Father of Miami Crime Fiction

Although his detectives do precious little detecting, Charles Willeford sparked the modern South Florida mystery craze

NOT long after I met Charles Willeford, he told me the secret to writing. "Never allow yourself to take a leak in the morning," he said, "until you've written a page. That way you're guaranteed a page a day, and at the end of a year you

have a novel." Here was Willeford in a nutshell: the crudeness, the humor, and above all the love of the lie. One doubted whether he followed any of the advice he was so fond of dispensing.

by **Marshall Jon Fisher**

Willeford, who died twelve years ago this spring, might be called the progenitor of the modern South Florida crime novel. John D. MacDonald had put the region on the mystery map in the 1960s, with his

Travis McGee novels, but that was an older, sleeper South Florida. Willeford's last four novels (1984–1988) spanned Miami's metamorphosis from vacationer and retiree haven to the nation's capital of glamour, drugs, and weird crime, and these inspired the

post-*Miami Vice* group of Miami writers, including Carl Hiaasen and James W. Hall. "*Miami Blues* [1984] launched the modern era of Miami crime fiction," Mitch Kaplan, the owner of Books & Books, Miami's leading literary bookstore, told me recently. "There's a direct line from Charles through just about everyone writing crime fiction in Miami today."

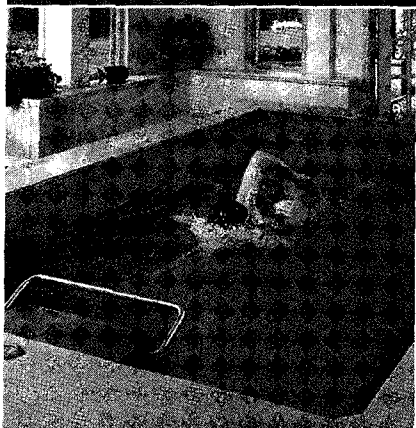
When I first knew Willeford, in the late 1970s, he had only a small cult following. He hadn't published a book in seven years, and his twelve novels to that point were all out of print. He was teaching at Miami-Dade Community College and reviewing mysteries for *The Miami Herald*. My mother was a student in his creative-writing class, and he and his future wife, Betsy, became good friends of my family's.

Willeford was soon a fixture at my parents' parties, skulking by the kitchen door to the patio with a cigarette in one hand and a bourbon in the other, telling dirty jokes or stomach-turning anecdotes from his years in the Army. After growling out the one about eating dog in the Philippines, or the one about the coed long-distance-urination contest, he would drag on his cigarette, the glow illuminating his great white moustache and waggish blue eyes. Then he'd exhale, his ample belly undulating with laughter as if he'd just heard the story for the first time himself.

As a very young man, Willeford considered himself a poet, and he continued to write poetry throughout his life. His real writing career, though, began with a series of eight novels published as pulp paperbacks in the 1950s and early 1960s. In them Willeford fashioned his own brand of hard-boiled prose. But he was not writing *for* the pulp market; that was simply where he was able to sell his work. In his first book, *High Priest of California* (1953), a used-car salesman goes to great lengths to seduce an innocent woman for sport, gravely disrupting her life. But the writing is hardly lurid, and the protagonist is anything but what you might expect. He listens to Bartók while reading T. S. Eliot aloud, and as a hobby he rewrites *Ulysses* in contemporary American vernacular. Willeford's books also offer lots of practical advice: the reader of *Pick-Up* (1955), the story of two down-and-out al-

Charles Willeford in 1980

Swim at Home™



Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video!
Call 800-233-0741,
Ext. 1022

Visit our web site at
www.endlesspools.com
 or write Endless Pools, Inc.
 200 E Dutton Mill Rd
 Dept. 1022
 Aston, PA 19014



coholics keeping each other alive in San Francisco, learns how to fry a steak properly, how to reuse coffee grounds, and how to keep ants out of a dresser.

The novels did, on occasion, work in issues of real import. *The Black Mass of Brother Springer* (1958) is about a white writer who abandons his wife to accept a fake ordination and assume the ministry of a black church in a northern-Florida city. Sam Springer is a characteristically Willefordian amalgam of selfish mercenary and well-meaning drifter. He bounces through life like a pinball, responding shrewdly to the moment and giving little thought to the future. But *Black Mass* is also an early depiction of the civil-rights revolution in the South: one subplot, paralleling the Rosa Parks incident, follows the city's reaction to a black woman's refusal to give up her seat on a bus.

The true earmark of these paperbacks, however, was humor—a distinctively crotchety, sometimes raunchy, often genre-satirizing humor. The very first lines of *High Priest of California* are a send-up of the dime-novel tough guy.

I slipped a dollar under the wicket and a sullen-lipped cashier asked me for a penny.

"You're making the change," I told her.

A similar playfulness pervaded Willeford's later, more mainstream novels. *The Burnt Orange Heresy* (1971), for example, is one long satire on art (a favorite topic—Willeford studied painting in France and Peru after World War II), art criticism, and art collecting. It's the story of James Figueras, a bachelor, cad, and freelance art critic in Palm Beach, and his fascination with the (fictional) French artist Jacques Debierue. A murder occurs, but the real violence is Willeford's attack on artistic pretension: Debierue is supposedly the founder of the Nihilistic Surrealism movement—the missing link between Dada and Surrealism—who retires into famous seclusion after the creation of one work, *No. One*, an empty frame mounted around a crack in a wall. According to Figueras, "The fact that he used the English *No. One* instead of *Nombre une* may or may not've influenced Samuel Beckett to write in French instead of English, as the literary critic Leon Mindlin has claimed." Willeford also has fun with his hero: "But I wasn't getting my work done. Work is important to a man. Not even a Helen of Troy can com-

pete with a Hermes. No matter how wonderful she is, a woman is only a woman, whereas 2,500 words is an article."

The funniest thing in Willeford's books, though, may be his characters' clothing. He loved to present outlandish fashion as everyday wear. In *The Shark-Infested Custard*, written in the early 1970s but published only posthumously, in 1993, he described a protagonist thus: "In his new white sharkskin suit, red silk shirt, with a white-on-white necktie, red socks, and white alligator-grained Ballys, he looked like a friendly giant."

And then there were the jump suits. Another description in *Custard* reads,

The [yellow] poplin jump suit was skin tight, bespoke, probably, and then cut down even more, and he wore it without the usual matching belt at the waist. It had short sleeves, and his sinewy forearms were hairy. Thick reddish chest hair curled out of the top of the suit where he had pulled the zipper down for about eight inches. He wore zippered cordovan boots, and they were highly polished.

Years later, in *Sideswipe* (1987), Detective Hoke Moseley, temporarily retired, pares his wardrobe down to two yellow-poplin jump suits.

No one I know in Miami can remember seeing men in jump suits, yellow or otherwise. Willeford once wrote that "Poe was a bullshit artist." He couldn't have written a better epitaph for himself, unless it was what the crime writer James Crumley once said of him: "He's kidding when he's not kidding."

Willeford never found humor and violence mutually exclusive. (Perhaps that's why he proved a source of inspiration to Quentin Tarantino. "[*Pulp Fiction*] is not noir," Tarantino has said. "I don't do neo-noir. I see *Pulp Fiction* as closer to modern-day crime fiction, a little closer to Charles Willeford.") I remember him roaring with laughter while telling my parents about the opening scene of his novel-in-progress, which would become *Miami Blues*. In it Freddy Frenger, a haiku-writing psychopath, brutally breaks the finger of a Hare Krishna in the Miami airport. Frenger goes on his merry way, and the Krishna collapses in shock—and dies. "His humor was often gruesome," Betsy admitted recently in the dark, air-conditioned living room of the South Miami home they had shared. She did not speak without admiration; sick humor, often

displayed on gaudy T-shirts, was one of the many passions they had in common. "Miami was the perfect place for Charles to live. And it was getting more and more interesting. When I see a headline like 'DEAD BODIES IN CAR CAUSE RUBBER-NECKING DELAY,' I really miss him."

WILLEFORD'S offbeat humor and sense of the macabre were forged in a life that was itself worthy of novelization. He was born in Arkansas in 1919 and soon moved to Los Angeles; by the time he was eight, he had lost both his parents to tuberculosis. He lived with his grandmother until he was twelve, when he decided that the Depression had made it too difficult for her to support him. One day, instead of getting off the streetcar at his school stop, he rode it all the way to the Los Angeles River. He walked straight to the nearby railroad yards and that night hopped an eastbound freight train. For the next two years he was one of the thousands of children who rode out the Depression on the freights, drifting aimlessly across the Dust Bowl. *I Was Looking for a Street* (1988), one of two autobiographical volumes and perhaps Willeford's best book, narrates this period in his life.

At sixteen Willeford joined the Army, lying about his age. The next four years, with the Air Corps in the Philippines and back in California with the Cavalry, are recounted in the other installment of his autobiography, *Something About a Soldier* (1986). This book, though filled with sex scenes that are not for the squeamish, is an absorbing account of life in the Army between the wars.

Willeford was in the armed forces off and on for twenty years and was awarded the Purple Heart as a tank commander in the Battle of the Bulge before retiring with a pension at thirty-seven. Between hitches he worked as a flea-circus barker, a professional boxer, and an actor (he would later star in a TV commercial for Hanes underwear). In 1950, while stationed at Hamilton Air Force Base, in California, Willeford began driving down to San Francisco on weekends, where he would check into the Powell Hotel and spend the full two days writing. After a few rejections, the product of his labors—*High Priest of California*—was brought out by Universal Publishing and Distributing, a paperback house known for such works as *Hitch-Hike Hussy* and *Loves of a Girl Wrestler*. UPD would bring out Wille-

Serious Sun Protection

Recommended by dermatologists, Solumbra® by Sun Precautions is the first line of clothing to meet published medical guidelines for sun protection. Soft, lightweight and comfortable, our patented fabric offers 30+ SPF sun protection and blocks over 97% of harmful UVA and UVB rays—more than a typical sunscreen

or summer shirt. For a FREE catalog of Solumbra hats, shirts, pants and accessories, call Sun Precautions: **1-800-882-7860**



Solumbra®
Medically Recommended
Sun Protective Clothing



ADAM50



Solid Hardwood Media & Component Cabinets



Provides Unlimited Storage For CDs, DVDs, Video Tapes, LPs, LaserDiscs, Cassettes & A/V Components.

Doesn't Your Collection Deserve The Best? Find out just how affordable top quality is. Request Info Kit 5 & Get All The Facts...

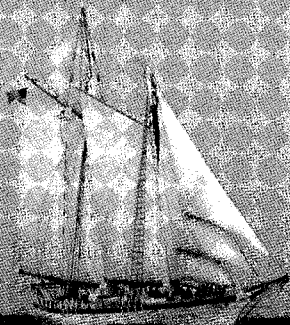
Call: 800-895-5241 Fax: 215-258-1241

SORICE

PO BOX 301-45, Perkasie, PA 18944
info@sorice.com (e-mail) <http://www.sorice.com> (website)

OCEAN CLASSROOM

is for high school student-explorers
who know that learning is
found in challenge.



Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea
combines academic excellence
with seafaring adventure.

Sailing fall, spring, and summer terms
aboard the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE

New England to the Caribbean Sea

Fully accredited by Proctor Academy

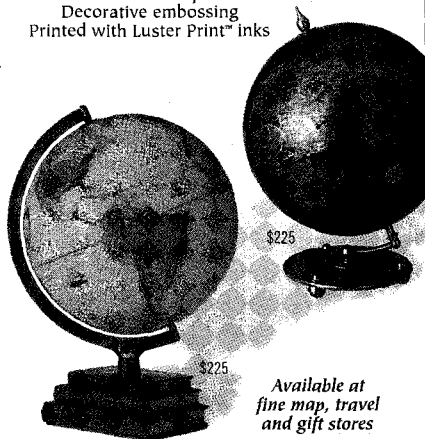
CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

Eureka Globes

Masterpiece Collection

10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models

100% Accurate & Updatable
Decorative embossing
Printed with Luster Print™ inks



Available at
fine map, travel
and gift stores

Call today
for the store nearest you
or request your free catalogue

1-888-473-9505 (toll free)

www.eurekaglobes.com

1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703

Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office

ford's next four novels as well. Like his later publishers, the house often changed his titles without even notifying him first: for instance, Willeford simply got a letter informing him that *The Black Mass of Brother Springer* had just been published under the title *Honey Gal*. (Years later it was reissued under Willeford's title.) *Made in Miami* became *Lust Is a Woman* (1958); *The Director* turned into *The Woman Chaser* (1960); and Willeford's one western, *The Difference*, was released in 1971 as *The Hombre From Sonora*.

Willeford reached the end of his paperback run with *Cockfighter* (1962), the least likely pulp novel of them all. It had no sensationalism and very little sex or violence (between human beings, at least). It offered just a straightforward plot, a thorough evocation of the sport of cockfighting, and a protagonist who carried the Willeford hero's laconicism to an extreme: Frank Mansfield vows to remain silent until he wins the Southern Cockfighter of the Year award, and indeed he hardly speaks a word in the entire book.

In the kind of bad break that often befell Willeford's protagonists, his publisher died just after *Cockfighter* came out; the house went bankrupt, and most of the printing, some 24,000 copies, was never distributed. Willeford published a short-story collection in paperback the next year, but no novels appeared for almost a decade. In the meantime, Willeford moved to South Florida, received bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Miami, and began teaching.

In his early fifties he finally attracted the attention of a major hardcover publisher, and he enjoyed a brief spin in the limelight. In 1971 Crown Publishers brought out *The Burnt Orange Heresy* to rave reviews (a Crown subsidiary published *The Hombre From Sonora*, by "Will Charles," that year). The next year Crown published a revised version of *Cockfighter*, and the producer Roger Corman bought the film rights. The movie, directed by Monte Hellman, came out in 1974, and featured Willeford in the supporting role of Ed Middleton, an official on the Southern Conference cockfighting circuit.

But the books soon went out of print; the movie lost money; and Willeford fell into a second decade-long fallow period.

Then, in 1984, came *Miami Blues*. At that time Miami was nothing like the gold mine it is now for writers specializing in crime, decadence, and sleaze. In the 1970s

South Beach—the southern tip of the island of Miami Beach—was a strip of run-down hotels populated by senior citizens. The beach side of Ocean Drive, which is now jammed with supermodels, nightclub impresarios, and other purveyors of the fast life, was a quiet, grassy area harboring retirees on lawn chairs. The city of Miami, on the mainland, was a wasteland of government offices; when I was growing up, the only time I went downtown was to get my first passport.

Miami Blues and the three subsequent novels featuring Hoke Moseley—Willeford's first cop protagonist—present a Miami in transition, after the 1980 Mariel boatlift that hyper-accelerated the Latinization of the area's population, but before the city was renovated and rejuvenated. Moseley's South Beach is still decrepit and full of old people, but a new sense of danger pervades the streets—a scent of violent desperation among refugees from Latin America and opportunists from the rest of the United States.

Moseley is the typical Willeford hero a bit worse for wear. He's in his mid-forties but, with his false teeth and aching body, seems twenty years older. Moseley is a decent man and a good cop, but he is incompetent at living. A bad divorce settlement has rendered him impecunious and terribly cheap: he uses his police status to avoid paying for drinks and phone calls. He hasn't had a date in years, though he'd like one. And when his daughters come to live with him, he's about as doting a parent as Medea.

Like Willeford's pulp novels of earlier decades, the Hoke Moseley books defy their genre. For detective novels they have precious little mystery or police procedure. There is a smattering of violence, and each book does have a criminal who gets nabbed in the end, but all this seems peripheral to the portrayal of Moseley and his relationships with his detective partner—a Cuban woman—and his daughters. For example, *Sideswipe*, the third in the series, is primarily concerned with Moseley's midlife crisis, during which he retires to his home town and takes to wearing the yellow jump suits. There is a parallel plot having to do with a criminal, but Moseley gets involved only at the very end, and only by serendipity. He doesn't "solve" the crime at all.

Willeford never wanted to write a series, but after the success of *Miami Blues* his publisher insisted. In response, he first

produced an absurdly violent manuscript, called *Grimhaven*, in which Moseley murders his daughters to avoid taking custody of them. Luckily for Willeford, his agent refused to send it to the publisher. Willeford then submitted more seriously to the pressure to continue the series, and found that he actually enjoyed it. "He never felt trapped by genre," Betsy told me, "whether it was the pulps or the Hoke detective series. He always tried to write the best he could, and didn't worry about it. And in the end Hoke became a way for Charles to write about a changing Miami."

If *Miami Blues* was Willeford's breakthrough novel, the fourth Moseley book, *The Way We Die Now*, took his success to a new level. The popularity of the first three in the series enabled Willeford's agent to sign this book up, with a new publisher, for an advance of \$225,000. After a career of paying dues, Willeford was finally getting the big payoff.

He didn't have long to enjoy it. Although he was only sixty-eight, a lifetime of hard drinking and smoking was taking its toll. As he wrote to a friend in 1987,

In addition to my bad ticker, I also have chronic bronchitis, emphysema, blood that doesn't clot, rheumatism, a bad back, caused by a horse kick in the cavalry . . . and so I'm in pretty bad shape for the shape that I'm in.

He had difficulty sleeping, remaining seated in one position, even breathing at times.

On March 20, 1988, during one of Willeford's last excursions from his house, he and Betsy saw the first copies of *The Way We Die Now* in the window of Books & Books. Seven days later he died. A heart attack was the culprit, fingered by the coroner from his long lineup of infirmities. The next day I wrote to Betsy about the last time I'd seen Charles, in January, when my mother and I met him for lunch in a coffee shop near Red and Sunset.

It's fitting that we spent much of the lunch listening to him tell stories of when he came to New York in the forties and fell in with a motley group of transients in the hotel where he lived. Fitting because that for so many of us was the essence of him: the stories he told of the memorable life he'd lived.

Betsy wrote back, "As an aspiring writer you probably should heed this warning from Charles: Just tell the truth, and they'll accuse you of writing black humor." In Charles Willeford's life there was little difference between the two. ☼



www.furniture.calm

Call for our free catalog: 800-708-9703

THOS. MOSER

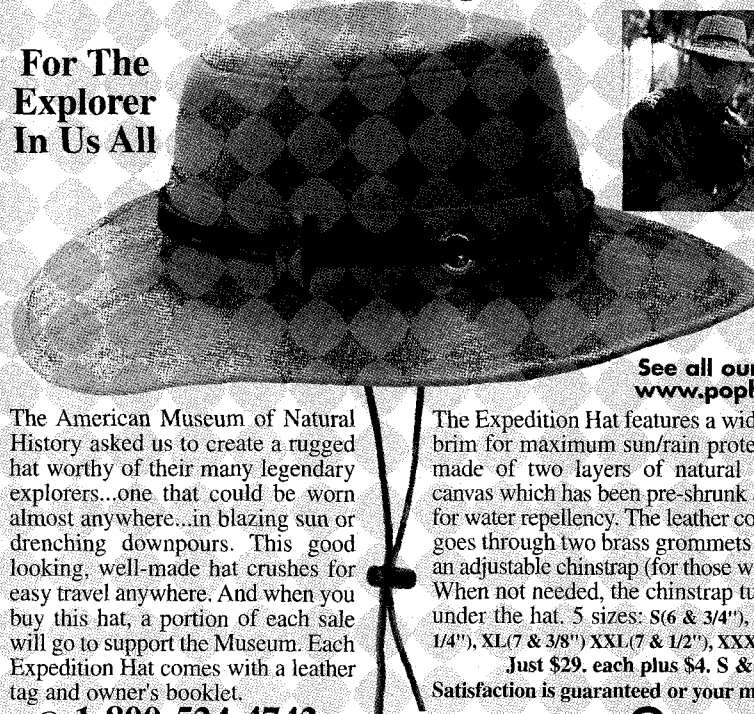
CABINETMAKERS

Freeport, Maine • New York, NY • San Francisco, CA

www.thosmoser.com

The American Museum of Natural History **EXPEDITION HAT**

**For The
Explorer
In Us All**



See all our hats at
www.pophats.com

The American Museum of Natural History asked us to create a rugged hat worthy of their many legendary explorers...one that could be worn almost anywhere...in blazing sun or drenching downpours. This good looking, well-made hat crushes for easy travel anywhere. And when you buy this hat, a portion of each sale will go to support the Museum. Each Expedition Hat comes with a leather tag and owner's booklet.

The Expedition Hat features a wide 3 & 1/2" brim for maximum sun/rain protection. It is made of two layers of natural tan cotton canvas which has been pre-shrunk and treated for water repellency. The leather cord hatband goes through two brass grommets to become an adjustable chinstrap (for those windy days). When not needed, the chinstrap tucks neatly under the hat. 5 sizes: S(6 & 3/4"), M(7), L(7 & 1/4"), XL(7 & 3/8") XXL(7 & 1/2"), XXXL(7 & 5/8").

Just \$29. each plus \$4. S & H.

Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back!

1-800-524-4742

VISA, MasterCard, AMX, Discover
Checks & MOs accepted

HARRISON HOGE INDUSTRIES
Dept. AT050H 19 N. Columbia St.
Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776

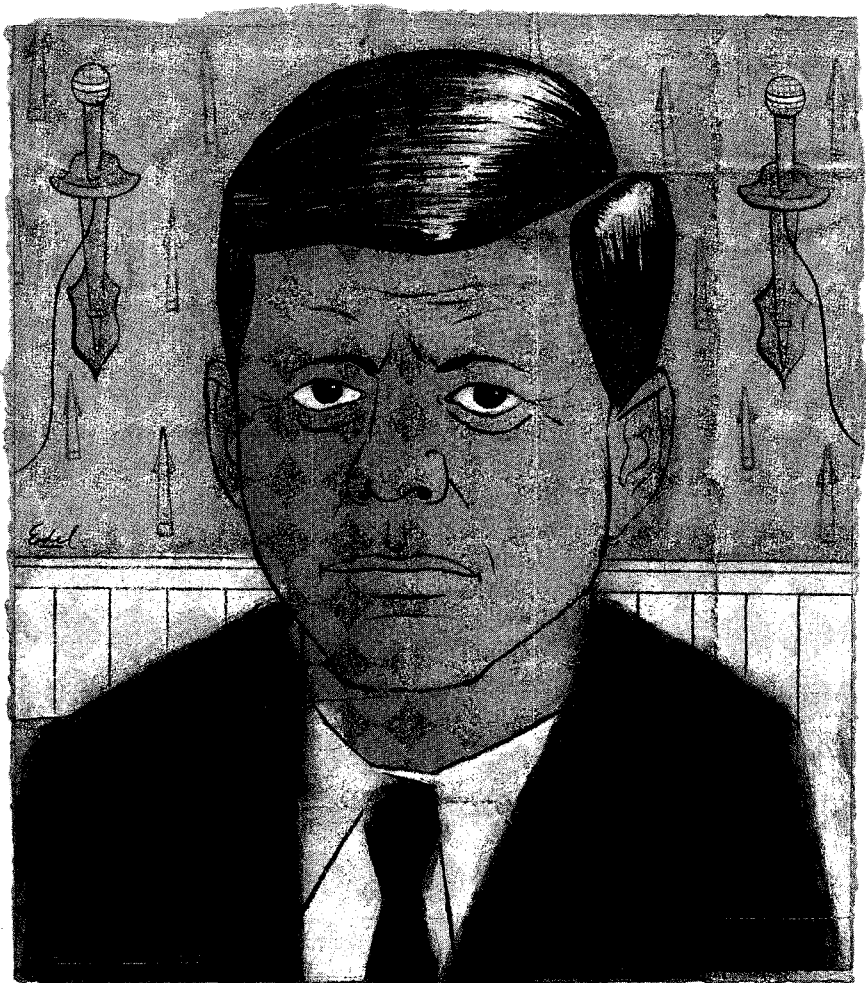
What JFK Really Said

The author checked the Cuban-missile-crisis transcript in The Kennedy Tapes against the recorded words. He discovered "errors that undermine its reliability for historians, teachers, and general readers"

by Sheldon M. Stern

MY twenty-three years as the historian at the John F. Kennedy Library, in Boston, were punctuated by intensive work on sound recordings. I conducted scores of taped oral-history interviews and verified the accuracy of the transcripts, edited President John F. Kennedy's recorded telephone conversations, and, in 1981-1982, evaluated tapes made during the Cuban missile crisis, in October of 1962, as the library prepared for their declassification. The work was fascinating and exhilarating, but the poor technical quality of the tapes frequently required that I listen to the same words dozens of times, sometimes to no avail. It was, notwithstanding, a historian's ultimate fantasy—a chance to be a fly on the wall during one of the most dangerous moments in history, and to know, within the technical limits of the recordings, *exactly what happened*. I spent just over a year on the tapes, and in 1983 I received an award for "careful and perceptive editing and proofreading of the JFK tapes" from the archivist of the United States. From 1983 to 1997 the library declassified twenty-two hours of tapes, and I continued to review them before each declassification.

Imagine my surprise when, in the summer of 1997, I learned that Harvard University Press was about to publish *The Kennedy Tapes: Inside the White House During the Cuban Missile Crisis*, edited by Ernest R. May and Philip D. Zelikow—complete transcripts of all twenty-two hours. Months of lead time are required to prepare a book for the printer, so I was astonished that the editors could have completed this task less than a year after the majority of



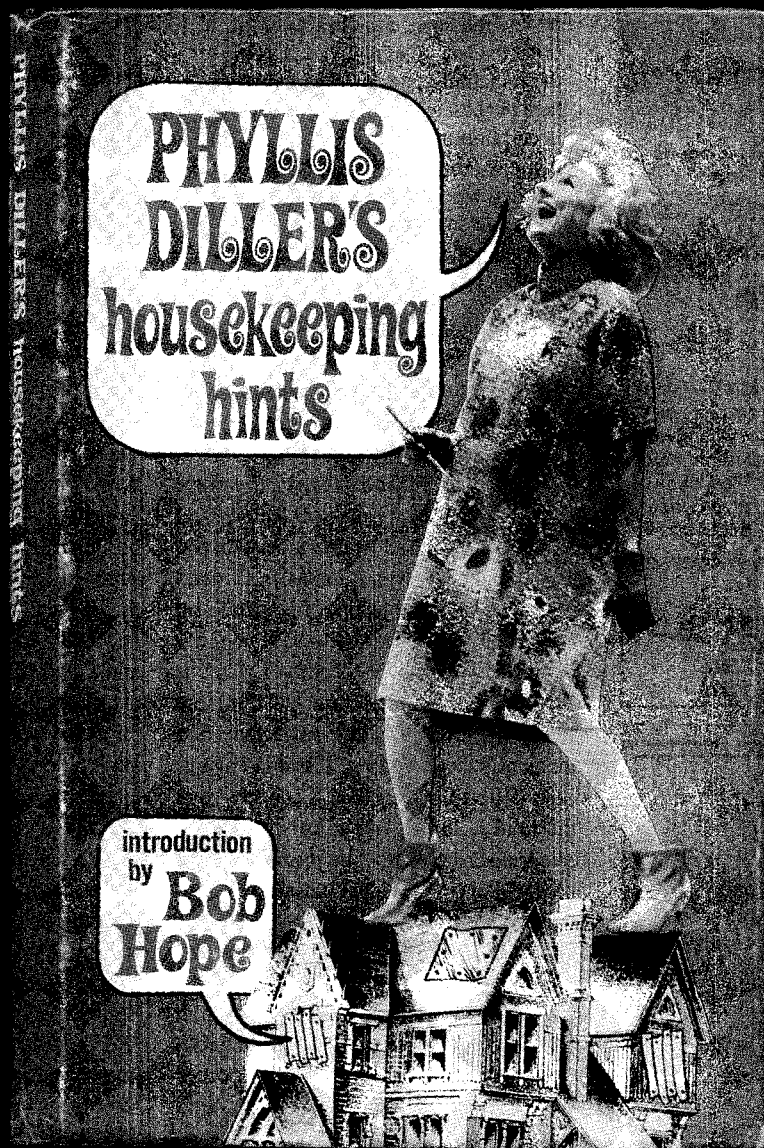
the tapes were released to the public.

The editors explained that they had commissioned a team of professional court reporters to prepare a set of "draft transcripts" from the Kennedy Library tapes. Audio experts, using NONOISE, a "technically advanced noise-reduction system," had then produced an improved set of tapes, subsequently checked by the court reporters to be sure that nothing had been lost. However, May and Ze-

likow stressed their own responsibility for the final product.

The two of us then worked with the tapes and the court reporters' drafts to produce the transcripts printed here. The laboriousness of this process would be hard to exaggerate. Each of us listened over and over to every sentence in the recordings. Even after a dozen replays at varying speeds, significant passages remained only partly

June 8, 1967. You purchase as gag gift for older sister's wedding shower.



Jan. 4, 2000. She finds on Alibris in time for your third trip down the aisle.



www.alibris.com

The Go Anywhere Canoe That Packs In Your Car



SE 330 Sport Canoe • Holds 2 adults
• Weighs 29 lbs. • Packs In A Bag
• 11' x 3'

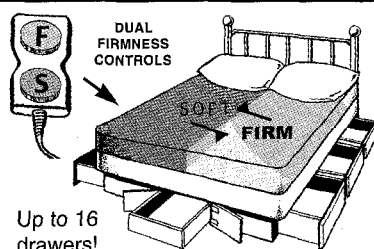


Because our Sea Eagle 330 inflatable canoe easily packs in your car trunk, you can take it anytime you choose to paddle wild rivers, remote ponds, scenic lakes, pristine bays, mountain streams or ocean surf. Best of all, it costs far less than other comparable canoes. Just 1 of 10 different inflatable boats!

Free Catalog & Sample Material:
Call Anytime 1-800-944-7496

SEA EAGLE

19 N. Columbia St., Dept. AT050B
 Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776



PUT A DRESSER UNDER ANY BED!

Anderson ULTIMATE BED™

Features space saving, solid wood, top quality, underbed dressers, side tables (optional), lighted headboard (optional), and an air mattress featuring dual firmness controls and a 3" visco elastic foam layer. Sleeping comfort is guaranteed! Wool filled mattress top is dustmite proof, antibacterial treated, and machine washable. Mattress and underbed dresser can be purchased separately for use with your existing bed! 30 day home trial. Ships UPS. Call 1-800-782-4825

FREE
CAT. #46

800-782-4825
www.ultimatebed.com

comprehensible. . . . Notwithstanding the high professionalism of the court reporters, we had to amend and rewrite almost all their texts. For several especially difficult sessions, we prepared transcriptions ourselves from scratch. In a final stage, we asked some veterans of the Kennedy administration to review the tapes and our transcripts in order to clear up as many as possible of the remaining puzzles. The reader has here the best text we can produce, but it is certainly not perfect. We hope that some, perhaps many, will go to the original tapes. If they find an error or make out something we could not, we will enter the corrections in subsequent editions or printings of this volume.

An unforgettable moment in these unique historical records concerns JFK's apprehension that military action in Cuba might touch off the ultimate nightmare of nuclear war, which he grimly describes at a meeting on October 18 as "the final failure." Brian McGrory, of *The Boston Globe*, who listened to this tape with me in 1994, after it was declassified, used those words in the lead of his article on the newly released tapes. But when I checked the transcript recently, I was unable to find "the final failure." Certain that the editors must be right, since they had technically cleaner tapes, I listened again; there is no question that Kennedy says "the final failure." The editors, however, have transcribed it as "the prime failure."

I decided to check the entire transcript for October 18 against the tape, and what I discovered left me dismayed. The transcript abounds in errors that significantly undermine its reliability for historians, teachers, and general readers. Spot checks turned up similar errors in all the other transcripts. Despite the often poor sound quality of the Kennedy Library recordings, many of the relevant passages are clear enough to be heard conclusively. Since details are everything in this kind of microhistory, in which an inaccurate word or phrase can distort our perception of the historical record, we should examine some representative examples.

IN the first days of the secret meetings between Kennedy and his advisers, before the American people knew that the Soviets had missiles in Cuba, the President grappled with decisions that could determine the fate of the world. Should the United States bomb the missile sites or invade Cuba? If it became necessary to take

decisive action, would the other nations of the Americas condemn the United States as the aggressor? The United States belonged to the Rio Pact, a mutual-defense treaty signed by more than twenty countries in North and South America. A two-thirds vote by the pact's member nations would authorize U.S. action against Cuba, and would preserve a unified front against the Soviets. On the October 18 tape Secretary of State Dean Rusk clearly assures the President, "I would suppose there would be no real difficulty in getting a two-thirds vote in favor of necessary action. But if we made an effort and failed to get the two-thirds vote, which I doubt would be the result, then at least we would have tried as far as the American people are concerned, to have done . . . to have done our . . . to have done our best on that."

Twice Rusk said that he expected to get the needed two-thirds vote. But here is how *The Kennedy Tapes* transcript reads (words in brackets were added by the book's editors for clarification): "But I suppose the only way we have of [using that is] getting [a] two-thirds vote to take necessary action. But if we made an effort and failed to get the two-thirds vote [unclear], then at least we will have tried as far as the American people are concerned. We'll have done that." Both of Rusk's assurances are missing. To understand Kennedy's decision-making process, readers must know what advice he was given. But this crucial evaluation of the diplomatic situation by Kennedy's highest foreign-policy official is lost in the gaps of the published transcript. (The United States did receive the two-thirds vote.) JFK's decision to begin with a blockade rather than with air raids is all the more striking given these assurances of hemispheric support for "necessary action."

The discussion soon turned to several proposed plans for bombing Soviet nuclear missiles, nuclear-capable bombers, and anti-aircraft sites in Cuba. If the missiles alone were struck, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara warned, Soviet bombers could attack the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo or even the East Coast of the United States. A key factor in any decision was whether the surface-to-air missiles (SAMS) were operational, and if not, how soon they might be. General Maxwell Taylor, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, strongly urges the President to destroy the SAMS. Even if they are not yet functional, Taylor insists, "the

SAM sites would soon become operational" and compromise crucial surveillance flights. JFK observes that attacks on the nuclear missiles and bombers might be possible before the SAMs are armed. Taylor counters that "they may be operational at any time." *The Kennedy Tapes* has Taylor saying the "SAM site facilities have become operational"—the very point about which Taylor was so uncertain—and then meaninglessly telling the President that "they'll be operational at the same time." General Taylor's assessment, crucial to JFK's decision for military action, is thus reduced to a contradiction and a non sequitur.

A short time later Kennedy speculates about whether Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev should be given twenty-four hours' notice before the United States bombs the missile sites. But no hotline between the Kremlin and the White House then existed, and Kennedy was unsure how to reach the Soviet leader. "How quick is our communication with Moscow?" he asks. *The Kennedy Tapes* substitutes "If we have a communication with Moscow . . ." obscuring Kennedy's primary concern. One adviser suggests that the President simply use the telephone. Robert Kennedy then asks, "It wouldn't really have to go in code, would it?" *The Kennedy Tapes* misidentifies the speaker as JFK and turns the remark into the immaterial "It wouldn't really have to be a call, would it?"

A few minutes later RFK frets about the dangers of the blockade, including the military risks in forcing "the examination of Russian ships." *The Kennedy Tapes* renders this as "the invasion of Russian ships," inaccurately suggesting the very sort of confrontation the blockade was meant to avoid.

SOME of the most gripping moments on the tapes occur during JFK's tense meeting with the Joint Chiefs on October 19. General Earle Wheeler, the Army chief of staff, argues that only air strikes, an invasion, and a blockade "will give us increasing assurance that we really have got the offensive capability of the Cuban Soviets cornered." As transcribed in *The Kennedy Tapes*, however, Wheeler's recommendation—these actions "will give us increasing assurance that we really have gone after the offensive capability of the Cuban/Soviets corner"—would hardly have made sense to Kennedy.

Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses:

☐ Albanian \$135	☐ German I \$185	☐ Norwegian \$135	☐ Swahili \$155
☐ Arabic, Saudi \$185	☐ German II \$155	☐ Persian \$185	☐ Swedish \$225
☐ Egyptian \$185	☐ Greek \$185	☐ Polish \$195	☐ Tagalog \$325
☐ Moroccan \$245	☐ Hebrew \$255	☐ Portuguese, \$225	☐ Thai \$225
☐ Bulgarian \$265	☐ Hindi \$145	☐ Brazilian \$225	☐ Turkish \$225
☐ Cantonese \$225	☐ Hungarian \$225	☐ European \$155	☐ Ukrainian \$225
☐ Catalan \$225	☐ Italian \$185	☐ Romanian \$135	☐ Urdu \$195
☐ Czech \$155	☐ Japanese \$185	☐ Russian \$255	☐ Vietnamese \$245
☐ Danish \$155	☐ Korean \$225	☐ Serbo-Croatian \$225	
☐ Dutch \$155	☐ Lakota \$185	☐ Shona \$225	
☐ Estonian \$295	☐ Latin \$160	☐ Slovak \$225	
☐ Finnish \$225	☐ Latvian \$225	☐ Spanish, European \$125	
☐ French I \$185	☐ Lithuanian \$165	☐ Latin American I \$185	
☐ French II \$215	☐ Mandarin \$185	☐ Latin American II \$165	

Brief courses:

- ☐ Azerbaijani, \$55
- ☐ Indonesian, \$55
- ☐ Kurdish, \$45
- ☐ Scots Gaelic, \$90
- ☐ Tibetan, \$40

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee. To order call toll-free 1-800-243-1234, toll-free fax 1-888-453-4329, (203) 453-9794, e-mail: RX508@audioforum.com, or mail check or money order. Ask for our **FREE** 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 103 languages. Our 29th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room X508, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437-2612

More than just a telescope, more than just a microscope. Episcope™ (the complete vest-pocket optical system) Still only \$59*.

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

Remove the *Episcope™* from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers.

The *Episcope™*, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic.

The *Episcope™* is the first choice of geologists, biologists, physicians, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications.

***And here is the "even better deal": Buy two *Episcopes* for \$119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!**

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number #1062F557. Add \$4.95 for ship./ins. and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 643-2810.

since 1967
haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

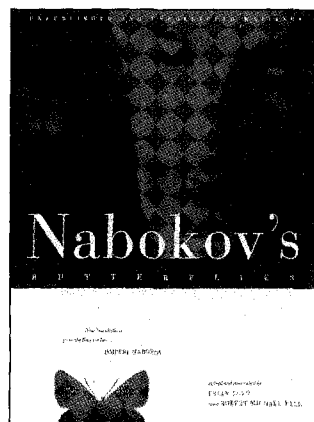
Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818
Visit our website at www.haverhills.com



• Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the *Episcope™* resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!

**"IT WAS NABOKOV'S PREENING GIFT TO BRING
PARADISE WHEREVER HE ALIGHTED."**

—JOHN UPDIKE



NABOKOV'S BUTTERFLIES

Vladimir Nabokov

Unpublished and Uncollected Writings

Edited and Annotated by Brian Boyd
and Robert Michael Pyle

New Translations from the Russian
by Dmitri Nabokov

A lavish array of fiction, poetry, memoir, and more, much of it unpublished, on the twin passions of Nabokov's life: literature and Lepidoptera. Plus a wealth of beautiful and fanciful drawings by Nabokov and photographs of him in the field.

"Compulsive reading. . . . A uniquely beautiful blend of science and art." —**Edward O. Wilson**

"Brilliant and playful, Nabokov brought artistic sensuousness to science, and scientific accuracy to literature, enriching both and leaving his readers in awe." —**Donna Seaman, Booklist**



BEACON PRESS

www.beacon.org



General Curtis LeMay, the Air Force chief of staff, also bluntly tells the President that a failure to invade Cuba would be almost as bad as the appeasement at Munich before World War II. LeMay then predicts that the blockade would appear weak to the American people and our allies. "You're in a pretty bad fix," he smugly warns the President. JFK, always skeptical about the military, reminds the general with a mocking laugh "You're in with me." *The Kennedy Tapes* merely tells the reader that JFK makes "an unclear, joking, reply." In fact Kennedy's biting response is perfectly audible.

By Monday, October 22, the decision to begin with a blockade had been made, and the President was scheduled to give a speech to the nation that evening. As the afternoon meeting begins, JFK reiterates that the United States must respond to the situation in Cuba to preserve the balance of power and blunt the "inevitability" of Soviet advances. But, he cautions, the blockade may not work, and if it comes to bombing and invasion, "Khrushchev will not take this without a response," either in Cuba or against Berlin. *The Kennedy Tapes* renders this critical line as "Khrushchev will not complete this without a response," which makes no sense and deprives the reader of the tension in JFK's words.

Moments later, acknowledging the dissatisfaction of the Joint Chiefs, JFK concedes that the blockade will complicate any subsequent military steps: "I want to say very clearly to the military that I recognize that we increase your problems in any military action we have to take in Cuba by the warning we're now giving." *The Kennedy Tapes* transcribes this line as "I want to say very clearly to the military that I recognize the appreciable problems in any military action. . . ." thus losing Kennedy's key point: a failed blockade would increase the danger and difficulty of any bombing or invasion that followed.

Kennedy goes on to argue that the United States has commitments all over the world, not just in Cuba. He concludes that heavy air strikes without warning could be politically counterproductive: "I think the shock to the alliance might have been nearly fatal." *The Kennedy Tapes* mangles these words: "I think we get shocked, and the [damage to the] alliance might have been nearly fatal." Kennedy then raises the most chilling question:

"What happens when the work on the bases goes on?" The editors miss this vital question entirely by transcribing it as "What happens when work [unclear]."

THE next day, October 23, JFK and his advisers discuss how to implement the blockade and win support in the press and on Capitol Hill. John McCone, the director of the CIA, offers to call the former President Dwight D. Eisenhower for permission to use his name in talking with members of Congress and to get "his view of this thing, as a soldier." *The Kennedy Tapes*, inexplicably, has McCone saying "his view of this thing, as a facilitator." At a meeting that evening JFK zeroes in on the Soviet ships approaching the quarantine line. "Now, what do we do tomorrow morning when these eight vessels continue to sail on?" he asks. "We're all clear about how we handle it?" McCone interjects, "Shoot the rudders off them, don't you?" *The Kennedy Tapes* muddles JFK's question—"We're all clear about how we enter?"—and omits McCone's reply entirely.

By October 26 the discussion had turned to how to handle press questions about ships stopped at the quarantine line. McNamara reports that just one cargo ship has been boarded. "In any case," he says, "it's been successful and I think to do any good the story must be put out immediately." *The Kennedy Tapes* distorts this important conclusion beyond recognition: "In any case, it was successful and I think the destroyers [unclear]." McNamara never mentions destroyers.

The participants then discuss evidence that work on the missile sites is continuing. They debate whether to add petroleum, oil, and lubricants (POL) to the list of quarantined materials immediately, or to wait twenty-four hours to see if talks proposed by UN Secretary-General U Thant produce a breakthrough. McGeorge Bundy, Kennedy's national security adviser, suggests that they "leave the timing [on adding POL] until we've talked about the U Thant initiative." The inaccuracy in *The Kennedy Tapes* is especially bizarre in this case, with Bundy saying "leave the timing until we've talked about the attack thing." These last two examples—"the destroyers [unclear]" and "the attack thing"—could easily leave a reader wondering what in the world these men were talk-

ing about. (Three days later, on October 29, U Thant was mentioned again. JFK asserts, "We want U Thant to know that Adlai [UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson] is our voice." But *The Kennedy Tapes* transcribes this line as "We want you [unclear] to know that Adlai is our voice.")

October 27 saw the darkest moment in the crisis. An unconfirmed report was received at midday that a U-2 spy plane had been shot down over Cuba by a Soviet SAM missile, and the pilot killed. On the tape of the late-afternoon meeting Kennedy discusses whether to order an air strike on the SAM sites if the incident is repeated (a delay that produced consternation at the Pentagon). He declares that two options are on the table: begin conversations about Khrushchev's proposal to swap Soviet missiles in Cuba for U.S. missiles in Turkey, or reject discussions until the Cuban crisis is settled. Kennedy chooses the first, with the caveat that the Soviets must provide proof that they have ceased work on the missile sites. He repeatedly refers to "conversations" and "discussions" and concludes, "Obviously, they're not going to settle the Cuban question until they get some conversation on Cuba." Incredibly, *The Kennedy Tapes* substitutes "compensation" for "conversation." It's easy to imagine how Cold War veterans like Rusk, Bundy, and McCone would have reacted to any suggestion of compensation for the Soviets in Cuba.

On October 29, the day after Khrushchev agreed to remove the missiles, the President and his advisers, relieved but not euphoric, conclude that surveillance and the quarantine will continue until the missiles have actually been removed. After a lull in the meeting, during which the conversation turns to college football, the President observes, "I imagine the Air Force must be a little mad," referring to the division of responsibility for aerial photography between the Air Force and the Joint Chiefs' photo-reconnaissance office. *The Kennedy Tapes* transcribes this as "I imagine the airports must be looking bad," which must leave many readers scratching their heads: the removal of the missiles had nothing to do with Cuban airports. Kennedy then ponders why, in the end, the Soviets decided to back down. He notes, "We had decided Saturday night to begin this air strike on Tuesday." No effort was made to conceal the military buildup in southern Florida, and Kennedy wonders if the

SENSUAL Products

**FREE
GIFT**
with first
order

THE xandria COLLECTION

**Order Them Without Embarrassment.
Use Them Without Disappointment.**

More Than Just a Catalogue.

The Xandria Collection of sensual delights celebrates new possibilities for pleasure and loving.

For 25 years, **Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers** have felt comfortable with us.

**Rely on Our 100%,
3-Way Guarantee.**

**100% Privacy
100% Satisfaction
100% Product Quality**

We'll mail your catalogue within 24 hours!
Send \$4 for your catalogue now and we'll include a \$4 credit redeemable with your first order, plus you get a **FREE Package of SexLust™ Pills** with your first order.
This herbal libido enhancer will have you raring to go—\$19.95 Absolutely FREE!

www.xandria.com

Visa/MasterCard/Discover.

Call now 1-800-242-2823

Ask for ext. AT0500

M-F 24 HOURS A DAY, SAT 8 AM TO 4:30 PM PACIFIC TIME

The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT0500
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988

Please send me the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue with my \$4 credit toward my first purchase. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$4.00. With first purchase, you will also send me my **FREE SexLust™ Pills!** (\$5 Canada, \$3 UK).

I am over 21.
Signature required _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

impending strikes pushed the Russians to withdraw their missiles. *The Kennedy Tapes*, however, has JFK saying "We got the [unclear] signs of life to begin this air strike on Tuesday," making his shrewd speculation unintelligible.

ONE particular error, among scores not cited above, seems to epitomize the problems with these transcripts. On the October 18 tape Dean Rusk argues that before taking military action in Cuba, the United States should consult Khrushchev, in the unlikely event that he would agree to remove the missiles. "But at least it will take that point out of the way," *The Kennedy Tapes* has Rusk saying, "and it's on the record." But Rusk actually said that this consultation would remove that point "for the historical record." The historical record is indeed the issue here.

Of course, the editors of *The Kennedy Tapes* and other historians would never assume that any transcript is absolutely accurate. The tape itself must always remain the primary historical document. Nonetheless, as the editors affirm, "reliable transcripts—ideally, annotated transcripts—

are essential to make the tapes intelligible." These published transcripts, however, require substantial work. The revisions suggested above will inevitably contain some errors; the editing process can never be final or perfect. But if the editors disagree with these findings, we can listen to any of these disputed passages, in private or in public, using the Kennedy Library tapes or the NONOISE tapes.

May and Zelikow, both distinguished scholars, have assured readers that if they listen to the tapes and discover errors or make out unclear remarks, corrections will be included in future editions or printings. And as we go to press, a fourth printing of the book has corrected three of the errors cited above ("the invasion of Russian ships"; "What happens when work [unclear]"; and "the [unclear] signs of life"). However, the editors have not acknowledged these corrections in the preface or identified them in the transcripts, and, of course, uncorrected copies continue to circulate. Readers deserve to know that even now *The Kennedy Tapes* cannot be relied on as an accurate historical document. ♪

Wild Decembers

by Edna O'Brien.

Houghton Mifflin, 272 pages, \$24.00.

Ms. O'Brien always writes well about her native Ireland. This novel is set in a mountainside town where good talk and civic gaiety mask old grudges and never-forgiven offenses. When an Irish-Australian who has inherited property arrives with the first tractor ever seen in the area, action is to be expected. The tractor is secondhand and subject to the vapors. The Australian has a fiancée in the Antipodes. The young woman on the nearest farm has an overprotective older brother. Trouble develops, but only after amusing events and the appearance of highly engaging locals. A sad novel, but fun to read.

Ravelstein

by Saul Bellow.

Viking, 240 pages, \$24.95.

Mr. Bellow's Abe Ravelstein is a professor who has always lived beyond his means, usually at the expense of admirers and devoted students, while cultivating a network of such students holding high positions. He is a notable, respected influence behind many scenes. One never learns exactly where and how that influence operates. He has written a book on his educational theories and, to his surprise, has become a rich man. He recruits his friend Chick to write not exactly a biography but rather a memoir of his life. This is a strange request, because Chick is the older of the two by about twenty years. As Chick recounts the affair, the reader gets a prolonged character sketch and a great deal of talk before actual action emerges. This so-called novel is more a meditation on contrasting temperaments, contrasting principles, and death than it is a normal narrative.

Blue Angel

by Francine Prose.

HarperCollins, 314 pages, \$25.00.

Ms. Prose writes with subtle, mischievous humor, but her novel concerns yet another middle-aged schoolmaster led astray by a female student. The student is scrawny, perforated for every variation of the nose ring, and distinctly daft—all unusual qualities in this type of character and therefore to be commended. The theme itself is approaching the status of a cliché.

BRIEF REVIEWS



The Red Rose Girls

by Alice A. Carter.

Abrams, 216 pages, \$39.95.

Anyone familiar with the finely illustrated books and magazines of the early 1900s will recognize the style of the Red Rose Girls. They were expert and successful illustrators. Their names were Jessie Willcox Smith, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Violet Oakley. They met in Philadelphia, a city more hospitable than most to female art students, and in 1901 formed a cooperative community there in what had been the Red Rose Inn. It was a charming place, with grounds and gardens and space for independent studios, aged parents, and pets. The fourth, and senior, member of

the group was Henrietta Cozens, a non-painter who managed the establishment. The girls had personal styles and specialties and seldom collaborated, but they considered one another sisters and wrote gushingly affectionate letters when apart. By the time the group split, with Green's marriage in 1911, Havelock Ellis had issued warnings about lesbianism, and the communal life considered "charming, even noble" when the group began was viewed with derision and suspicion. Probably there was a lesbian element in their relationships, but it hardly matters now. Ms. Carter's account of the Red Roses provides interesting social history, quotations, and illustrations that recall excellent painting and beautiful books.

James Dickey

by Henry Hart.

Picador, 794 pages, \$35.00.

Mr. Hart disapproves of Dickey's conduct, which was admittedly far from admirable even when the poet was sober, and also doubts the value of Dickey's later work, offering little evidence in support of that opinion. The result is a biography persistently derogatory in tone, crammed with picayune detail, and encumbered with every name the author can find to drop, no matter how irrelevant.

The Temple of Iconoclasts

by J. Rodolfo Wilcock.

translated by Lawrence Venuti.

Mercury House, 208 pages, \$14.95.

The late J. Rodolfo Wilcock was born in Buenos Aires and belonged to the literary group surrounding Jorge Luis Borges. The connection shows, although Wilcock's short, obliquely satirical pieces lack Borges's depth of unnerving implication. Wilcock describes imaginary sciences and philosophies with deadpan sobriety and wild terminology. These inventions are individually piquant, but become surfeiting if swallowed in one gulp.

Ellet's Brigade

by Chester G. Hearn.

Louisiana State, 312 pages, \$34.95.

Charles Ellet Jr., born in 1810, was a self-educated engineer and a notable builder of bridges when the outbreak of the Civil War diverted his attention to ships. He believed that unarmed (meaning without naval guns) rams could devastate the Confederate Navy on the Mississippi, and he persuaded Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, to authorize the construction of a ram fleet. The rams were not attached to the Navy or to the Army, neither of which knew quite what to do with them. Reinforced river steamboats, they were largely crewed by civilians, officered by Ellet's sons, nephews, cousins, and in-laws, commanded by Ellet and after his death by his brother, and answerable only to the Secretary of War. Though the rams were a queer lot, they were faster and more maneuverable than proper ships.

The Atlantic Monthly's Ms. Grammar

GIVES WITTY VERDICTS ON ENGLISH USAGE
IN A NEW GUIDE INSPIRED BY HER COLUMN

Word Court

WHEREIN verbal virtue
is rewarded, crimes against
the language are punished,
and poetic justice is done

Barbara Wallraff
ATLANTIC MONTHLY columnist and editor

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY FRANCINE PROSE

"A beguiling mix of charm
and research."—USA TODAY

"This is no word Nazi, but an
intelligent conversationalist
who educates as she charms."

—SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER
& CHRONICLE

"This will be compared
favorably with *Safire*, if not
preferred."—BOOKLIST

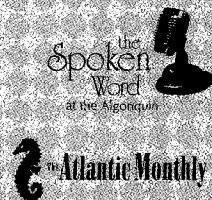
Hardcover • \$24.00 • ISBN: 0-15-100381-5
Available wherever books are sold.

 **Harcourt**

THE ATLANTIC at THE ALGONQUIN

The Atlantic Monthly sponsors
"The Spoken Word," a series
of lively cultural evenings at
the famous Algonquin Hotel.
"The Spoken Word" features
acclaimed writers, critics,
actors, musicians, and other
luminaries in an unrehearsed
discussion of their endeavors
on Monday evenings in
The Algonquin's celebrated
Oak Room. Please join us
for an upcoming evening.

Seating for Dinner: 6:30 P.M.
Presentation: 8:00 P.M.
Seating is limited.



Monday • May 8

Experience Italy with Corby Kummer!

Join The Atlantic's own Corby Kummer
on a journey through the distinctive
and enchanting flavors of Italy.
Corby will share his passion for Italy
on this fun and delicious trip,
which will include a specially designed,
authentic Italian meal as well as
Corby's unique and always spirited
stories and commentary.

No passport will be needed, as this vacation
will take place in New York City's renowned
Algonquin Hotel. Don't miss this chance
to discover the tastes and nuances
of beautiful Italy the Corby Kummer way!

The Algonquin Hotel, 59 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036
Call 212-840-6800 for reservations or additional information

**ENERGY-SAVING
SUNPORCH®
CONVERTIBLE
SUNSPACE®**



**INSULATED WINTER
SUNROOM CONVERTS TO A
SUMMER SCREEN ROOM!**

Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!

- ☐ QWIK® window/screen change system ☐ Do-it-yourself kit, no contractors needed ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads ☐ Unique Climate Control System
- ☐ No extras, comes complete ☐ Buy factory direct & save ☐ America's #1 value since 1974

**FOR MORE INFO
& BONUS OFFER:**

MAIL COUPON WITH \$2.

WEB SITE
www.sunporch.com
(Bonus Code: ATL)

SunPorch® Structures, Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ **YES** I enclose \$2. Please send complete details, Color Catalog & Prices.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

**MOUNTS
READILY ON
DECKS, PATIOS
OR LANDSCAPE
TIES.**

and they did some very good service before the unit was disbanded, in 1864. Mr. Hearn's style is utilitarian, but the strange story he has to tell will certainly please Civil War buffs.

The Truth About the Irish

by Terry Eagleton.
St. Martin's, 192 pages,
\$18.95.

Mr. Eagleton, repudiating donkeys and leprechauns, offers his version of "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone." It is designed to be both funny and informative, and it is just that.

The Sagas of Icelanders

with a preface by Jane Smiley
and an introduction by Robert Kellogg.
Viking, 848 pages, \$40.00.

As Ms. Smiley puts it in her helpful preface to this collection of tales, the world of the medieval sagas is "both intensely familiar and intensely strange." The tales are also varied, from long to short and from realistic to eerie. The translations are into straightforward modern English, with none of the inappropriate archaisms of some nineteenth-century versions. The saga writers told things straight, and their method still works.

Hair: Public, Political, Extremely Personal

by Diane Simon.
St. Martin's, 256 pages,
\$23.95.

Ms. Simon became curious about hair because she was dissatisfied with her own. The hair question led her from African braiders (threatened with licensing problems) to Orthodox Jewish wigs (highly profitable but causing family arguments) to baldness corrections (worrisome choices) to depilatories and the problems of male transvestites. The report is factual, anecdotal, and often amusing. Ms. Simon does not attempt to account for the human habit, seemingly worldwide, of obsessively fussing over whatever pelage is available.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ANSWERS TO THE APRIL PUZZLER

G	R	O	M	M	E	T	S	K	E	T	C	H			
L	E	G	I	O	N	E	P	I	N	A	F	O	R	E	
O	D	N	C	C	A	R	A	P	A	C	E	R	E	A	P
B	R	E	A	K	E	R	R	O	C	K	H	O	O	S	E
E	A	R	M	S	T	A	S	V	T	I	A	L	E	N	T
T	W	E	E	Z	E	P	R	A	W	N	S	O	U	S	C
R	M	I	S	T	R	I	A	L	E	G	S	G	L	U	E
O	R	D	A	I	N	N	O	V	E	R	L	E	A	P	
T	O	S	S	E	S	S	L	E	D	G	E	S			

"Message in a Bottle"

The message in the bottle reads: GO WITH THE FLOW.

Clues. 1. G + LOBE-TR + OIT (bottle anag.) 2. TERRA(P)INS 3. HOR(O + LOG)ES (shore anag.)

Across. a. B(R)EAKER b. REAP (hidden) c. P(R)AWN d. LENTIL (anag.) e. TO(SS)ES f. GLUE (anag.) g. S + LEDGES h. MISTR(I)AL i. OVERLEAP (anag.) j. S + KETCH k. HO(OSEGO)W (goose anag.) l. G + ROM + MET m. ORDAIN (anag.) n. L(EG)ION o. T + W(h)EEZE p. SOUS-CHEF (anag.) q. PIN(A + FOR)E r. CAR(A)P + ACE s. ROCK (anag.) Down. a. TERNs (homophone) b. HASSLE (anag.) c. RED + RAW d. (s)MOCKS e. MES(A)S f. (S)PENCE(r) g. TAC + KING (cat rev.) h. WEE + D i. MICA (hidden) j. VAL(V)E k. SPARS(e) l. ENAC + T (rev.) m. NEREIDS (anag.) n. E + AS + E + SUP



THE PUZZLER

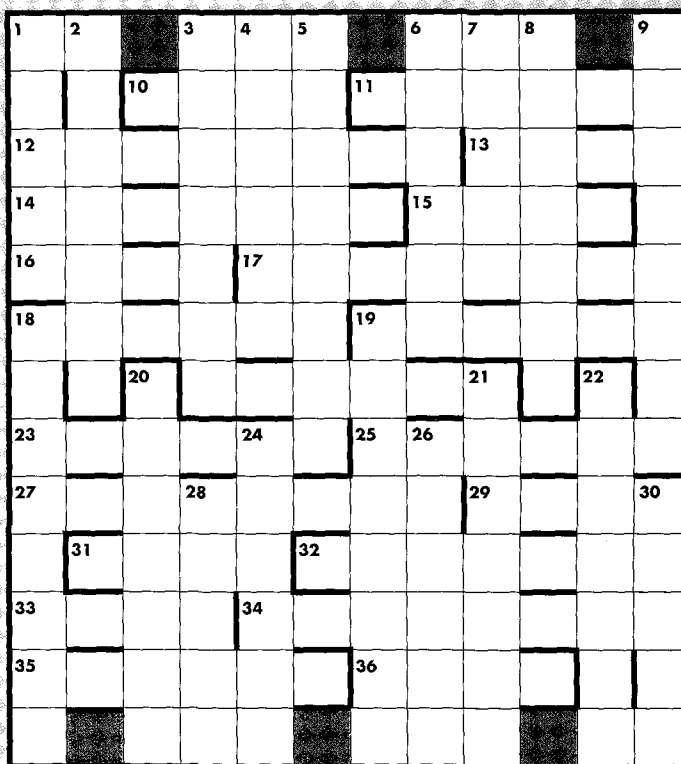
by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Cutting the Cards

Each Down entry is to be entered in the diagram the way a deck of cards is cut—that is, separated at some point, with the bottom portion then placed intact on the top. For example, the word CARDS might be entered as SCARD, DSCAR, RDSCA, or ARDSC.

Letters in the top and bottom rows will spell out a cryptic clue for the diagram's central entry. This clue will also name the game we've chosen to play, explaining why four Across answers are entered unusually. Answers include six capitalized words and a variant spelling at 4D; 27 Across is an uncommon word made of common pieces.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 130.



Across

10. Run in game of cards makes you look amused (4)
11. Author wraps up end of *French Twist* (6)
12. The Spanish blade has time for parting shot (4,4)
13. Expensive Ford's right side handle (4)
14. Design including club gym's crawl space? (7)
15. Sound heard at MacDonald's egg sign (4)
16. Somewhat unreliable essayist's pseudonym (4)
17. Edward fences a street and court for an actor (8)
18. Tipper's unpleasant expression about a man's behind (6)
19. New music capturing Eastern element (6)
23. Fogy embraces pair of sisters in dance move (2-2-2)

25. Minor Broadway tunesmith is given a listen (6)
27. Remodeled low Tudor's exterior area (8)
29. Speed of light, or energy, in essence (4)
31. Impairs a red revolver? (4)
32. Baloney wrapping is for Italian dish (7)
33. Part of some bread on your tongue (4)
34. A Mac won't set straight a Batman character (8)
35. Brainy lunatic's double (6)
36. A complete lack of room for a model (4)

Down

1. Ring encircles first of digits of the foot (5)
2. Al Gore dashed around lake at a good clip (7)
3. Commercial wrap worn by Old Wye playwright (7)
4. Trap holds back little lapwing (6)
5. The two of us admit engulfing a road with exhaust (4,4)
6. Oddball party behind dam (6)
7. Tomfool wallet item with nothing in it (5)
8. Get more nervous with giant in hearing (7)
9. Wiped out, beat retreats before day (8)
18. Bordello gets repaired buzzer (8)
19. Kitchen servant in rowboat with one aboard (8)
20. Make senseless rule about some brownie ingredients (7)
21. Calls about orange and white shells (7)
22. For scorer, put everything in row (7)
24. Confessions of belief in sacred ostriches (6)
26. Packed for Vermont ski resort by the first of December (6)
28. Be stimulated about a court (5)
30. Poem about theater (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

WORD WATCH

by Anne H. Soukhanov

bubba bomb *noun, slang*, a crudely constructed explosive device that is associated with southern white antigovernment males: "Around the South, law enforcement officials. . . worried much less about international terrorism than about some white supremacist setting off a 'bubba bomb' for attention [during the New Year's Eve weekend of 1999–2000]" (*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*).

BACKGROUND: This term gained wide currency in media reports about the bombing at the 1996 summer Olympics, in Atlanta. Its emergence continues the process of linguistic degeneration that has gradually occurred with respect to the meaning of *bubba*. Originally an affectionate form of address akin to *brother*, traceable to Gullah and used chiefly by African-Americans, it became a greeting reserved for young boys, and then came to mean an uneducated, highly conservative, often racist southern white male. A related compound, the *bubba factor*, refers to the often considerable influence of southern white conservative men on a political issue or an election.

dirtbagging *noun, slang*, camping in wilderness settings with very little gear. Also called *dirtbag camping*, *coyote tourism*, *refugee randonée*, *rough*

A selection of terms that have newly been coined, that have recently acquired new currency, or that have taken on new meanings, compiled by the U.S. general editor of The Encarta World English Dictionary (1999).

adventure. "Taxonomically, dirtbags occupy every possible social and economic niche. . . they all possess a level of outdoor skill that leaves them confident in the wilderness; otherwise, *dirtbagging* becomes a survival test" (*Sports Afield*).

BACKGROUND: *Dirtbags* (an "ameliorated," or elevated, sense of a hitherto pejorative word) pack only a small fraction of what a typical camper might take: a tarp, a minimal amount of food, and possibly a change of clothing. Left behind are tents, cots, chairs, cookstoves, pots and pans, coolers, and flashlights. The point is to tap one's personal resources. *Dirtbagging* is, of course, only one of a growing number of extreme sports. Another is *skishing*, an extreme form of surfcasting whose name is a contraction of *ski fishing*. In *skishing* the angler, wearing a wet suit and water shoes, fins, or golf shoes (for traction), swims or wades with a fishing pole to shoals or rocks far offshore and casts for big fish while standing, wading, or even swimming in the water around them. The term was coined by Paul Melnyk, a surfcasting enthusiast from Montauk, New York,

who likens the activity to skiing because in such circumstances, he says, "if you hook a fish over thirty pounds, it will generally take you for a ride."

half-g car *noun, slang*, a motor vehicle lent to a drug dealer for a limited period of time in exchange for illegal drugs—originally half a gram of cocaine. Also called *half-g*. "Born in the aftermath of the crack '90s, [the vehicles] have come to be known in Hartford and other areas of [Connecticut] as 'half-g' cars—cars rented by the hour or day to drug dealers, typically in return for a half-gram of cocaine" (*The Boston Globe*).

BACKGROUND: This term came to light last year when police officers in various Connecticut cities began observing that a number of underage inner-city teens were, unaccountably, driving luxury cars that did not appear to have been stolen. In one case a Hartford teenager was shot after leading patrolmen on a chase in a *half-g car* belonging to a woman in the suburbs. *Half-g cars* offer young drug dealers not only increased mobility but also the opportunity to commit

crimes in vehicles that cannot be traced to them. Owners may eventually report the cars stolen. (The incidence of "stolen" vehicles that were subsequently found with the keys in the ignition also helped to alert officers to the problem.)

sponsor girl *noun*, a high school girl or young woman in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, who becomes a gangster's mistress in return for gifts: "The European, a Belgrade magazine banned by the [Milosevic] regime at the beginning of [1999], described a *sponsor girl* as 'a symbol of the absolute commercialization of sexuality, the newest manifestation of the subjugation of women. She is the target of malicious gossip and the dark subject of her fellow teen-agers' dreams, the reason for her parents' distress'" (*The New York Times Magazine*).

BACKGROUND: Unlike another group of women to whom war brought sexual exploitation—the *comfort women* from nations such as China and Korea, who were forced into prostitution by invading Japanese troops during World War II—*sponsor girls* appear to enter into their arrangements voluntarily. Mostly from middle-class families, they trade sex not for necessities but for hard-to-obtain luxuries such as designer clothes, cell phones, and expensive meals.

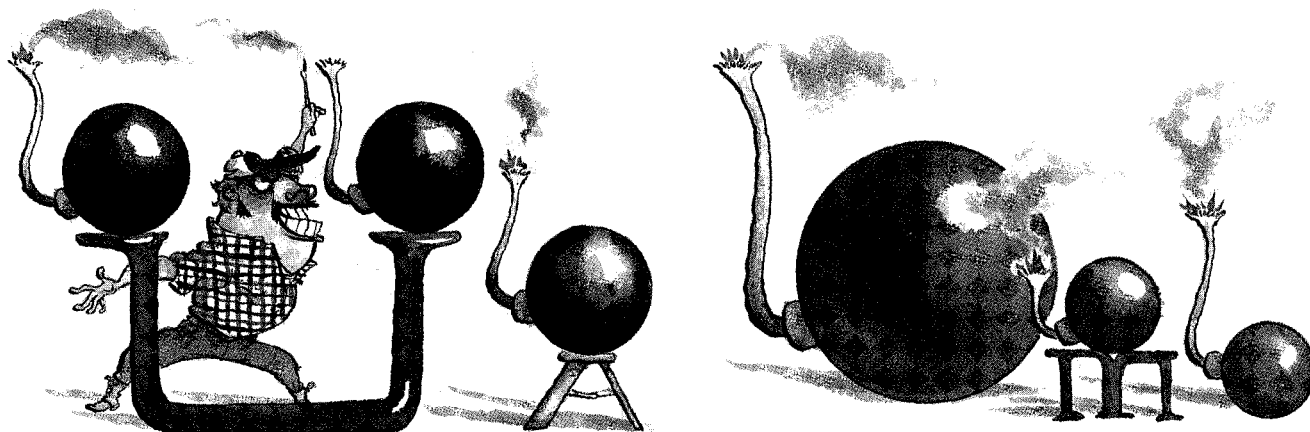


Illustration by Michael C. Witte



TEAMWORK

THERE'S NO "I" IN ACCORD.

The Accord Sedan is more than a car—it is a *seminar on wheels*. Why not use it to train your team? Simply take them for a ride in your V-6 Sedan. Let them experience a V-6
THE ACCORD SEDAN.
engine that has 200 horsepower and low emissions, too. This improbable combination
IT'S ONE POWERFUL CAR.

was achieved by teams of Honda engineers, working together toward a shared goal.

As your drive continues, the comfortable, powerful and harmonious environment of the

Accord will work its magic. Soon enough, your team will be as solid as an Accord Sedan!



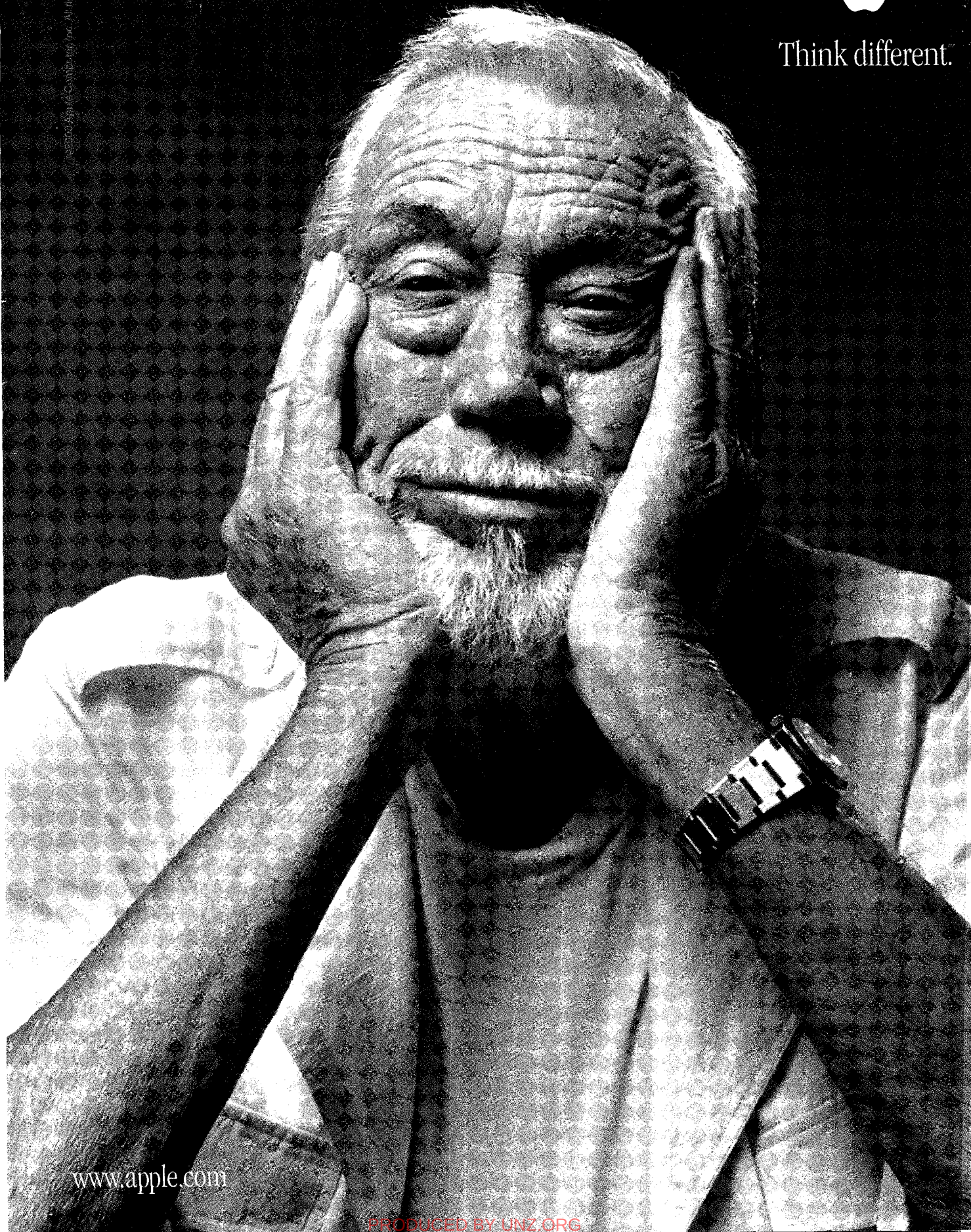
Think T.E.A.M. Together Every Accord Motivates. Call 1-800-33-HONDA, and try www.honda.com today!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 2000 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.



Think different.™



www.apple.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED